The Western Home Monthly

CORONATION NUMBER — JUNE, 1911. PRICE TEN CENTS.

HOME PUBLISHING COY., WINNIPEG.

STOVEL CO. LITH WPG

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BLUE RIBBON, LIMITED

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Love of King and Country.

WHAT THE HOME SHOULD DO.

1. It should teach children what authority means —its necessity, and the need for respecting and honoring it.

2. It should discourage any marked tendency to pose before the public, any marked fondness for the applause of the many. It is unnecessary to say that the hoisting and waving of the flag and flattering eulogies of the dead, though they may thrill the hearts of the truly loyal, will never awaken or develop loyalty in hearts that are selfish, and greedy for the notice of the populace.

3. It should teach children through actual deeds to be generous and unselfish, to consider the thoughts and feelings of others, even of the most humble. They must know that nothing is more unworthy in a country such as ours than the spirit of caste; that every man and woman has or should have a place in our national life; that the least in wealth or financial importance may be the greatest in service; that all good does not lie in one family or community but that

"The whole round earth is everyway
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

4. It should insist that instead of exclusiveness in education and companionship there must be freedom and sympathetic association. Every class must enter as fully as possible into the joys and sorrows of every other class to the end that there may be mutual toleration, respect and co-operation. In a country where this spirit prevails there will be a basis for natural devotion, and where such devotion exists there will be no lack of courage should an enemy threaten either our happiness or our possessions. But it does seem absurd to talk of arousing a patriotic sentiment in a people among whom class despises class, or section wages war against section.

5. It should encourage unselfishness in thoughts and actions. The child who is taught to yield his will to the higher family will, to think the pure, to do the honest, to reverence the just, and who at the same time has a will to refuse and to assert; this is the child on whom we may rely for patriotic action in after life. Character of this kind can not be produced without the greatest watch-care and patience, but unless it is formed in childhood it will in all probability be lacking for all time. Blame not the school and the church for failing to achieve what the family has rendered impossible.

It is not to be expected that all families will conform to these ideas, but just in proportion as extreme selfishness in the community gives way to the feeling of brotherhood, will parents consider it a duty to prepare their children for the higher life.

WHAT THE SCHOOL SHOULD DO.

1. It should discourage the faction fighting that sometimes takes place among school pupils. Can we not remember how in our own school days the boys of the North ranged themselves against the boys of the South? There was no justification for our quarrel, but a fatal boundary line had decided the bitterness that separated races, creeds, and parties. Sometimes, indeed, there seems less cause for antagonism than there was in the days of youth. It strangely occurs that in many instances men do not belong to the party and espouse a creed from conviction. They owe their allegiance to the accident of birth. The faction fighting whether between individuals, clans, tribes, denominations, political parties or nations, is unworthy of any people who claim to be civilized. More than once has our Empire been led into unnecessary warfare because of the fighting propensity of some of its fire-eaters.

2. It should draw together in friendly co-operation the various elements of the community. In the games and exercises of the play ground, race and creed peculiarities are forgotten; the strong help the weak and the older help the younger; the individual loses himself in seeking some common good; through daily struggles for place and property the lessons of give and take and of mutual forbearance are learned; manly courage and the sense of leadership are developed; brutality and coarseness give way to kindness and refinement. In the class room each individual learns his limitations and his dependence upon others. The talks in literature, geography and history overcome local prejudice and cultivate a genuine interest in humanity, a love for all that is right and noble, and a patriotic devotion to one's home and country.

3. It should still further cement the bond that unites the diverse elements of our population by kindly reference to, or actual visitation of factories, workshops and the like, in order to show the necessity of each to all and all to each. Nor is this less important from a personal, social or national point of view than the teaching of Compound Proportion or Latin Syntax.

4. It should give some of that knowledge and impulse which are necessary to intelligent citizenship. There must be nothing dishonest, unmanly, impure and sordidly selfish permitted in the class room or on the play ground. It matters comparatively little what is said on these points—it is the needs that count. Then, too, all pupils should become acquainted with some of the great and good of all time and with the great struggles of the race and nation. They will thus be able to appreciate their social, political and religious privileges. In the higher grades, more formal instruction with regard to systems and methods of Government may be given in as concrete form as possible. The duties of citizenship can be made clear, the sacredness of the ballot can be emphasized, and the evils of bribery set forth. Even with such intense and unreasonable party feeling as we find in every community, it is not too much to hope that if definite instruction were given in every school on civic duty, much good might be accomplished. Yet it must not be forgotten that the first and greatest thing is for the school to insist upon justice and honesty, for these are the subjective basis of all right government.

WHAT THE CHURCH SHOULD DO.

1. It should inculcate in its members a generous love for mankind, a reverence for all that is true and fair; and it should protest in word and act against all narrowness, exclusiveness, and artificial human distinctions. And it can do this the more easily because in so doing it is following in the footsteps of the Master.

2. It should emphasize in its teaching the second great commandment "Thou shalt love Thy neighbor as Thyself." It may be doubtful whether the church has a right to assume the role of lecturer-in-chief to the masses on such subjects as ethics and psychology, but there is no doubt that it has a clear call to preach the doctrine of Christian brotherhood to all its members. And if in any Christian church there is to be found the spirit of caste, the spirit of luxury and worldly pride, it is bound to work ill not only to the life of the church but to the life of the state. A Christian church represents the true socialism, but if the spirit of Christ is absent, faith and love give way to distrust and disunion.

3. It should raise its voice against all unfaithfulness, corruption and dishonesty in national affairs, and urge its members to stand for God and the right. As a first step towards this end it should erase from its rolls the names of those worthy of censure. In becoming weak it will become strong. Whatever may be done by a man of the world, it should be altogether impossible for a member of the church to give or take a bribe, or to palliate the offence when committed by others.

WHAT LEGISLATORS SHOULD DO.

1. They should place country before party. This is not only a possibility but an actual necessity. Extreme party government is not a necessary feature of British constitution, but rather a semi-cancerous growth on the body politic. To this all thoughtful men will agree in their sober moments, though in the heat of conflict they may speak and act otherwise.

2. They should preserve for us our national heritage. To hand over our lands to private corporations without any adequate compensation is not only a blunder but a crime. If this is done for private or party ends the crime is all the greater. Nor will it atone for the evil, if the corporations under the name of charity (or something else) return a small fraction of the gifts to the national exchequer. The full seriousness of the situation according to which the wealth of a country is held by a few individuals or corporations does not always seem to be appreciated. It makes true patriotic feeling on the part of the masses practically impossible. For the bond of sympathy that should bind man to man is broken; the feeling of independence which characterizes the free man and the patriot is gone; there is a class hatred, which is fatal to national unity. There is a division of land and wealth that makes for anarchy.

3. They should accord equal right to all—to all classes, sects and races. But when will all be satisfied with equal rights?

4. They should give the country an illustration of open-handed, honest government—a government carried on without bribery of the individual or the community and without donations from those who have been benefited by special legislation.

THE MAN WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY.

The man who loves his land will strive to love his neighbor as himself. He will make every sacrifice in order that in his district and in his nation, justice, righteousness and equity may prevail. He will perceive clearly the relations of individual, family, community, party, sect, and state, and will in his own practice cheerfully subordinate the lower to the higher interest. He will know and appreciate the struggles of the race and nation to secure personal, social, political and religious freedom, and he will count the retention and extension of that freedom as dear as life itself. He will reverence his flag and honor his king because they represent all that his forefathers have won, and all the dignity of the citizenship he now claims. He will cheerfully face danger, even at the risk of life, if his country is suffering oppression, or if wrong has to be righted somewhere.

And in yielding his own individual will to that of the nation the patriot has his reward. The road to the freedom which is essential to the developed mind lies through successive yieldings to higher and higher wills. At first man is selfish,—his own will is all in all. The family life limits his freedom, but in so doing admits him to a larger circle with richer opportunities. The School and the community next limit him, but give him admission to still wider circles. By voluntary submission to the rule of the many, in order that all may live for all the individual, is elevated to the species. The loyal citizen cannot be narrow and self-contained; his aims, hopes, sympathies, are as far-reaching as those of the nation.

It is evident that the patriotic spirit is inconsistent with selfishness, exclusiveness and partizanship of all kinds. It is opposed to inaction and apathy. It will not tolerate unjust compromise but will vigorously oppose unrighteousness and denounce evil. Nor is this spirit of love to one's own land inconsistent with love for the race. Indeed it is only he who loves the country of his birth or adoption that can in any proper sense have a loving interest in the welfare of all mankind.

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The Coronation Ceremony.

To the four hundred and ten odd million inhabitants of this world who claim to be British subjects, perhaps the most interesting event of the past decade was the Coronation of Edward VII. Now, the ceremonial prescribed for the Coronation of English Sovereigns has been guarded with jealous care and preserved almost intact throughout the storms of religious reform and political revolution, although minor changes have, of course, crept in from time to time, as in the case of King Edward VII. when the ceremonial was curtailed in order to save the King needless fatigue after his severe illness. Some of the ceremonies are survivals of feudalism and chivalry, and thus may seem somewhat incongruous in the twentieth century; but they gain interest and dignity when it is remembered that they have existed for over a thousand years, that for ten centuries, that is, English kings have been crowned with these same ceremonies, while the same hymns were sung and the same prayers prayed.

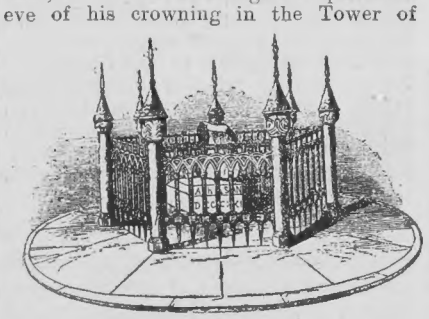
The Abbey itself is a vast cemetery, and as the King proceeds to his throne he must tread on the dust of heroes, statesmen and former kings and queens. As Jeremy Taylor wrote: "Where our Kings are crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed; the copy of the greatest change from rich and naked, from ceiled roofs and arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men."

Just now, as before Edward VII.'s Coronation, we hear a great deal about the Court of Claims. The first fully recorded hearing of this Court is one held by John of Gaunt before the Coronation of Richard II. in 1377. The Countess of Norfolk then claimed to perform the office of Earl Marshall of England — hereditary in the Howard family; the Lord of the Manor of Farnham claimed the right to present the gloves the Sovereign wears when he holds the sceptre; the Countess of Pembroke begged to be "napier," or to take charge of the napery used at the Coronation banquet; her young son, the earl, petitioned to present the golden spurs and the second sword of Justice; while a baron of the Cinque Ports claimed the right to hold the canoply.

At the sitting of the Court of Claims in 1901 two claimants appeared for the honor of presenting the glove, which is now the privilege of the Manor of Worksop, owned by the Duke of Norfolk; and four peers claimed the right to be Lord Chamberlain. The Duke of Norfolk claims to be chief butler at the banquet, the Earl of Denbigh chief carver, and the Earl of Warwick chief "pameter" or bread bearer.

When the proclamation of the date of the Coronation is made, in memory of the olden days when news travelled by word of mouth, or by beacon fire, the ancient custom of proclaiming the date by the town crier is still kept up. One Coronation custom which is now quite in abeyance, is for the Sovereign to spend the eve of his crowning in the Tower of London, and thence to set out on a Royal progress through the city to Westminster Hall and thence to the Abbey. Charles II. was the last monarch to do this. In his day two gentlemen, representing the Dukedoms of

The Queen



The Coronation Stone at Kingston-Upon-Thames. Seven Anglo-Saxon Kings were crowned upon this stone between 924 and 1016.

Normandy and Aquitaine, which once belonged to us, still followed the Serjeants-at-Arms. Not until 150 years after we had lost our last possession in France, was the custom discontinued of representing these two provinces at a king's coronation.

The Regalia have for centuries past been kept in the Tower, where in 1841 they were nearly destroyed by fire. A day or two before a Coronation they are removed from the Tower and placed in the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey—a room built about 1380, in which Henry IV. died in 1413. (See "King Henry IV., Part II., Act 5., Scene 5). The Regalia are now brought from the Jerusalem Chamber on the Coronation day into the "annexe," a temporary structure at the western door of the Abbey, built only for Coronation. Here the King and Queen robe, and here the Regalia are distributed to the various noblemen who have to carry them.

When the Royal procession, with the Regalia and all, arrives at the choir of the Abbey, the ceremony known as "the recognition" takes place. This has its origin in very early days, when Kings were "elected" or chosen by the people before being crowned. The first sovereign actually "recognised" was William I. The Archbishop advances and asks the people assembled whether they will choose their King, and they reply: "Yea, yea, God Save the King," whoever it may be. William I. was "recognised" four times, but King Edward VII. only once (in order somewhat to shorten the service.)

Instead of the King prostrating himself after the recognition, as King Harold did, he now kneels at the altar. He then presents his first oblation—a fine altar cloth, and a wedge of gold weighing a pound. The litany and sermon should here follow but were omitted from the last Coronation. When, as in the case of King John in 1199, the sovereign being crowned is not the rightful heir the sermon calls for much tact and diplomacy. The Bishop of London has generally been called upon to preach the Coronation sermon, but not always.

The sermon being over, the Archbishop administer the Coronation

The King

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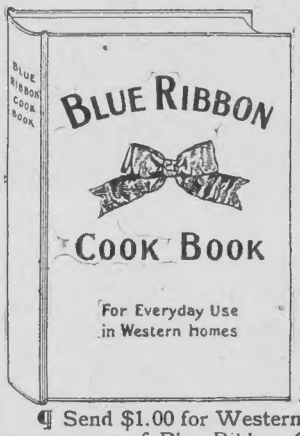

AFTER you use it awhile, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Everything is so simple and clear and practical it's just like having some wise old cook at your elbow. And with so many dishes to choose from, both old and new, there's no need of cooking the same old things time after time.

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The Secretary, Board of Trade, Armstrong, B.C.

oath. The King is asked: "Sire, are you willing to take the oath?" He replies, "I am willing." The next question is: "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes of Parliament?" Then follow several other questions, and then laying his hand on the Bible, the Sovereign repeats the solemn oath: "The things which I have here promised I will perform and keep, so help me God!"

The Lord Great Chamberlain then hands the Sovereign implements of writing on a silver standish, and he signs the oath on a roll of vellum. These Coronation rolls with the signed oaths are kept in the records of the Court of Chancery.

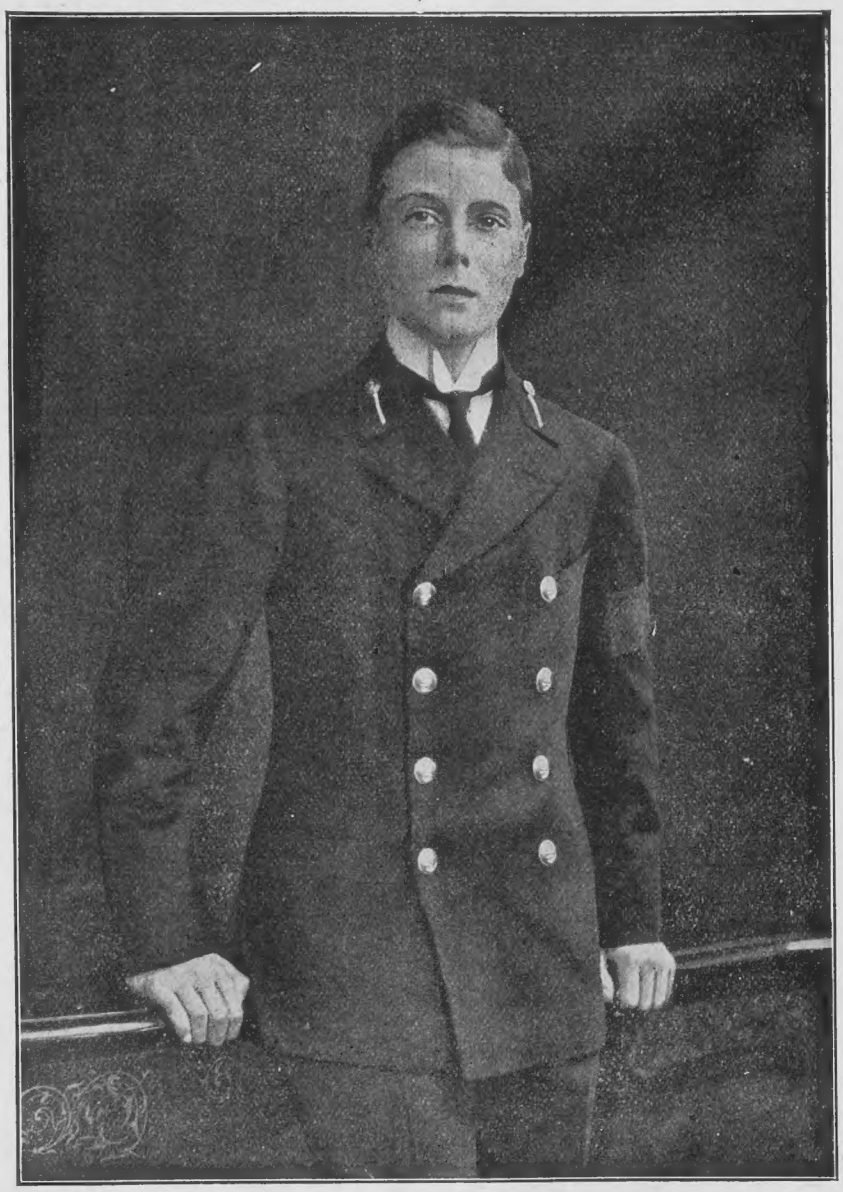
The King is then divested of his robe of state and ascends the Coronation chair for the anointing. Beneath the seat of this chair is a rough stone about which there are many legends. It is sometimes called King Edward's Stone, sometimes "The Stone of Destiny," and is said to be the one on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel, and to have been carried by his sons to Egypt. This however is only one legend out of several. Geologists say the Coronation Stone is a very ordinary boulder, which might come from near Scone, or anywhere in Scotland. It is certain that on it the Scottish kings were crowned, and that in 1296 Edward I. brought it to the Abbey, whence it has only once been removed—for the inauguration of Cromwell in Westminster Hall.

About the sacred oil used in the anointing and ampulla or vase of gold to contain it, there is a fifteenth century legend that the Virgin Mary appeared to Sir Thomas a Becket, with a golden eagle and a stone phial in her hands, and that she gave these to him, saying that the oil was to be used for anointing the King, and that the eagle would bring him certain victory over his enemies. Now the ampulla is shaped like an eagle, and the head of it screws off when the vessel needs refilling. When used for the Coronation ceremony, however, the oil streams out of a hole in the beak, and is poured into a silver-gilt spoon, said to be the only item of the regalia that escaped destruction during the Commonwealth. This spoon is certainly over eight hundred years old.

The anointing is probably the most ancient of all the Coronation ceremonies. In Saxon days the Sovereign was anointed on the palms of the hands, the breast, the middle of the back, the shoulders, elbows and head, but since William IV.'s time he has been annointed only on the head, breast and hands. It was doubtless the disrobing necessary for so much anointing that caused the custom to arise of holding a canopy over the Sovereign during this part of the Coronation ceremony.

After the anointing, the investiture takes place the vesting the King with the sacred vestments and emblems of royalty, symbolical of the old conception of the King as half priest, half soldier, head of the church and of the army. The first vestment, the colobium sindonis, is of fine linen, a sleeveless garment, edged with lace; then comes the dalmatic or super-tunica, a long jacket of cloth-of-gold, now woven with pink roses, green shamrocks and purple thistles, and fastening with a girdle. Formerly the Lord Great Chamberlain buckled the golden spurs on to the King's heels, but now the King's heels are only touched with the spurs, while a Queen regnant merely places her hand on them. The Lord Great Chamberlain still girds on the King's sword, though Queen Victoria simply held the sword in her hand. Before the Sword of Justice is handed to the King, the Archbishop lays it on the altar and prays that the Sovereign may not use it in vain. When this sword is ungirt the King presents it as an offering on the altar—the oblation of the sword.

Then follows a quaint ceremony. When the sword is laid on the altar, the peer who first received it when the



The Prince of Wales.

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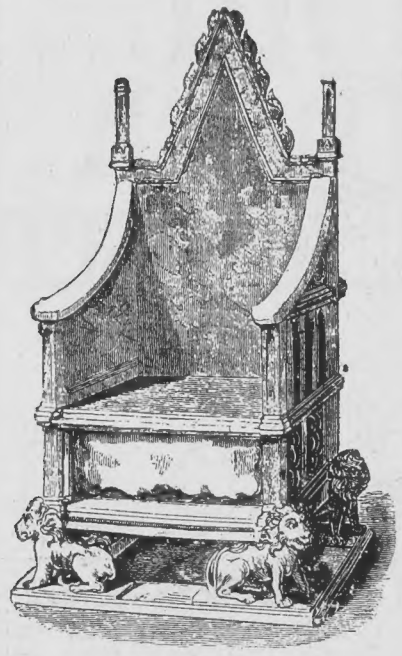
regalia were distributed, steps forward and offers to redeem it for a price. Having redeemed it, he draws it forth from the scabbard, and carries it unsheathed before the King during the rest of the ceremony. A hundred shillings is the traditional sum for redeeming the sword, and at King Edward's Coronation the Marquis of Londonderry redeemed the sword with a bag containing this number of new silver shillings.

Leaving the spurs and sword, symbolical of the days of chivalry) we come to the ecclesiastical and imperial emblems—the stole and the mantel. Edward VII.'s mantle was of cloth-of-gold, woven with pink roses, green shamrocks, purple thistles and the lotus flowers—the first time the emblem of India appeared on a Coronation robe. It was embroidered with silver eagles, a symbol of independence from early Saxon days.

To the King, seated in the Coronation or St. Edward's chair, the orb is now brought, a globe of gold surmounted by a cross richly ornamented with pearls, sapphires and rubies. This is a symbol of power,dating back to the days of the Roman emperors. It may be remembered that Queen Victoria, when the orb was placed in her hand, did not exactly know what was expected of her, and asked Lord Thynne what she was to do with it. "Your Majesty must carry it, if you please, in your hand." "Must I?" said the Queen, "It is very heavy."

Next the ring is delivered. Each



The Coronation Chair.

Sovereign now has his own ring. St. Edward's ring used to be used—"the wedding ring of England"—but this has long been lost.

Before the sceptres are presented the Lord of the Manor of Worksop offers the richly embroidered gloves. This is one of the few feudal ceremonies still remaining in the Coronation service. Having put on the gloves, the King grasps in his right hand the sceptre with the cross, while into his left hand is delivered the sceptre with the dove, an impressive exhortation being delivered meanwhile.

The actual crowning now takes place. The Archbishop goes to the altar, takes the crown in his hands, lifts it up, and laying it down again on the altar, offers a short prayer. Then the Dean of Westminster takes the crown, and advances with the Archbishop and bishops towards the King. Richard Coeur-de Lion, it is said, was in such haste to be crowned, that he went up to the altar himself, took the crown in his hands, and delivered it to the Archbishop. The Westminster boys will doubtless not forget in June next that they have always had the privilege of acclaiming the King on his Coronation in the Abbey. As the actual crowning of Edward VII. took place the peers and peeresses with one accord lifted their coronets and placed them on their heads; trumpets sounded and the signal was flashed to the Abbey roof; whereupon the roars of artillery in Hyde Park announced to the waiting crowds that the King was crowned.

After the crowning comes the Archbishop's benediction, which the King kneels to receive. Since 1838 the Bishop's kiss, which used to follow, has been omitted.

The inthronisation which follows is a very old ceremony. Edward the elder was actually "lifted up" by his nobles, and according to the rubric of the Coronation the Sovereign should be actually "lifted" on to his throne; but now the lifting is merely suggested by the Archbishop and bishops laying their hands on the King's arm, and conducting him to the throne.

Then comes a purely feudal, but a very picturesque ceremony, the homage, when first the lords spiritual and then the lords temporal do homage for the lands which they claim of the Crown. Then, at Edward VII.'s Coronation, the Prince of Wales, taking off his coronet, knelt and did homage to the King, with the other princes of the blood. Formerly they were classed with the peers.

The Queen Consort is now annointed on the head and receives crown, sceptres and ring. When the crown is placed on her brow the peeresses slowly lift their coronets and put them on their heads.

After the crowning of the King, and of the Queen Consort should there be one, preparations are made for the Communion, the King himself presenting the bread and wine used. He removes his crown and lays aside his sceptres before presenting the bread on the patena and the wine in the chalice to the Archbishop. (Here, at the last Coronation, the King and Queen made their oblations of fine altar cloths and wedges of

Coronation of King Edward I.

gold.) After the Communion the Sovereign again puts on his crown, takes both sceptres and remains seated till the close of the service, when he proceeds in state, with the four swords and the Regalia borne in front of him to the Chapel of St. Edward, the choir meanwhile singing the Te Deum. The Regalia are handed over to the Dean of Westminster; the King's imperial vestments are removed, his robe of state being again given to him, and he reappears carrying in his right hand the sceptre with the cross and in his left the orb, and takes his place in the final recessional pageant.

In former days this procession proceeded to Westminster Hall for the Coronation banquet, given up in 1830. With this banquet many quaint ceremonies disappeared, and with them those who performed them — the chief carver, the napier, the herb strewer, the offerer of wafers.

It only remains to mention the Order of the Bath, said to have been instituted at the Coronation of Henry IV., and so called because of the bathing ceremony which every knight had to go through on the eve of his inauguration. The Coronation of Charles II. in 1661 was the last on which the ceremonies of bathing, putting on hermit's habits next day, and being knighted in the Abbey by the King and invested by him with the ribbon of the order were kept up.

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Ireland Wins.

(Written especially for the Western Home Monthly.) **By JAMIE SOUTAR.**

The Story of a Bargain Sale Bungle (A Police Court Idyll.)

THE court room was packed; there was not a square foot of standing room unoccupied.

Magistrate Delaney had taken his seat on the bench, and with his wonted calm, addressed himself to the day's work.

Rarely moved from his easy, self-possessed attitude, he betrayed a feeling of astonishment that morning as he surveyed the crowded court and noted the extreme lightness of the calendar before him. He consulted his papers again to make sure that he had overlooked nothing, but they merely suggested the usual petty cases and nothing of the notorious.

Had his worship been on the streets, however, when six-foot-four Magillighan escorted five-fut-wan Michael Doolin to the police station, he would probably have joined the crowd himself and found some recreation in honoring "Micky" with his attendance when the case was called.

The majesty of the law and the mutability of the law-breaker found a fitting embodiment in the manner in which the arrest of Mister Doolin had been conducted.

Constable Magillighan had been suddenly cut loose from the monotony of his habitual dead march by a messenger from the big store to say that the manager required his services.

It was to give him the custody of "that man" on a charge of stealing a ten dollar bill. Ordinarily, the arrest and sequel would have been a simple operation carried out quietly, solemnly, and without a single comment of protest. That is usually the case when the offender has been caught red-handed; but if ten thousand cats with tins at their tails had been given the freedom of the city, that were nothing to the hullabaloo of Micky's passage to the "palais de justice."

For the first time in his life, in full view of the public eye, he was receiving his "baptism of fire" and the hundred and one hostilities that the public delight to shower upon the man in the pillory.

Micky's whole being blazed with the compliments his impotent rage heaped upon "ivery man uv thim." "Thim" was supposed to include every one who had in any way countenanced the persecution of which poor Micky was the unfortunate victim.

Physically, Magillighan had the advantage of his prisoner, but he was hopelessly beaten the moment he tried to reason with the sizzling little Irishman. He might as well have tried to stop a high pressure water burst with a pint bottle cork.

A per-fervid Orangeman engaged on the local press had witnessed the proceedings from the back window of a bowling alley, and with some gratuitous local color had embellished them in that morning's papers, till, as Magillighan said, one who had been there would never have recognized it as the same incident.

Hence the attendance at court.

After the usual drunks had been disposed of, Micky stepped nimbly into the dock and looked around, even as an imprisoned terrier would regard a cat up a tree, or an inaccessible company of well fed rats enjoying their freedom.

"Michael Doolin, you are charged with stealing from the premises of Sellus & Co. a ten dollar bill belonging to the prosecutrix, Mary Mackenzie. Are you guilty or not guilty"

Prisoner, (striking a full E in the key of C sharp). "Not guilty, yer 'anner."

"All right Michael," said Mr. Delaney in a kindly tone; "we'll see what they've got to say about you and then you'll have every opportunity to put in a word in your own behalf."

Constable Magillighan proved arrest stating that at 9.30 that morning he had been called into the store of Sellus & Co. where he found the prisoner detained. The prosecutrix complained that she had placed a ten dollar bill on the counter to pay for certain purchases she had made. While her attention was diverted by the clerk who was serving her, the bill disappeared. No one was near her except prisoner and a lady of position who was a well known customer, and was examining goods at the same counter.

Prisoner was detained in the manager's room, and acting on the latter's advice, prosecutrix gave Doolin in charge on suspicion of having taken the money.

When searched at the station he had in his possession five ten dollar bills, and ten cents. He also had a few articles of underclothing tied up in a napkin, and a copy of the "Tipperary Times."

The magistrate: "Have you any questions to ask the policeman?"

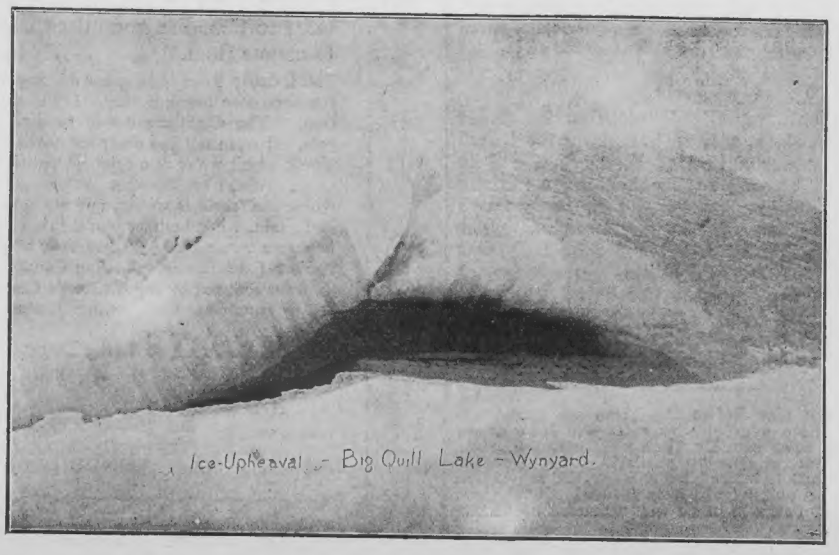
Prisoner: "No, yer 'anner, he only did his dooty, but oim innocent all the same as true's the Almighty's in hiven."

Prosecutrix—a buxom, blushing maiden just on the shady side of twenty, then stepped into the witness box, and after the usual formalities, testified in substance what the constable had stated. There was a bargain sale on and there were many people in the store. She was positive she placed the ten dollar bill on the counter, but she could not identify it except that it was one of the Bank of Ottawa's bills. (The whole of the bills found on prisoner were those of the Bank of Ottawa.)

She complained to the floor superintendent who came along at the moment she discovered her loss. After questioning the clerk, he detained the prisoner, who was walking away.

"Did you ax him to detain me?" eagerly inquired the prisoner.

"No," replied the little Scotchwoman, in the softest accent, and the prisoner beamed with happiness.



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From the bench: "Had you seen the prisoner before?"

"No, sir, I saw him for the first time when he was examining a shetland shawl that lay on the counter close to where I placed the money."

"And you are sure that the clerk had not removed it?"

"I don't think so, sir, because she was a little further down the counter at the time."

"Did you observe the prisoner acting suspiciously at any time?"

"No, sir."

"And you are sure no one else was near you on the outside of the counter except the prisoner and the lady whom the constable referred to?"

"Yes, sir."

A fair-haired, flat-ironed-looking young man in a "Prince Albert" coat next came forward, evidently the star witness for the prosecution, and the l'ttle, deep-set eyes of the prisoner sparkled like fine cut diamonds as they pierced the unhappy youth wh looked far more uncomfortable than did the prisoner.

"Your name is Reginald Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, sir. I am employed as floor superintendent in the dress department of Sellus & Co. This morning, shortly before nine o'clock, I saw the prisoner examining goods at various counters. I did not see him purchase anything and continued to keep my eye on him."

"He was examining a number of Shetland shawls near to where this young lady was making certain purchases. I had to leave that section for a moment to direct a lady to another department, and on returning, I received a complaint from the clerk who was serving the prosecutrix, that a ten dollar bill had disappeared from the counter. The prisoner was walking away. I followed and asked him to accompany me to the manager's office."

"Is there anything known about this man?" the magistrate inquired, looking round among the officers present; but as no one could identify Michael, he was invited to relate his own history.

"Yer 'anner, t'e only thing I ivver shtole in my life was a handful of green gooseberries out of widow Flaherty's gardin in Tipperary. I came to this country last year with siven dollars in my pocket, an' my mother's honesty in my heart. I spint the siven dollars long ago, but, thank Hiven I haven't parted with a dhrop of me honesty from that day to this. I got a jab the furrst day I looked fur wan—from a grr-ate, big chap in an office in Main Street—to do a bit of section wurrk on the new railway, and whin the frost shtopped that jab, I took a dead man's place in a loggin' camp. I've been at wurrk ivver since till three days ago, whin I came to town wid the rest of the bhoys."

"As sure as God's in hiven, sir, I'm an hone t man. I came into the city wid fifty-five dollars in me pocket. I wurrked hard for ivery cint of it an' two hundred more that I sent home to me mother in Tipperary. I went into that sthore, sir, seein' their bargain sale advertisement in the papers, t'buy two clane shirts for mesilf an' a nice shawl for the old lady; but there was such a crrowd of wimmen around the shtuff I couldn't get a look in anywhere till they thinned out a bit, an' just as I was makin' a cut for the shirts, that young gintleman in the double-barrelled frock coat asked me to shtep into the boss's office.

"An' here I am, yer 'anner, but I shwear all my people were honest folks. My gran' father died fightin' fur Queen an' country, sir, at Balaclava. He was a grr-ate fightin' man was my gran' father, sir. He niver wint into a fight but he came out with the loss of a limb of some sort. He was in twinty-four engagements, an' the gineral said, when they were buryin' him, that he did more for the glory of ould Ireland than the whole of the batallion that was left."

"If that sweet young lady has lost tin dollars, yer 'anner, an' thim haberdasher people can't find it for her, begorra, sir, I'll make it good to her twice over!" fairly screamed the gallant little Irishman; "but for the love of hivin" (throwing out his hands in an earnest appeal to the young woman) "don't think, me jewel, that it was shtolen by Micky Doolin."

The blushing young Scotchwoman raised her eyes in response to this appeal, and they spoke eloquently to the fact that such a thought, if it ever had an existence in her mind, was the last one she could any longer retain.

"If I could see that grr-ate big fellie that gave me the jab with the section gang, I know he wud give me a good kyaracter an' tell ye what a hard wurrkin' sober man I was. He tould me whin I was paid off at Moose Creek that whin he had another jab, I wud be the furrst man he wud put on it, as I wasn't a loafer, an' my breath niver shmelt of the drug shtore."

"Do you know that man's name, Michael?"

"No, yer 'anner; he knows nine, but I don't remimber his. Ye see it's well nigh a year ago since I furrst saw him in his offiss in Main Street, an' there was a grr-ate crowd there that day signin' on to go west. I niver saw him again till he came up to Moose Creek about a week before we were paid off, but I could pick him out of a whole army-corps of min. He was a grr-ate big fellie an' a fine man t' wurrk fur—that is if ye were fit fur the jab an' kept off the booze."

Here Michael was abruptly cut short by a flutter of excitement around the side entrance to the court room. There was the distinct rustle of silk drapery and a woman's voice struggling with an unmistakable shortage of breath. The next moment, like a full blown whirlwind, there burst into the court the identical society female who had been making purchases at the bargain sale that morning.

"Your worship—poof! I am deeply grieved—poof! to have been the innocent cause of much inconvenience—poof! and what might have been serious consequences to this young man—poof! who, I understand has been charged with theft."

"He is perfectly innocent, your worship—poof! A ten dollar bill that did not belong to me was found in the inside of my umbrella when I got home and the moment my niece discovered it I came down to the store where I was informed of all that had taken place—poof! poof! poof!

"Your worship, I was looking at goods near to where the young lady had placed the money on the counter to pay for her purchases, and by some means it must have been swept from the counter into the umbrella which I carried in my hand."

"I need not assure your worship that I am deeply grieved at the circumstance and will do all in my power to make the fullest reparation to this young man who has suffered through my fault, and also to the young woman for the annoyance and inconvenience to which she has been subjected.."

"Well, this must be gratifying to you, Michael. You are discharged and you leave the court without a stain on your character. You may also be glad to know that even if this lady had not appeared in your behalf I should not have convicted you on the evidence that has been put before me. In fact I don't think the case should have been brought into court at all.

A buzz of satisfaction swept through the dingy old court room as brave Micky Doolin, "with his bundle on his shoulder" stepped lightly from the dock into freedom, and looking, even among those stalwarts of justice, more like a leader than a captive.

Congratulations came as thick as hail stones, but the crowing glory of it all came when the l.:tle Scotch lassie modestly expressed her acknowledgements. Her blue eyes mirrored the intensity of feeling that was in her soul and it went straight home to the core of Micky Doolin's heart.

Fortune, like misfortune is never stingy in her attentions when the humor seizes her, and on this day she seemed to have reserved the very last "slice of luck" that was in her gift for this young son of Erin.

Just as he stepped into the street in the company of Magillighan (who was doing his best to obliterate all memory of the painful incident) Micky fairly blazed with excitement as, but a few paces ahead of him his eye caught the burly figure of a well-known city man in conversation with another.

"There's the grr-ate man who gave me my furrst jab!" he cried, and rushed

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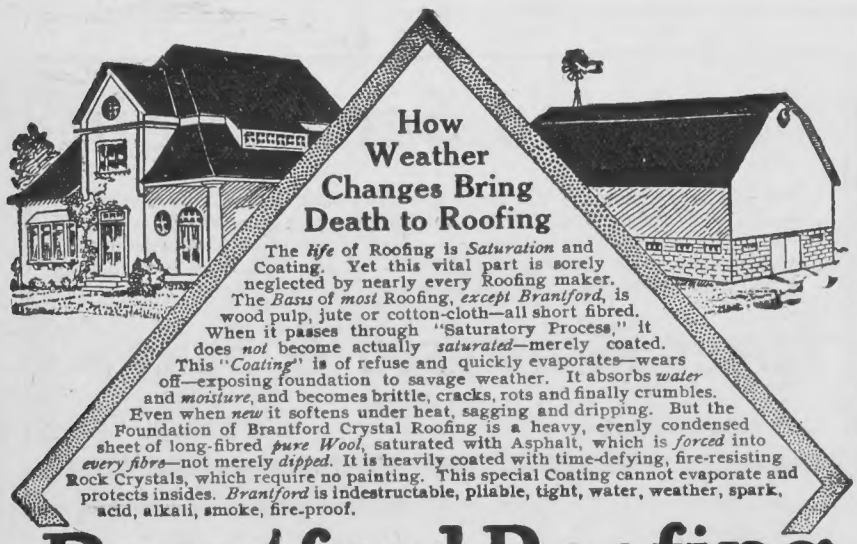

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ahead of Mac' to speak to his gigantic friend.

"Hello, Donnybrook! where did you come from?" said the genial contractor, as he quickly recognized that never-to-be-forgotten face.

"Shtraight from the police station, sir. They had me up for shtealin' a tin dollar bill. What d'ye think of it?" and the little Tipperary terrier had no other expectation written on his face than that his big friend would rise at once to his own ingenuous appreciation of the absurdity of the idea. And he did.

Magillighan coming up at the moment gave what was certainly a less circuitous, if not quite so picturesque, an account of the incident as Micky would have given.

"Funny thing, Donnybrook, I was speaking about you the other day. I want you again, my boy, if you want a good job. What do you say?"

"Well, sorr, I was thinkin' o' doin' a bit o' homesteadin'——"

"Ah Chucks! You come with me, Doolin, and we'll find you something better than homesteading. Here! this man is waiting for me and I can't talk to you here. Come up to my office in that big new building there at 4 o'clock this afternoon and give that card to the first chap you see. Tell him you've got to see me."

In the end, Micky was appointed to one of the most responsible positions in the stores and equipment department of the great railway contractor, a post that might be filled by any man of "average" intelligence but in which absolute fidelity to the most trifling detail was of the first importance and was recognized accordingly in the matter of remuneration.

The physical proportions of Michael Doolin when be came out of that office were probably no greater than when he entered it, but mentally he was a king among men and held the whole world at his mercy.

It was needful that on the following evening, Michael should wait upon the "grr-ate man" at his suburban home to receive final instructions before leaving the city to enter upon his new sphere in North West Alberta. At the moment he arrived at the address given, a rig drew up, and from it there was carefully deposited on the sidewalk a handsome trunk and a young woman, belonging to it, consigned to the same address as Michael sought.

As in the twilight he held the gate open to admit the young lady, what were his emotions when he found that she was no other than the blue eyed Scotch lassie who had so recently been called upon to testify against him!

The "Divinity that shapes our ends" had brought them together again, and by common consent, yet without one spoken word, they read their fate in that strange meeting.

The lady of the "grr-ate man" wanted a handmaid at the same moment her lord required a henchman into whose hands he could trust his life. Mary had just arrived to take up her position in the household and Michael had come to receive his marching orders for the part he was about to take in the building of the great Transcontinental.

Fortune again was kind to them that evening. It chanced that Micky had to wait a long time until his chief was at liberty to see him, and that interval of waiting was not lost by either party. At parting, Mary offered no objections to receiving a picture post card from Michael now and again, but the day came, and very quickly, when the hearts of this happy pair could no longer be held within the limits of picture post cards.

At the moment of writing, the "grr-ate man" had seen no reason to call in question the conduct of his Irish lieutenant, but long ago his lady had to find a new Abigail—much to her regret, for Mary Mackenzie had been "a gem of a servant"; no less, however, than Michael Doolin continues to find her a jewel of a wife.

The Great Bubble Syndicate.

Like the Great Mississippi Bubble, it Ended by Bursting.

By Lloyd Osbourne.

I SUPPOSE it was a fool arrangement, but anyway we did it; and Harry Prentiss, who is learning how to be a corporation lawyer, and has specialized on contracts, spent a whole week making it what he called ironclad. When it was typewritten it covered nine pages, and was so excessively ironclad that nobody could understand it but Harry. He said it undoubtedly covered the ground, however, and would be worth all the trouble it cost him in the friction it would save afterwards. You'd hardly know Harry as the same boy that played Yale full-back, he's grown so cynical and suspicious, and he's got that lawyer way of looking at you now as though you were a liar and he was just about to pounce on you with the truth. I thought he might have brought Nelly and himself into the agreement under one head, considering he was engaged to her, and that they were only waiting to save a thousand dollars in order to get married; but he couldn't see it that way at all, and spoke about people changing their minds, and how in law you must be prepared for every contingency (especially if it were disagreeable and unexpected), and put supposititious cases till Nelly broke down and cried.

They had got five hundred toward the thousand when they were both taken with automobile fever—and taken bad. And then they decided that, though marriage was all right, they were still pretty young, and the bubble had the first call. Harry had been secretly taking the Horseless Age for three months, and as for Nelly—anybody with a four-cylinder tonneau could have torn her from her happy home. Not that she didn't love Harry tremendously. She was crazy about him, but crazier for a bubble! It's an infatuation like any other, only worse, and I guess I was no better than Nelly myself, for I used to ride regularly with Lewis Wentz—and you know what Lewis Wentz is! And he only had a wheezy old steam carriage anyway, and sometimes blue flames would leap up all around you till you felt like a Christian martyr, and his boiler was always burning out when he'd try to hold my hand instead of watching the gauge! You paid in every kind of way for riding with Lewis Wentz, and people talked about you besides—but I always went just the same. Oh, I know I ought to be ashamed to admit it, and I said to myself every time should be the last, yet he only had to double-toot at the front door for me to drop everything and run. This naturally made him awfully forward and troublesome, not to speak of complicating me with Pa, who didn't approve of him the least bit, and who used to regale me with little talks beginning: "I would rather see you lying dead in your coffin," and winding up with, "Now, won't you promise your poor old dad," till I was all broken up. But, as I said before, Lewis Wentz had only to toot for me to forget my old dad and the coffin and everything.

With only five hundred dollars to go on, Harry and Nelly, of course, had to look about for more capital; and that was why they chose me to go in with them. I didn't have any capital except a rich father but I suppose they thought that was the same thing. People are so apt to, though I never found it the same thing at all. Then, too, Nelly and I were bosom friends, and they naturally wanted to give me the first chance. Their original plan had been to have the bubble held in four equal shares, taking in Morty Truslow as the fourth. I think there was a little scheme in that, too, for Morty and I hadn't spoken for

three months, and it was all off between us. There was a time when I thought there was only one thing in the world, and that was Morty Truslow—but that was over for good, with nothing left of it but a great big ache. I can never be grateful enough to Mrs. Gettridge for putting me on to it, for, however much a girl cares for a man, her pride won't let her—and she was Josie's aunt, you know, and if anybody was on the inside track she was . . . and I cut him dead and sent back his letters unopened, though he wrote and wrote . . . and it was awfully hard, you know, because I just had to grit my teeth together to keep from loving him to death. . . . Nelly said I was just too proud and silly for anything, and Pa looked as depressed as though there was another slump in Preferred Steel, and Mamma said he was such a catch that the first designing girl would snap him up, and Harry said you wouldn't know Morty now, he was so changed and different.

So that was how it was when Nelly and Harry started the Great Bubble Syndicate, and wanted to take Morty and me into it as quarter shareholders each. But I wouldn't have joined in a heavenly chariot on those terms, and so we talked and talked till finally Morty was eliminated and we settled on a two-third and one-third basis. The next point was to choose the car, for it had to be a cheap car, and we wanted to get the very best for our money. Harry said the Model E Fearless runabout at seven hundred and fifty was the bulliest little car on the market, and that the Fearless agent was so good and kind, and looked so much like Henry Ward Beecher that you felt uplifted just to be with him, and that you knew instinctively that his car was sure to be the best car. A picture of the Fearless settled the matter, for it was a real little beauty—long in the chassis and very low, with wood artillery wheels, and guards and lamps thrown in for nothing. Harry said it had more power than it knew what to do with, and was a bird on the hills, and that he had a friend who had a friend who owned one and swore by it. Afterwards we met him and towed him nine miles, and what swearing he did was all the other way; however, I mustn't get ahead of the story, or anticipate, as they say in novels.

Getting two hundred and fifty dollars from Pa was the next step, and of all my automobiling experiences it was certainly the worst. He couldn't see it at all, though I caught him after dinner and sat on the arm of his chair and rubbed my cheek against his, like the sunny-haired daughter on the stage. He ought to have reciprocated by doing the angel parent, but he talked horse-sense instead; how he couldn't afford to buy me a whole car; and how in his experience divided ownership always ended in the people hating one another ever afterwards; and how dangerous automobiling was anyway, and how much nicer it would be to have a beautiful little horse! Then I gave him the ironclad agreement. He put on his spectacles and read it, asking me not to breathe on his neck, as it tickled him. (How different real life is from the stage!) And he began to giggle at the second page, and at the third he could hardly go on; and finally, when Mamma came in and asked what was the matter, he couldn't speak at all, but got up and stamped about the room till you thought he was going to have a fit. Then he sat down again and wiped his eyes and asked as a favor whether he mightn't have a copy for himself. I said I might possibly manage it if he would come down with the two hundred and fifty.

Then he got kind of serious again; asked if I didn't know any cheaper way of being killed; said I might have appendicitis for the same money and be fashionable. When Pa is in the right humor he can tease awfully, and that agreement had set him off worse than I had ever remembered. But I stuck to my bubble, and wasn't to be guyed out of the idea, and finally he lit a cigar and started in to bargain. Pa is the worst old skinflint in Connecticut, and never even gave me a box of peanut candy without getting a double equivalent. First of all, I had to give up Lewis Wentz entirely; I wasn't to speak to him, or bow or bubble or dance or anything. I put up a good fight for Lewis Wentz—not that I cared two straws for him, now that I was going to have an automobile of my own, but just to head Pa off from grasping for more. I didn't want to be eaten out of house and home, you know, and I guess I am too much Pa's daughter to surrender more than I could help. It was well I did so, for on top of that I had to promise never to ride in any car except my own, and then he branched off into my giving up coffee for breakfast, going to bed at ten, only one dance a week, wearing flannel in winter, minding my mother more, and heaven only knows what all! But I said that Lewis Wentz alone was worth two hundred and fifty, and that I'd draw on the other things when I needed money for repairs! Then Pa suddenly had a new notion, and said he wanted to be in the thing, too; would take a quarter interest of his own; that we'd change the syndicate to fourths instead of thirds.

I was almost too thunderstruck to speak. Think of hearing Pa say he wished to buy in! It was like an evangelist wanting to take shares in the devil! I could only say "Pa!" like that, and gasp.

"I know I'm pretty old to change," he said. "But a fellow must keep up with the procession, you know. And I always liked the way they smelled!"

His eyes were dancing, and I saw he meant mischief; but, after all, the bubble was assured now, and that was the great thing. It wasn't till up to that moment that I felt really safe.

"I read here in the agreement," he went on, "that the automobile is taken in rotation by every member of the syndicate; and that when it's my day it's my day, and nobody can say a word or use it themselves, even if I don't care to."

"That's how we'll save any possibility of friction," I returned. "For instance, to-day it is absolutely my car; to-morrow it's yours; day after to-morrow it is Harry's; the day after that it's Nelly's—and if anything breaks on your day it's up to you to pay for it."

"Oh, I'm not going to break anything," said Pa, with the satisfied look of a person who doesn't know anything about it.

"Don't you be too sure about that," I said. "I've been around enough with Lewis Wentz to know better."

"Well, you see, said Pa, "that depends how much you use your automobile. If you never take it out at all you eliminate most of the bothers connected with it!"

"Never take it out at all!" I cried.

"On my day it stays in the barn," he said.

I began to see now what he was smiling at. Wasn't it awful of him! He simply meant to tie it up for a quarter of the time!

"Now, Virgie," he said, "you mustn't think that I am not stretching a point to promise you what I have. It's too blamed dangerous, and you're all the little girl I have. Well, if you must do it, I am going to cut the risk by 25 per cent., and my automobile days will be blanks!"

I flared up at this. It's awful when your own father wants to do something you're ashamed off. It was such a dog-in-the-manger idea, too, and so unsportsmanlike. But nothing could shake Pa, though I tried and tried, and said things that ought to have pierced a rhinoceros. But Pa ran for governor once, and his skin's thicker. I felt almost sorry we hadn't taken in Morty Truslow instead—not really, you know, but just for the moment.

"How can I tell Harry and Nelly you're such a pig?" I said, half-crying.

"I am not a pig," said Pa, "though now I'm the next thing to it—an automobilist! And anyway, it's a straight business proposition. Take it or leave it!"

"Pa," I said, "if you'll stay out of it altogether I'll take it back about coffee for breakfast and not minding mamma more."

"It's too late," he returned. "I've got the automobile fever now myself. For two cents I'd buy out Harry and Nelly and keep the red bug in the family!"

Certainly Pa has the most ingenious

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

mind of anybody I know. He ought to have been in the Spanish Inquisition, just to think up new torments. I don't wonder they like him so well on the Stock Exchange; he probably initiates new members and makes them ride goats. Anyway, nothing could change him about the automobile, and I closed the deal quick lest he might carry out his other plan and absorb seventy-five per cent. of the syndicate's stock.

* * * * *

The Fearless was even prettier than its picture, and there wasn't a runabout in town in the same class with it. Then our lessons began, which we took separately, because there was only room on the seat for two, and nobody wanted the other members of the syndicate to see him running into the curb or trying to climb trees. The agent turned out less like Henry Ward Beecher than Harry had thought, and it was sickening how he lost interest in us after he got his money. But he threw in a tooter for nothing and a socket wrench, and in some ways lived up to the resemblance. He would not even take me out himself, but gave me in charge of a weird little boy we called the Gasoline Child. The Gasoline Child was about 13, and was so full of tools that he rattled when he walked, and I guess his head rattled, too—he knew so much about gas engines. He was the greasiest, messiest, grittiest and oiliest little boy that ever defied soap; and Harry always declared he was an automobile variety of codling-moth or Colorado beetle or June bug, who would wind up by spinning a cotton-waste cocoon in the centre of the machinery and hatch out a million more like himself. Perhaps he was too busy to start his happy home, for I never saw him at the garage but his little legs were sticking out of a bonnet, and you could hear him hammering inside and telling somebody to "Turn it over, will you?" or "Now, try it that way, Bill!"

But with all the heaps he knew, the Gasoline Child was a good deal like the man who got rich by never spending anything. His knowledge was imbedded in him like gold in quartz; you could see it there, all right, but couldn't take it out. He tried so hard to be helpful, too; would plunge his little paw into the greasy darkness below the seat and say: "That's a nut you ought to remember now: it works on the babbitt of the countershaft (or something of the kind), and you must see to it regular." Or: "Watch your valves, Miss, and be keerful they don't gum on you." Or: "Them commutators are often the seat of trouble, for oftentimes they wear down and don't break the spark right." When I'd grow dizzy with these explanations, he would reassure me by saying that, "I'd soon fall into it, like he did!" But I didn't fall into it nearly so well as I could have wished. On the contrary, the more I learned the more intricate the whole thing seemed to grow, and I looked forward to taking the car out alone by myself with the sensations of a prisoner about to be guillotined. Not that I had lost heart in automobilism. The elation of those rides was delicious. The little car ran with a lightness that was almost like flying; it was as buoyant, swift and smooth as a glorified sledge; one awoke with joy to the fact that the world contained a new and irresistible pleasure.

The Gasoline Child soon taught me to run it for myself. With him by my side I was as brave as a lion, and I took the corners and shaved eternity in a way to make him gasp. He said he had never been really scared in an automobile before, and he used to look at me with a ready-to-jump expression, as though I were a baby playing with a gun. You see, I had graduated on Lewis Wentz's steamer, and a twenty-mile clip didn't freeze me any, though there were times when I'd forget which things to pull, and this always seemed to rattle his little nerves. It was strange, however, what a coward I was when I first went out by myself. There was no devil left in me at all, and I was certainly the crawly-crawliest bubbler you ever saw, and I teetered at street car crossings till everybody went mad. It might have been worse than it was, though, for the only real trouble I had was chipping the tail off a milk wagon and ramming a silly horse on Eighth Avenue. When his friends helped him up (he had been standing still at the time, and I had forgotten the low gear always started with a jump) they said his front legs were barked five dollars' worth. I wouldn't have minded if he had got the five dollars, poor thing, for after ramming him once I became confused at the notoriety I attracted, and, instead of reversing, I threw in the high-speed clutch and rammed him some more! Oh, yes, he had some claim to have a kick coming, though all he did was to look at me reproachfully and then lie down. He was an Italian vegetable horse, and from the way his friends vociferated they must have thought a lot of him.

Of course, Harry and Nelly were taking their lessons, too, and getting into their individual scrapes in the intervals of my getting into mine. Pa was the only shareholder who never came to time, though he used to walk round to the garage on his days to make sure the bubble was home. He was awfully mean about his rights, and explained the syndicate principle to Mr. Hoover, the head of the establishment, and tipped right and left so that there shouldn't be any doubt about the blanks being blanks. I tried to bluff Mr. Hoover once and take out the car on Pa's day, but I bumped into a regular stone wall. Pa had given everybody there a typewritten schedule with his days marked in red ink, and the whole thing had become the joke of the garage, till even the wipers grinned when the foreman would call out, "Syndicate car there for Miss Lockwood!"

In fact, that car seemed to make everybody mean who was in the least way connected with it. I was a perfect pig myself, and Harry and Nelly were positively worse. It was one of our rules that the rider of the day should be answerable for any troubles or breakages that occurred when he (or she) was running the car. Naturally, there had to be some understanding of this kind, for personality counts a lot in automobiling, and often the chauffeur is more to blame than the machine. But it was awful what fibs it tempted us into, and how we were always "passing the buck," as they say in poker. Nelly got so treacherous that once she told me she didn't care to use the wagon that day, and would I like to? She had chewed up the bearings in the front wheels, and if I hadn't suspected her generosity and taken a good look beforehand it would have cost me six dollars!

I guess I wasn't any better myself, and quite a coolness sprang up all round.

The repairs bill came to a good deal of money, and the eighteen dollars a month we paid at the garage was the least of the total. The Henry Ward Beecher agent had told Harry it cost a cent a mile to run a Fearless, but if he had said a dollar eighty he would have been nearer the mark. Mr. Hoover said cheerfully he only knew one person who had got automobiling down to bed-rock, and that was Pa! But for the rest of the syndicate it was their life's blood. It began to dawn on Harry and Nelly that they never could get married at all so long as they stayed in the combine. It had cost them all the money they had saved to come in, and now it was taking every cent they had to stay in. Nelly used to cry about it, though I never noticed that it made any difference in her taking out the car, which she did regularly, and wouldn't let me ride with her unless I paid a dollar each time in advance. She said she didn't know any other way of saving money.

Altogether, you wouldn't have known us for the same three people; we had all grown so horrid and changed and mercenary. Nelly was hankering to get married, while I was crazy to put in a radiator with a forced water circulation (ours was the silly old kind that boiled down on you), and Harry wobbled the one way and the other as though he couldn't make up his mind—sometimes agreeing with her, and sometimes frantic for a radiator. It looked as though the Fearless was going to make it a lifelong engagement, and Harry said ruefully that their marriage was not only made in heaven, but would probably take place there. I should have felt sorrier for them if they hadn't been so horrid to me about it. From the way they talked, you'd think I had

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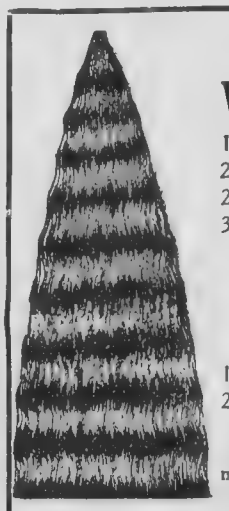

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started the syndicate idea myself, and had lured them into it against their own better judgment. They were nasty about Pa, too, and said he was acting dishonorably with his blank days; and that as a new machine always had to be broken in and notoriously cost more the first year for repairs than ever afterwards, he was meanly benefiting himself at our expense. Harry called it Pa's "unearned increment," and seemed to think it was an outrage.

They struck a whole row of troubles about this time, too—stripping a gear, losing a front wheel on Main Street, and winding up by fracturing the whole transmission into flinders. Nelly would hardly speak to me on the street, and the Gasoline Child told me they would be cheaply out of it at eighty dollars! Pa was the only person who didn't share the general depression. In fact, he never seemed so happy as when the car was stripped in the shop and sure to stay there. He used to go round there occasionally and tell them they needn't hurry and they didn't.

The new transmission was of a better model than the old one, and I foresaw I might have trouble about it with the syndicate. It would be just like Harry to talk about "unearned increment," and rope me in to pay part. But I still owed on my leather coat, and wasn't in the humor to hand out a cent. What was the good of ironclad agreements, anyway, if people didn't live up to them; and as for the transmission, I was quite satisfied with the old one till they broke it. So when Nelly came round one night, all smiles and friendliness, I suspected trouble, and didn't kiss her very hard back. But she was in too high spirits to notice anything, and hugged me and hugged me till I inwardly relented ten dollars' worth on the transmission—for Nelly and I had been good chums before we went into the syndicate, and there was a time when we would have shared our last chocolate cream.

"Virgie, you can't guess!" she exclaimed, with her eyes dancing.

"The makers will do the right thing and won't charge for it?"

This brought her back to earth at once.

"It—it isn't the transmission at all," she said. "I am going to get married next month!"

"I thought they insisted that Harry had to save a thousand dollars first?"

"He's got it! He's got it!" she cried delightedly.

I was nearly as happy as she was, for it had looked terribly hopeless up till then, what with all the money they had put into the syndicate, and the way the bubble was gobbling it up.

"Oh, Nelly, I am so glad," I said. "I'll put in that forced water circulation at once, and I'll make your and Harry's share of it a wedding present."

"Oh, I'm out of the syndicate," she said. "I guess we'd prefer something for the flat."

"Out of the syndicate?" I cried.

"Yes," she returned brazenly. "Sold out."

It took me a moment to pull myself together. I felt premonitions running all over me. I didn't feel so enthusiastic about their marriage as I had at first thought I was.

"Oh, Virgie, darling, you won't hate me?"

"Not till I hear more about it," I said.

She thought to make it up by squeezing my hands. But it wasn't squeezing that I wanted; it was facts. I drew away a bit and waited for them.

"Losing that front wheel was bad enough," she said, "especially as I went over the dashboard in my dotted muslin and Harry has limped ever since; but when the transmission broke it seemed as though it was both our hearts. Harry said we had come to a place where we had to choose between owning an automobile or getting married. It was perfectly plain we couldn't do both. He said he didn't want to influence me either way, but that there was no good drifting on and on deceiving ourselves and thinking it would all come right. Of course, when he put it to me like that the bubble wasn't in it—and so we towed home for the last time, and Harry went around to close out our interest in the syndicate."

She paused here and looked at me quite frightened.

"Around where, exactly?" I demanded.

"Well," she went on, "your father was always dropping hints that he would buy us out at the price we paid, and so Harry went to his office and tried to make a deal. But your father said it wasn't reasonable to expect him to pay for the new transmission, too—and as Harry didn't want to, and couldn't, the whole thing hung fire till Harry ran into Morty Truslow on the street.

"Morty offered him a thousand dollars right off for his half interest," continued Nelly. "You know how free-handed he is, and rich, and Harry just jumped at it and walked off with the check."

"But you only paid half of seven hundred and fifty dollars in the first place!" I exclaimed.

"Well, you see," said Nelly, "that car has gone up since. It's "appreciated," as Harry calls it. And then, just think what a fortune it has stood us in for repairs!"

"It's the most horrid, mean, treacherous thing one person ever did to another!" I cried. "You know I wouldn't speak to Morty Truslow if he had the only screwdriver in the world and I was carbonized on a country road. I think you have acted detestably, and so has he, and I consider it downright caddish for him to buy a half-interest in anything I'm connected with."

"Oh, Virgie, you don't know how bad he feels," said Nelly. "He told me he has just been breaking his heart, and that you wouldn't answer his letters or anything, and if you'd only let him talk for fifteen minutes he'd explain everything and you'd take him back."

"I won't take him back," I said.

"He wears a little flower you gave him next his heart," continued Nelly; "and when he speaks about you it is with the tears in his eyes, and if you weren't made of flint and rock-candy you'd feel so sorry for him you couldn't sleep!"

"What did he offer you to say all this, Nelly?" I demanded.

"Only a pearl horseshoe," she returned, quite unabashed. "Said I might choose it myself at Helve's if I could persuade you to give him a fifteen-minutes' talk!"

"I'm sorry about the pearl horseshoe," I said ironically, "but you might as well give up the idea of it right now. And if he talked forty times fifteen minutes it wouldn't make the least difference in the world. He thinks he's so handsome and well off, and so many girls crazy about him that he only has to whistle for you to come!"

"If it wasn't for Harry, I would," she said; "that is, if he whistled loud enough, and there wasn't too much of a crowd thinking he meant them! Oh, Virgie, it's just like Faversham to hear him talk, and I can't think how anybody could be such a little fool as to say no!"

"If you call that being a little fool, I guess I am," I said; "though for a year he was the one man in my life, and if it hadn't been for Mrs. Gettridge—well, it's all off now, and it's going to stay off, and his owning half the bubble won't make the least difference!"

"But you'll come to my wedding and be one of the bridesmaids?" she pleaded; "and you won't blame me too much for getting out of the syndicate as I did? I knew it wasn't right, and I felt awful—but, then, Harry and I couldn't have managed otherwise, and it takes years and years to save a thousand dollars!" She looked so sweet and pitiful and contrite as she said this that I forgave her everything and hugged her till she choked. It seemed a shame to spoil her happiness with reproaches, and I couldn't but think how I'd have felt myself if it had been Mor——. Not that I cared a row of pins for him now, and would have despised myself if I did—but everybody has moments of looking back—and girls are such fools, anyway. And, of course, deep down somewhere I was pleased that he still cared.

* * * * *

I felt quite twittery when I first went to the garage after that, for I thought Morty might pop out at me from somewhere; and though I wasn't afraid to meet him, and would have cut him if I

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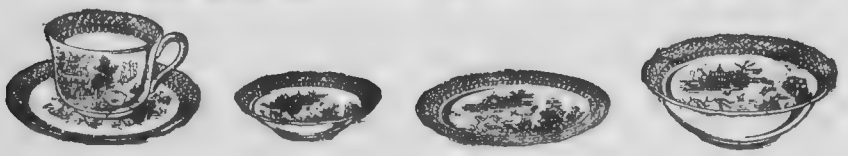

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Orange Maize

had, it would inevitably be embarrassing and upsetting. But he had the good taste to stay away on my days, and I never saw as much as a pin-feather of him. But he was awfully artful, even if he didn't let himself be seen, and the things he did to the car went straighter to my heart than words he could have spoken. He put in a radiator, a new battery with a switch, three twisted cowhide baskets, two fifty-dollar acetylene lamps, an odometer, a spark-gap, a little clock on the dashboard, and changed the tooter for a splendid French horn. My repair bills, too, stopped as though by magic, and the bubble ran so well I guess people must have sat up nights with it! The engine would start at the half-turn of the crank, the clutches were adjusted to a hair, she speeded up to thirty now on the open throttle, which she had never done before except in the advertisement. She was the showiest, smartest, fastest little car in town, and when she miraculously went into red leather, edged with gold stampings, people used to fall over one another on the street. I believe those two months were the happiest months of my life. It was automobile heaven, and if it hadn't been for Pa's blanks and Morty's half-interest, I should have been deliriously happy every day instead of every fourth.

I can't think how it happened, but finally I got confused and lost count. I had been away at my grandmother's for a week, and somehow that threw me out. But it was a Thursday afternoon, I remember, and a beautiful autumn day, and I walked along to the garage with that delicious feeling of anticipation—that tingle of happiness to come—that made my heart bound with love of the little red wagon. (The horse, for all his prancing and social position, never roused a sensation like that, and never will.) I dodged a big touring car coming out, and then went in on the floor to order my car. I was just telling Bert to get it out when I turned around, and there was Morty sitting in it not four feet away from me. He had his cap on and his leather coat, and I saw at once I had made a terrible mistake. Before I could even think what to do, he saw my predicament and leaped out, insisting that I should take his place. I murmured something about being sorry and tried to move away, but he caught my arm and wouldn't let me go. He was so eager and excited, and made such a scene that I allowed myself to be bundled into the car rather than attract everybody's attention—for there were a lot of people looking on. Bert started up the engine, and I was just engaging the low-gear clutch when Morty gave me such a look that I stopped dead. It seemed too horribly mean to rob him of his afternoon . . . besides, when you've been awfully in love with a man . . . and his face . . .

"Mr. Truslow," I said, speaking loud, so as not to be drowned by the engine, "if you'll promise on your honor not to speak a single word to me, you can come, too!" I had to say it twice before he understood, and then, didn't he bound in! I suppose it was an awfully reckless thing to do, for whatever they say about absence making the heart grow fonder, sitting close is lots more dangerous, and I began to feel all my pride and determination oozing out of my shoes. It came over me in waves that I loved him better than ever, and I stole little sideways peeps at him—and every peep seemed to make it worse. He belonged to a splendid type—I had to admit that, even if I didn't forgive him—big, clear-eyed, ruddy and broad-shouldered—and there was something tremendously compelling and manly about him that seemed to sweep you off your feet. This only made me hate him the more, for I didn't see how I could ever love anybody else, and it's dreary for a girl to have only a single man in her life, and not even be on speaking terms with that one! It leaves her with no outlook or anything, and one might as well be dead right off. But you can't be long miserable in a bubble, even if you try—that is, if it is running nicely, developing full power, and you have a fat, rich spark; and though I looked as cold and distant as I could, secretly I think I never was so happy in my life.

Morty behaved properly for quite a while—much longer, in fact, than I could have believed possible. Then he brought out a pencil and began to write things on the back of an envelope. I never moved an eyelash, and didn't seem to understand at all till he handed me what he had written. I promptly tore it up and threw it away. But he found another envelope and did it again, this time holding to it tight and moving it before my eyes. It nearly ditched the car, for I was running with an open throttle and the grade was in our favor. Then he bent over and kissed my cloth sleeve. I pulled up short and gave him the choice of either getting out or comporting himself like a civilized being. He indicated that he would try to do the latter, though he looked awfully savage and folded his arms, and moved as far away from me as the seat would allow. I didn't care—besides, he was safer that way than when he was nice, and so I just looked cross, too, and speeded up.

I laid out about a twenty-five mile spin, cutting Deering Avenue midway, and branching off where the Italians are working at the new trolley, toward Menlo, Hatcherly and the road through the woods. We turned at the Trocadero, climbed the long hill, and took the river drive home. You know how steep it is, the river miles below and nothing but the sheerest wall on the other side. But there's no finer road in Europe, and it's straight enough to see everything ahead, so you are free to coast as fast as you please. I let her out at the top, for I knew my brakes, had cotter-pins in every bolt of the steering gear, and, as I said before, there was always plenty of room to pull up in if you happened to meet a team. Well, off we went with a rush that made your ears sing and the little car humming like a top. When we were more than two-thirds down and going like the wind, I saw a nurse girl near the bottom pushing a baby in a baby carriage and coming uphill with two little tots in red dresses walking on either side of her. They saw us the same moment we saw them, and lined up against the side—very sensibly, as I thought—and it was all so plain and right that I held on without a thought of danger. When I was about forty feet from them, and allowing them an ample four yards to the good—I mean from the steep side, where they stuck in a row, like barnacles—what did the little idiots do but rush across the road like a covey of partridges, while the nurse-girl stayed where she was with the baby! If ever a person's blood ran cold it was mine! There was no time, no room, no anything—and the bubble doing forty miles an hour! It seemed like a choice between their lives or my own. But, thank God, I was game, and I just screamed out the one word "Jump!" to Morty, and turned the machine over the edge. I must have jumped, too, though I have no recollection of it, for when I came to myself my head was lying on Morty's knee, and, on looking about, I saw we were still on the road. The machine? Oh, it was two hundred feet below, smashed to smithereens, and if we both hadn't lit out like lightning . . . !

I wasn't a bit hurt, only bruised and giddy, and Morty was throwing the baby's milk in my face to revive me, while the baby looked on and roared with displeasure at its being wasted. Morty wasn't hurt, either, and if there were ever two people well out of a bad scrape it was he and I. He had been so frightened about me that he was crying; and I guess his tears were like the recording angel's, because they seemed to blot out all the old quarrel between us. At least, when we got up and began to limp home, it seemed to me I didn't mind anything so long as he was close to me. He was shameless enough to kiss me right before the nurse girl, who was demanding our names and addresses and our blood—and all I did was to kiss back. I didn't have any fight left, and for once he had everything his own way. Of course, it didn't last long—it wouldn't have been good for him if it had—but even in six minutes I managed to lose the results of six months' coldness. Yet I was glad it was gone—glad just to be alive, and we'd look at each other and laugh like children. You don't realize what a good old place the world is till you've

taken a chance on leaving it, and weighed against death itself all our little jealousies and misunderstandings seemed too trivial to count. It seemed enough that I loved him and that he loved me, and that neither of us had broken anything—bones, I mean. It was sad, though, to think that the poor little bubble was a goner, and that we'd never hear its honest little pant again.

"If it had lived up to the comic papers, Morty," I said, "it would have spiflicated a red child, given a merry toot and disappeared in a cloud of dust."

"I'm almost sorry it didn't," said Morty, who was dreadfully pale, and always hated walking. "It'll know better next time."

"There'll be no next time for that bubble," I said sadly. "It's sparked its last spark, and it will never choo-choo again!"

"I mean our next car, of course!" said Morty. (It was awfully sweet to hear him say "our." It took the sting out of losing the little bubble, especially now that we were going to have another.)

"Yesterday, Forbes Mason offered me his new four-cylinder Lafayette for twenty-six hundred dollars," said Morty. "It's only been run five hundred miles, and I told him I'd think about it."

"It's suspiciously cheap," I said. "Sure he hasn't cut the cylinders?"

"Well, you see, he broke his arm cranking. It back-fired on him, and his wife is such a little fool that he's had to promise to give up automobiling."

"They are splendid cars, with a record of fifty miles on the track, unstripped and out of stock."

"And you shall have a half-interest in it, Virgie!"

"I never could pay thirteen hundred dollars, Morty, and I don't want any more of Pa's blanks. It's too exasperating."

"Oh, I meant for nothing!"

"Then it's a present; and there's always a string to your presents."

"Isn't there to everybody's?"

"Besides, it's an air-cooled motor," I said, not wanting to appear too eager. "Don't they always overheat in time and stick the pistons?"

"Not the Lafayette."

"Don't tempt me!" I said. "You know I couldn't take it on any terms."

"Forced feed lubrication and direct drive on the fourth speed," he continued, like a stage villain offering diamonds to the heroine.

"What kind of string?"

"Oh, Virgie, it was all a lie about Josie Felton."

"I had it straight from Mrs. Gettridge—and she's Josie's aunt, and she ought to know."

"Mrs. Gettridge is a social assassinator—belongs to a regular Mafia of mischief makers and old cats . . . and you know you used to care once."

"Oh, I did, Morty, I did. It nearly broke my heart, and I just wanted to throw myself away—become a trained nurse, or go in for settlement work!"

"Couldn't it ever be as it used to be?"

"I should want all the bushings of phosphor bronze."

"They are that already, and it's patent lock-nutted throughout, and the engine is that new kind without intake or exhaust valves. It seems incredible, doesn't it, but I'll draw it for you when I get home . . . and we'll be married at the same time as Harry and Nelly."

"And I must have one of those French brass gasoline tanks that set flat against the dashboard and hold a two-gallon extra supply."

"You shall have it!"

"But she said she had actually seen the letter."

"It was all a lie, every word of it," he broke out passionately. "We'll go straight to her now if you like and have it out, and then you'll see who to believe! There never was any letter or anything, except that she had made up her mind I was to have her niece whether I wanted to or not. I told you that fifty million times in the letters you wouldn't read and sent back unopened. And it wasn't the kind of message I could give anybody else to take to you. I had to think of the girl, of course, and I know she liked me."

"French tires, of course?"

"Every blessed thing just the way you want it. The only thing I can't see my way to change is the chauffeur, a poor devil named Truslaw, who's really an awful decent kind of fellow when you get to know him!"

"Oh, dear," I said, "I never dreamed the Great Bubble Syndicate was going to end like this!"

"End!" cried Morty, putting his arm round my waist as though he now had a right to. "It's only the reorganization of a splendid old concern, and for thirteen hundred kisses I am going to let you in on the ground floor!"

The Funeral Came Too Late.

Billy Martin, aged four, came to his mother and in great ecstasy exclaimed, "Oh, mother, Louise and Carberry found such a nice dead cat, and they are going to have a funeral, and can I go?" Permission was given, and when Billy returned he was questioned as to the outcome of the funeral.

"They did not have it at all."

"And why not?"

"Mother," was the answer, "the cat was too dead."

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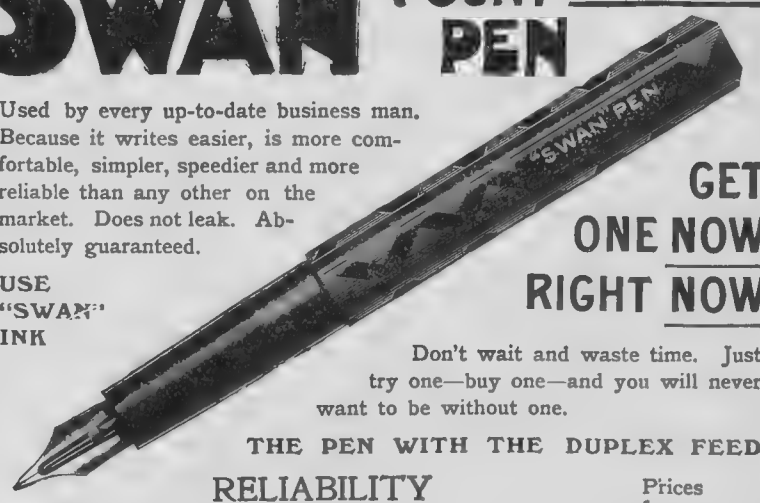

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The Court Martial of Wanganui Ranch.

Written Especially for the Western Home Monthly by Margaret Fowler.

WHEN Bob Steele came to Wanganui ranch in Southern Alberta, he knew as much about cow punching as a Texas steer knows about the mechanism of a cream separator. But six months in the very thick of it to a man who has got it in him, will make, as it made of Bob, one of the best cattle trappers in Canada.

Bob was a clean sport with a heart like a well warmed flannel for the fellow in any condition of need or difficulty who played the straight game. And he was the last man to back out of any cooperative scheme, whether of business import or sheer devilment, in which the "bunch" were expected to move by acclamation.

Besides Steele and the humble historian, "the bunch" consisted of Jimmy Harrison, (English born but bred in Iowa state), the brothers Bob and Harry Withers from Ayrshire, Scotland, and Regie Dickson, with a s-s-slight st-t-tutter, from the world's great metropolis, London town.

Steele was a six foot Irishman, born in County Wicklow but like so many of his countrymen he took the wandering fever at an early age, visited the Argentine, then a couple of years on an Australian sheep ranch, about the same time as a stevedore on the wharves of Dunedin, New Zealand, finally finding his way by the merest accident to where he was now located.

"I'll be hanged if ever I trust a woman again," thundered the immortal Bob, and the great bulk of inflammatory Irish quivered with pent up indignation that even his unfailing vocabulary failed to put into language.

"I'd have banked on that girl against the advice of an arch-angel. She floated into the camp like a seraph, with a voice like a nightingale but it's a sarpint she is, a deceiver, cuss her!"

"Hold hard, Steele, old man; keep your wool on. What in the name of heaven has happened? Who is the 'sarpint' of a woman that you were fool enough to take for a seraph? Surely at your time of life and with your experience of the sex, you ought to know a buck-jumper from a—"

"O go and boil yourself, Harrison; if it hadn't been for you I'd never have known the minx; and to cap it all, you go and bring along that swell military chap who has grabbed her. But I don't blame him. No, I'm a sportsman—I don't blame him. Fair do,—he got home before me; the best man has won, so that's all that's to it. But there! If it had been anything but that girl:—I know I never 'popped' to her; but if a beggar ever tried to make a woman understand that he loved her, by jingo, I've done everything short of gittin' down on all fours to that—I was going to say 'woman,' but it's a 'snake in the grass' that she is."

"As I said before, Steele," quietly persisted Jimmy Harrison, knocking out the embers of his last pipeful on the stove-head, "who is the varmint of a woman you want to get at?"

"Git at," roared Steele, as he clenched his fists and glared like a whipped lion into the face of his tormentor. "Git at, did you say? I want to get away from her as far as I can, and if she is to hang around the ranch another twenty-four hours, I'm off to where I came from. O you know——"

"Pardon me," meekly interrupted Jimmy, "there are six likely women neighbors whom I have the privilege of reckoning among the lady friends of the camp, and I want to know which of them is the snake in the grass."

Jimmy Harrison was the smallest of the five cow-punchers whose names appeared on the recently taken census papers as the "inhabitants" of Wanganui Ranch. He was nevertheless, morally, the strong man of the sextet, and held the rest of us in the palm of his hand; so that on practically all occasions, the remaining five quietly acquiesced in everything that Jimmy laid down for the conduct of the camp.

Wanganui Ranch held in its arms one of the finest bits of Southern Alberta, and the boys who ran it were on the eve of what they had determined to make one of the greatest "shindies" that the Province had ever witnessed, when the incident of Bob Steele and his girl unfortunately cropped up and spelt blue ruin for the fun of all connected with that little cowboy settlement.

The circumstances were these: Wanganui Ranch had prospered, thanks to the skill and steadiness of its little crowd, and the dollars had run up to a figure that nearly doubled the results of any previous year. The "Annual Meeting" had been held and the boys all but embraced each other and resolved to "let themselves go" to the last limit permitted by the prescriptions of Jimmy Harrison.

For some days the long barrack-looking but thoroughly weather-tight shack that was home to them all had been given over to the "decorators," viz: Harrison and Regie Dickson.

The great event of the season had been originally planned to come off at Christmas, but owing to severe sickness in two of the prominent families of the neighborhood, it was postponed until in March and the interval had not been early spring. It was now the first week wasted. The crisp winter air still held the snow mantle intact and from the tempestuous character of the two preceding months it was believed that the worst was over and that weather conditions would be no impediment to a record assembly.

The last few weeks had been a great time of neighborly intercourse, and long trips in all sorts of conveyances had been made chiefly by Steele and Harry Withers, who had gone far afield to invite every human creature within a radius of twenty miles to take part in the great affair that was in preparation, and had been finally stated to come off on the night of the tenth.

Let it be known that this was no barren outpost of civilization tenanted by a few forlorn men-folk, "batching" it together week in, week out all the year round without a sight of the softening influence of a woman's face.

On the contrary, the immediate neighborhood fairly teemed with eligible daughters of the best blood in Canada, but the country was young, and it was only recently that they had begun to draw together in appreciable numbers. There were the Armstrong girls Kate and Sally Henderson from West Creek, about five miles off, and the —three of them—from Stillwater, and nearest neighbors of the Wanganui boys.

Kate and Sally were the belles of the country side. It was difficult to say which of them carried the palm and they were as different from each other in all essential points as two dispositions could be. Kate was sedate and while Sally was the most volatile piece the most undemonstrative of her sex, of goods that ever reached the years of womanhood.

The Wanganui Ranch "sing-songs" were "the talk of the town." "The town" consisted of just 47 people, but those forty-seven birds of freedom knew as much of the outside world as most citizens do. They got their news with astonishing regularity, and what they read they assimilated—which is more than can be said of the average city crowd.

They had lived on terms of unqualified friendliness that had never been invaded by a single note of discord, till on the eve of the party, when it seemed as if nothing short of tragedy was in the air.

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There was no doubt about it, Steele had sold himself body and soul to Kate Henderson long ago. By a tacit understanding between himself and the boys, she was his own.

Of course, as he had stated to Jimmy Harrison, he had never "popped" the question to Kate in so many words as to ask her what she thought of it, but when an honest man like Bob Steele loves a woman and takes steps to let her know it—is it needful to do it by talking?

Steele was as good as his name—he was true and to be trusted to the last ounce of his manhood.

Kate Henderson was worthy of the affection of the best man going—at least, so thought Steele, and her "rating" was at the highest point in the judgment of all others who knew her.

Bob Steele, the roughest and toughest of a tough crowd, was transfigured in her presence, which he sought on every possible and sometimes impossible occasion. Within the atmosphere of Kate's presence he became the softest and most pliant of human frailty.

The Henderson girls expected friends from Calgary, and the Armstrongs were preparing to receive their cousins, who were travelling all the way from Kootenay Landing. The great draw card of the eventful date was a performance of "Charlie's Aunt" by the lately inaugurated Vanganui Amateur Dramatic Society, in which every man on the ranch was to be engaged, together with two of the Armstrong girls, an elderly maiden sister of Mrs. Armstrong (dragged in to impersonate Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez), and Sally Henderson.

This was to be preceded by a wonderful "curtain raiser," an original sketch by Regie Dickson, entitled "A Military Court Martial," to be performed by members of the North-West Mounted Police, who were on visiting terms with the ranch boys, and were travelling from Calgary to help in the philanthropic object it was destined to benefit.

Sally had gone down to Calgary for a few days, and was returning with the friends from that point, bringing with her the costumes for the great event. Stage Manager Dickson said that he "d-didn't believe in d-doing anything unless it was to be w-w-well done, and, sooner than m-make an ass of the affair, he would p-p-pay for the whole b-b-blamed lot himself!" So, regardless of expense, the outfit was ordered from a New York costumier, and Sally wired that they had arrived at Calgarry, and would be at Vanganui Ranch a full week before the grand show.

When the little company from Calgary and Kootenay Landing arrived at the local depot, it was wearing on towards midnight. Bob Steele had driven down with Kate in a "jumper" with ample space in it to accommodate comfortably the whole party and their baggage.

There was no moon, but a clear, starlit sky gave all the illumination that was necessary to Bob under the circumstances, and, knowing the trail to a hair's breadth, his team practically left him to himself—and Kate.

The excitement was intense when the bunch of girls hopped off the train and began to pack themselves into the ranch chariot.

Bob had expected to be the sole representative of his sex throughout the piece, but was surprised to find among the new arrivals a rather smart-looking military fellow with a dark moustache and an abundance of curly hair, to whom he was introduced by one of the Kootenay girls as Lieutenant Ricketts. The lieutenant saluted Bob, and, after a curt "How d'ye do, old chap?" turned his attention exclusively to the ladies.

Sally was not in the crowd, and it was given out, with a curious, deprecatory sort of air, that she would "turn up later." Kate at first appeared to be greatly taken aback at the non-appearance of her sister; but one of her cousins drew her aside from Bob's hearing and whispered certain explanations, which were not only reassuring but appeared to afford her no little amusement.

Steele found it a tight fit to get all his women folk packed into the jumper, but it was accomplished—not entirely to Steele's satisfaction, however.

He gradually became aware that he had made a strategic blunder in allowing the young subaltern to sit next to Kate, thus affording him an opportunity, of which he quickly availed himself to bestow certain marked attentions on her, which were, to say the least, anything but agreeable to Bob, and more particularly as Kate seemed to offer no objections to the encroachments of this "vile intrusion" upon the ostensible rights of an honest man.

One of the Calgary girls explained that it was Sally's idea that the lieutenant should accompany the girls to Vanganui. As he could be so easily accommodated at West Creek, she "thought it would be a good plan" if he were able to look over things at the ranch and see that everything necessary was available for the N.W.M.P. boys before they arrived, as they would, just in time to go ahead with their little sketch.

"All very fine," said Steele to himself, but he could have seen Sally to Hong-Kong for her pains! As affairs proceeded, the presumption of the young officer became more and more insufferable, and what "sickened" poor Bob more than all else (as he afterwards confided to Regie) was the way in which Kate—his Kate—received it all. Far from resenting the attentions of the gallant officer, she appeared to thoroughly enjoy them, and took greater pains, Steele noted, to laugh at her admirer's jokes and senseless chatter than she had ever thought fit to bestow

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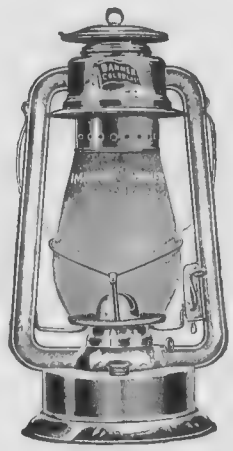

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on his efforts to entertain her. O, there "wasn't a bloomin' word for it."

There could be no doubt, he was in a bad way, poor fellow; and at parting that night, when he dropped his entire cartload of women on the verandah at West Creek, it filled him with unspeakable horror to think that that young upstart, whom he now hated like poison, should become the acclaimed guest of the family that held within it the lodestar of his life.

What were the feelings and the prospects of this heart-stricken mortal in this hour of desertion may be partially understood by the man who has held the love of a woman and lost it, but no two-legged creature ever passed through such agony of soul at the hands of one woman as Bob Steele did when he found himself, as he believed, forestalled in the affections of Kate Henderson.

The barking of the old collie aroused Steele from the reverie into which he had drifted and acquainted him of the fact that he was home. Gathering himself together he disposed of the jumper and teams, walked in among his companions, and settled himself by the still blazing stove. In a far corner Regie Dickson was still burning the midnight oil, reading a blood-curdling tragedy as he lay in his bunk.

"H-h-had a good time, Steele? All the g-g-girls come?"

"Yes, they've all come, Regie—excepting Sally Henderson."

"Any of them any g-g-good to me?"

"For heaven's sake, no, man! I don't advise any man, but all I say is—no more wimmen folks for me."

"Wh-wh-why, what's up, old chap—wh-wh-what's gone wrong, Steele?" said Regie, in apparently unfeigned amazement and in such a sympathetic tone that before he knew where he was Steele had blurted out to him the whole of his trouble as described at the beginning of this story, and ended up with the announcement that he would quit.

No, he would make no fight for it. Any "fight" that he put up would have no weight alongside of a dashing young trooper when it was a fight for a woman.

Presently Bob relapsed into a fit of obdurate silence, and Regie, finding it impossible to continue any converse, turned over and joined the rest of the household, who were then trumpeting to the night air like a herd of young elephants.

Bob sat by the stove for a full hour, brooding over his fate, and the contented snoring of his mates but mocked him in his misery. At last, he dreamily knocked the ashes from his pipe, and, partially undressed, flung himself on the top of his blanket and was the last man at breakfast next morning.

That homely prairie dwelling, after sundry structural alterations, which had occupied the boys the greater part of a week, had been turned into a miniature opera house. The decorations were unique; they cannot be described, for the want of some concrete idea to compare them with.

Steele was stage carpenter; he had that part of the show at his finger-ends, but after what had happened he entered into the day's proceedings with anything but amiable feelings. Nevertheless, he was a man of honor. He knew that the success of the show was largely at his mercy. He believed, as most people do, that scientific scene shifting was at the bottom of all histrionic success, and that any weakness or want of punctuality on the part of the chap in the wings spelt red ruin to the entire business.

He ground his teeth to the situation and stolidly said he would carry out what he had promised, but—"after that, the deluge!"

The audience was there to a man, and the women and children predominated. It was a "packed house," and every seat was paid for in money or chattels. The kids brought anything they could from a doll to a stuffed turkey, and the banker was busy counting the dollars at a table by the door, so that in the course of the evening he would be able to announce the entire receipts, which were to go to the funds of the Children's Ward of the General Hospital at Calgary.

It was a matter of supreme satisfaction to Steele when he knew that the man who was to enact the part of the disgraced officer in the sketch was no other than his hated rival. He wondered how such a coxcomb of turgid conceit as this fellow appeared to be could take such a humiliating part; but there, that was his business, and Robert Steele would take his position in the wings and wish with all the fervor of his soul that it were no "make-believe," but that the man he least of all loved might be really and eternally disgraced in the eyes of Kate.

Since their parting on the previous night he had seen little of Kate, and what he did see was only calculated to add fuel to the furnace of hatred that was burning in his breast.

As the crowd arrived from West Creek he noticed that Kate was looking her best, and that her spirits appeared to be on a par with her other unmistakable attractions; but, alas! none of these were for him. She waved her hand to Steele from a cold distance, and Steele pretended that he did not notice her. She was actually having the support of his foe's arm at the moment, and, horror of horrors! when Steele caught sight of the pair, the wretch was actually tickling Kate's fair cheek with the point of his gummed moustache, and she, the heartless huzzy, was positively enjoying it.

The court-martial scene was splendidly produced. The charge preferred was the purloining of information and selling what was a "State secret." Had it been in war time, a firing party would have brought affairs to a speedy issue; but, as it was, it came to a mild repetition of the notorious Dreyfus case.

The prisoner's speech in his own defence was admirable—intoned, it was thought, in a somewhat effeminate manner, but with an air of tragedy in the somewhat thin voice that sufficiently maintained the dignity and seriousness of the case.

At last the grand climax was reached. A deathly palor was on the face of the culprit as the officer appointed by the court approached to tear off the trappings that had hitherto proclaimed the lie to all the world that he who had worn them was a "soldier and a man." The buttons, the stripes were hacked off one by one and cast disdainfully upon the stage, and, last of all, the sword, snapped in twain and flung at the feet of the miserable outcast.

What were Steele's thoughts just then? He stood and witnessed the whole proceedings as narrowly as did the most unsophisticated member of the audience. It "went home to him," as he afterwards confessed, till he forgot that it was all humbug, so well was the part taken, and, to his credit be it said,

he pitied sincerely the "poor beggar" in his hour of humiliation.

The last straw was added when the officer appointed to the execution of the sentence again advanced upon the prisoner, and, with a pair of murderous-looking sheep shears, proceeded to cut the moustachios from the face of their once proud owner. As he seized and instantly appropriated first one and then the other, the poor wretch staggered backward a pace, almost falling at Steele's feet.

He bravely stood erect for a moment, but the shock of this last unfeeling act was too much even for his iron nerve. Covering his face with his hands, he reeled, and would have fallen in a deadly swoon upon the stage had not Steele rushed forward and caught him as he fell.

For a moment he lay in Steele's arms, face downwards, but just as that gallant fellow was about to lay him gently on the bare boards his strength returned. Was it to make one last protest against the inhumanity that had been heaped upon him No, but to let Bob Steele and all else whom it might concern, know that he was—Sally Henderson!

The Lonely Lives of the Watchmen of the Lightships.

By Bonnycastle Dale. Expressly Written for the W.H.M.

WE STOOD watching the magnificent yachtlike Empress of India sweep by, her sharp prow cutting the water like a knife; all the way from the distant waters of the China Seas, through calm and dreaded typhoon, through fog and smoke pall, week after week and year after year has this ship and her twin sisters, the Empresses of China and Japan, made this transpacific trip without accident or severe injury. Her passengers walked her steady decks as though she were tied up. What a contrast the big white hull and shipshape fittings were to the little hulk we had spent the night before upon, a lightship, one of those partially dismantled schooners kept firmly anchored on some distant reef or bank that, as yet, bears no lighthouse or beacon.

It happened after this manner. The lad Fritz and I on natural history studies bound, had stored the light cedar canoe we had paddled on most of the waters of the continent in, and had hired a two-oared rowboat; one fairly high gunwale to keep the back splash and the leap of the tiderips out. We stepped a good stout mast in this, put up a fairish big sail and committed ourselves to the great deep. Anyone who has navigated this coast will allow that the old-time stilted sentence before this one only slightly sets forth what the swift currents and mighty waves and curling roaring surf and angry tiderips can do to one little boat.

Ahead of us, as we left the tiny cove where the waters were still, plunged an old Fraser River boat, laden with five men and their stores, bound for the Skeena—the gold excitement was on and every kind of craft was heading north. This boat had a mainsail so full of holes that actually we got a fair sight for steering with through its tatters. This outfit intended to pass through the boiling Seymour Narrows and cross the big exposed Queen Charlotte Sound, although the owner told me he had never been north before. "I only paid forty dollars for the old wreck and I get fifty dollars and grub for the fare, why not' eh?" and he grinned a malicious grin. "And I swim well too," he laughed back at us.

As we drew off the land a big smooth roll was encountered. What connection this has with a blow I cannot tell you but once you meet it select a good harbor, if you can; we couldn't, as the craft would not quarter on such a sea. Ahead in this tremendous heaving mass we ploughed. She sailed well with the wind that was rising. On either side, some ten or twenty miles off, were the shores of the Gulf of Georgia, but not a mile could I get out of her on a tack, instantly I set her on a course the great rollers threw her bow to the southeast and drove us ahead. For the first mile we expected her to turn turtle on every crest, so deep were the hollows that we lost sight of the wooded tops of the five mile distant islands. Fritz bailed for dear life. I had finally learned her tricks and knew how to hold her when, after skurrying up a hill like a cat up a roof, she paused on the summit and actually stuck her bow out as if she were taking off an airship flight. Down, down, she would plunge in the roar of the crest. With every descent she tried to come about, if she had I would not now be writing this. Night fell as we plunged ahead. I knew that somewhere ahead of us the Fraser River entered the Gulf and once in its ocean bound current we would meet the dreaded tiderips and undertow of the Sandheads. By constantly bailing, Fritz kept the water down. Ahead, far off in the darkness—at least so it looked—twinkled a red light, now a green light. I knew the meaning of this, some big tramp, light, inward bound. I tried my best to set a course westward. Soon her great hull loomed in the night like a nearby rock and she slooped past us kicking up such a turmoil that the boat almost came about and she shipped three seas in succession. Fritz, kneeling, with legs far apart for balance, got rid of this water in short order and we breathed more freely and the leaping of our hearts quieted down a bit. Ahead we drove with the same curling roar at our bow and the same hissing hill behind us. About midnight we saw another light, a ship, at anchor. I could not see the direction of the waves now, they were from every quarter it seemed, and the surface seemed lighter colored, so no doubt we were off the Fraser and the light ahead was from the lightship. Now our only hope lay in getting a line onto that lonely hulk. I finally made Fritz hear. It was the first words we had spoken since sunset. "Get the rifle and fire all shells as we near the ship." I knew our voices would not reach the watch. Rip! rip! rip! sang the repeater. Lines of fire shot up into the night. A lantern gleamed for a moment on the lightships stern. I had figured that she

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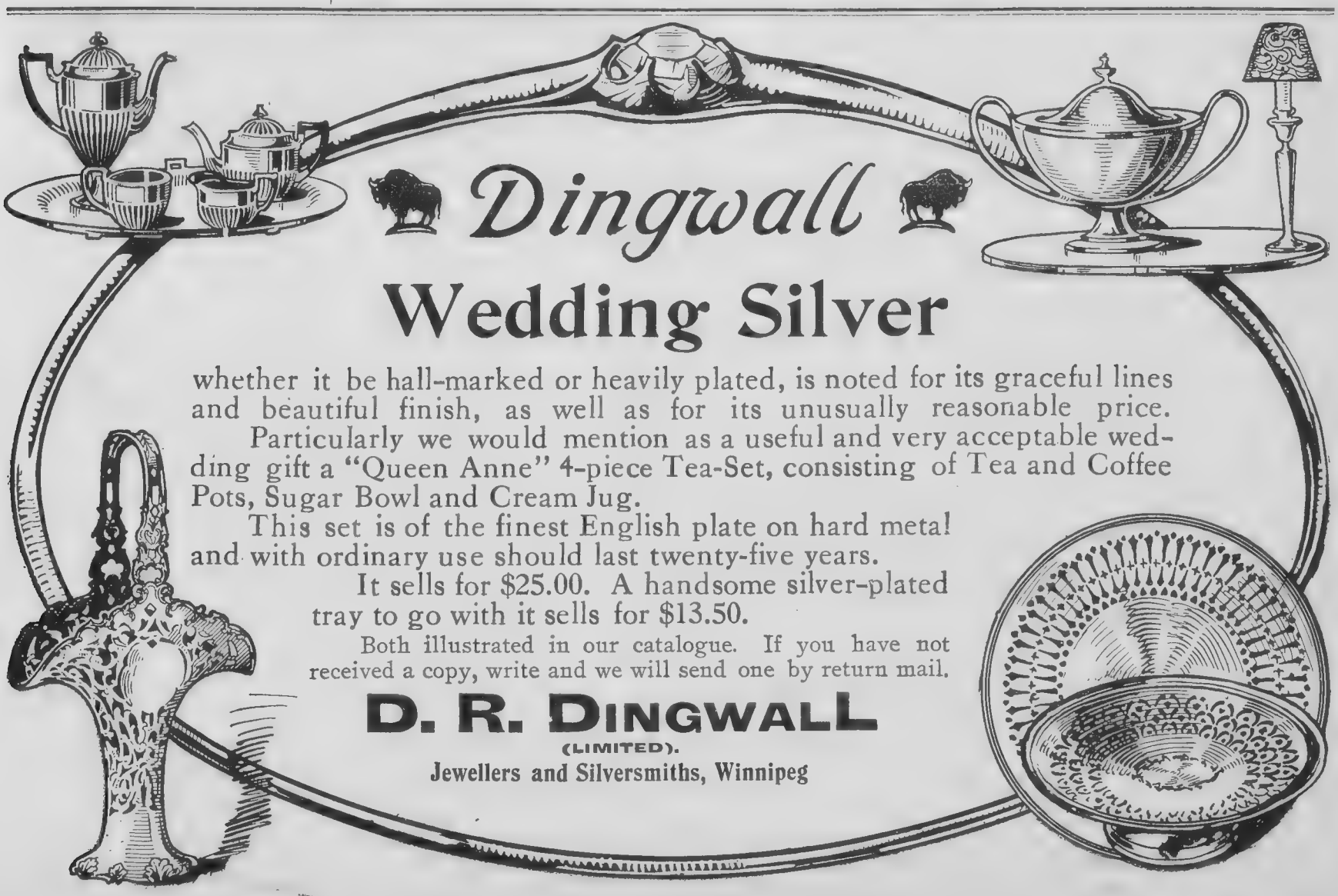

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must bow to the shore, as even the heavy sea running would be less powerful than the flood-laden current of the Fraser. Over went the tiller. I drew the sheet in madly and we came about right in the turbulent lea of the lightship. A rope rattled down on the sail. I seized it. Fritz prodded her off with an oar, this broke, he seized another and fended; really she leaped at that bobbling hulk like a mad dog at his prey. Down slipped a rope ladder and up we darted with the two precious cameras and the field glass. So terrific was the strain we were under that I never felt the lad walking on my hands until I looked at the skinned fingers and torn nails on deck.

The watch pulled up the line I had made fast to the bow ring—just the ring was on the end and our frail craft was now rolling bottom up in the confused seas of the Sandheads.

It was only a change of degree, for the lightship rolled most ominously. At times she would pitch bow under to the current and then a great Gulf roller would hit her an awful blow on the straining side—a blow that ran through the whole fabric and made us feel as if we were bruised also. Pretty soon the rain began to fall, the wind dropped, the great swell gradually ceased "rides full" said the watchman—we had not even seen his fact until this moment.

Within the hour we were in comfortable bunks and the tide was running out. Yet another hour and the wind was howling again and our ark of refuge was plunging like a mad thing. We both ached so from the stinging of the wind hurled spray that we slept despite the thrashing of the ship, notwithstanding the fact that we both pitched out of our bunks and finished our sleep in a mass of bedding on the deck, in a corner of which the ship, with an unceremonious toss, had bundled us.

At daylight the watch changed and the single watchman came down to us. As we sat sipping the hot coffee from the cannikins he told us of an experience on a lightship off a Washington reef bar that for dramatic intensity I have seldom heard equalled.

These lonely hulks are always manned by at least two—three would be a more merciful number. "It was on the 24th of December, four years gone, that the big wind blew. We were anchored off the Bar. Some ships rode outside as the tide was low. Inside a puffing tug manoeuvred until she could get across to them. Out over the Pacific hung a cloud as black as a forest fire and as low. Sometimes it was ripped and a strong gust would come along curling the billows, for there is a big swell rolling there always. I had to go over the side to make fast the line for to hoist in the gig. Olesen, the lamptrimmer, came over too; as he bent to make fast an end an extra heavy gust struck us and Olesen dropped over the gunnel as if he was diving. I seized his feet as he slid down and held for all I was worth. Not an inch could I gain. I heard a laugh and looked up and leaning over the side and rubbing his hands and grinning was the skipper Erickson. He was a big blackbearded Dane. "Let go his hands, maybe his feet come up," he yelled. I did and grabbed the Swede by the collar and helped him into the gig. Soon we had her swung up and lashed. By this time the big black mass, it didn't look like clouds, had swung all along the skyline and the wind was freshened to twenty miles. All the tops of the rollers were mares tails now and we rolled a bit too. Hour by hour that wind made until at sundown it was blowing great guns. Olesen had a section up on Vancouver Island and it blew the firs down, trees ten, fifteen feet through, as if they were matches.

The bar runners were now heading off the coast with every stitch drawing they dared set. One big, light, full digged limejuicer rolled like a rocking horse untill we were sure the masts would come out of her. At dark she had lost main and foretops and the men were in the rigging cutting loose. The wind had hauled to northwest and came sweeping along that reef guarded shore like a demon. By ten o'clock we were dancing

We found the big tramp that slipped past us the nig ht before anchored in port.

on the top of a white mass that boiled like a pot or else we were down in a hollow with the wind screaming through our top hamper as if we had a jolly well wind harp up there instead of a bit of stump main and skinned rigging.

Everything was lashed. The awful pounding must soon start the bitts. We shipped about every second sea. In the midst of the row we saw the old man walk out of the aft hatch with a lantern shining and an axe and a chisel in his hands. A swiftly lurching set sent us all into the lea scuppers and as soon as the boss got on his feet he threw his cap high up in the air and made a run for the bow, swinging the axe wildly. It was a wonder he kept his feet as we were half hitched to the main, not daring to go below.

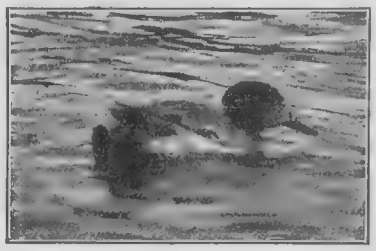
Olesen leaned over to me and howled "Boss gone looney, he's going to cut us loose." There was a hoist end swinging clear of the foremast, at this moment the bow was straight up in the air over our heads. Erickson had seized this dangling end and now swung out over the gunwale and back in again like a pendulum, finally he struck the mast and collapsed at its foot. In a few moments we could make him out creeping up towards the bitts that the anchor cable was belayed to. Rolling though she was we had to do something, we had to catch that madman and tie him up. It was

a jump and a grab to the fore, a slide and a smash into the bow as she rode down a sea, but we landed on top of Erickson. He was shouting wildly to "Cut her loose." "Belay there," he screamed. We landed on him with an awful smash. I thought the Swedes

The Lightship.

head was a goner sure. Pretty soon he began to grope around and the first thing he knew he had his fingers in the mad bosse's mouth and they were being chewed up something awful. I had the old man around the neck. Up, up, went the ship, it seemed she stood so straight I was thinking she might poop herself and go down backwards. We three all swept right aft into the little flooded cabin. Both of us hung on tight and we had to hammer the old man worse than we wanted to to get him quiet. Finally we had him all tied up and lashed down. Sometimes we were all under water in the low corner, at others we were high and dry and the water away from us. When we had the mad boss tied we crept out on deck, no standing now my hearties, even though the ship was riding easier now, we were adrift, so fierce had been the fight that we never heard the chain go, it took the fore shroud with it, we had no bowsprit, the end had been fast in the dead wood. Three hundred miles of Oregon coast lay beside us on the port, the howling Pacific to starboard and an eighty-mile gale behind. Not a stitch dare we try to show. It was lash the wheel and hope the rudder post did not tear loose. Until daybreak we slid down hills and climbed rearing crests until danger was a joke, why we thought only of saving Erickson's life, of getting him to shore and a doctor.

All that day our scuppers ran full and we shipped more water than I liked, but we never got forward of the main, twice we got in and propped up the boss or he would have drowned; finally we lashed him standing and hung onto him while we got a drop of water in his mouth, he even tried to bite us then and the way the ship plunged threw us right up against him. Sometime in the night of the second day he died, for when Olesen went to give him water he crept back to me and said: "Boss need water no more; he stone cold." Poor old Erickson, he had been half mad ever since the last big storm. I tell you these lightships ain't no joke. We ran ahead of a decreasing wind in a heavy sea, with just a rag spread to give us way and then we sighted a tanker northward bound and tied on. They



The B.C. Widgeon Duck.

brought us out a new gig when we let down the small mudhook and the first passenger was the poor old mad boss, we buried him away up among the firs, and there are lightshipmen to go mad yet. Why look at pardners eyes when you go on deck, he's half daffy now." His surmise may have been right; but Fritz and I had little time to decide, as a passing tug had answered the signal hung out and we dropped off into their dory and were soon putting back to Vancouver to pay for the direlect rowboat. Behind us, on the now smiling waters of the Gulf, lay the Lightship. I managed to get a film to work in the half-soaked camera, even its rubber bag had not thoroughly protected it, so you can see just the kind of a ship that has to ride out every storm that breaks on this ex-

The Lamp Trimmer.

posed coast so that shipping may see a light to warn them off the shallows of the Sandheads.

A. C. Benson.—The eye of the lover can discern a desirable charm in the beloved face that is hidden from the indifferent.

King George the Fifth.

If one of the explanations of King Edward's success in his high office was the fact that he had been for nearly forty years performing many of the functions of royalty before he was called to the throne, a somewhat analogous remark may be made about his successor, George V. He is now forty-five, and during many years of his earlier life he was in training for a high position in the British navy. In his capacity of naval officer, he visited every important port of the British empire, many of them several times, and wherever he went he created a favorable impression by the modesty of his bearing, his practical good sense, and his evidently inherited desire to act considerately toward all about him. He was receiving incidentally an important part of the training necessary to any man on whom devolves the task of ruling as sovereign an empire on which the sun never sets.

King George, like his father, is fortunate in having a competent "helpmeet" in his Queen. How much the constant presence of Queen Alexandra by his side meant for King Edward can never be fully known; how much the like watchful attention of Queen May shall mean for King George remains to be determined. Happily she has always been popular, as a thoroughly English maiden, as a young married woman, and as the mother of half-a-dozen healthy, happy, and interesting children, the oldest of them the coming Prince of Wales and the heir-apparent to the throne. The new King is fond of outdoor recreations and is said to have a fair capacity for work. He should make in the long run as efficient a monarch as his father for all national purposes. In the very nature of things he cannot play the great international part his father played; but for that matter neither can any other national sovereign.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.—The busiest thing in the world is idle curiosity.

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Songs of Our Empire

A Picture of England

This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

William Shakespeare.

Canada

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless here, came
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain;
Here may it wave, our boast and pride,
And join in love together
The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever.

Chorus—
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf for ever,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless Old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.
Repeat Chorus.

A. Muir.

Scotland

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and the green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

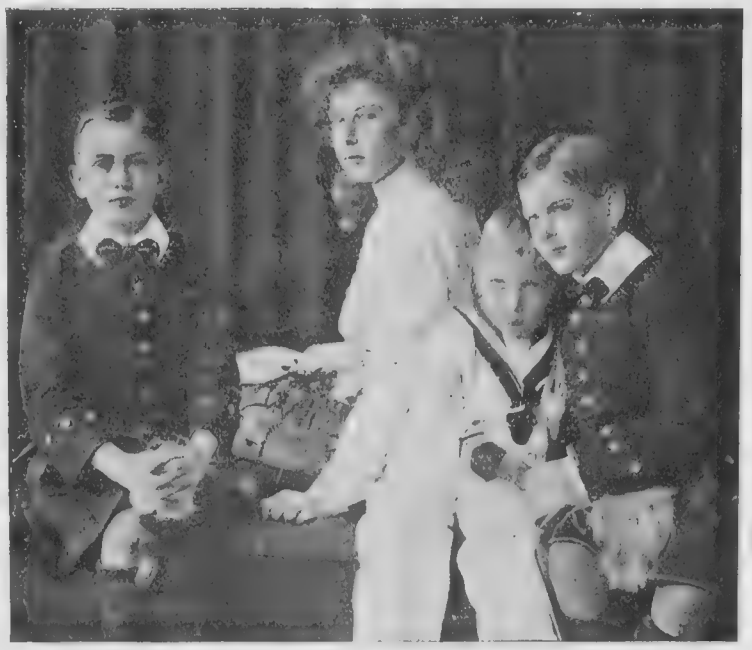
Robert Burns.

South Africa

Land of serene and sunny skies,
Land of the lion and fleet gazelle;
Land where the summer never dies,
Cape of Good Hope, we love thee well.

Land of Good Hope! our prayer we raise,
May peace and plenty with thee dwell;
Filling our hearts with grateful praise,
For this bright land we love so well.

W. Selwyn.



ENGLAND'S ROYAL CHILDREN.

Ireland

MY LAND.

She is a rich and rare land;
O! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land;
O! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
No friend within it pine!

O! she's a fresh and fair land;
O! she's a true and rare land!
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

Thomas Davis.

Australia

When gallant Cook from Albion sail'd,
To trace wide oceans o'er,
True British courage bore him on,
Till he landed on our shore;
Then here he raised Old England's flag,
The standard of the brave;
"With all her faults we love her still,
Britannia rules the wave."

Chorus—
In joyful strains, there let us sing
"Advance, Australia fair."

Should foreign foe e'er sight our coast,
Or dare a foot to land,
We rouse to arms like sires of yore,
To guard our native strand;
Britannia then shall surely know,
Beyond wide ocean's roll,
Her sons in fair Australia's land,
Still keep a British soul.

In joyful strains, &c.

Wales

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

The land of my Fathers, the land of my choice,
The land in which minstrels and poets rejoice;
The land whose stern warriors were true to the core,
While fighting for freedom of yore.

Chorus—
Wales! Wales! my mother's sweet home is in Wales,
Till death is pass'd, my love shall last,
My longing, my "hiraeth"* for Wales.

O! land of my fathers, the land of the free.
The home of the "telyn,"† so soothing to me;
Thy noble defenders were gallant and brave,
For freedom their heart's life they gave.
Repeat Chorus.

Owain Alaw.

* yearning. † harp

New Zealand

God of nations! at thy feet
In the bonds of love we meet,
Hear our voices, we entreat
God defend our Free Land.
Guard Pacific's triple star
From the shafts of strife and war,
Make her praises heard afar,
God defend New Zealand.

May our mountains ever be
Freedom's ramparts on the sea,
Make us faithful unto Thee,
God defend our Free Land.
Guide her in the nation's van,
Preaching love and truth to man,
Working out Thy glorious plan,
God defend New Zealand.

A Neighbor Near.

By Sarah Ruth Quigley.

THE Sante Fe was running its first train south after the most destructive flood that the Kaw River Valley had ever known. For weeks the shallow-bedded watercourses of Northern Kansas had been swollen by constant rain. Then, gathering sudden force from mountain freshets in Colorado, the sluggish streams became one mighty torrent, that rushed through the wide bottom lands, sweeping before it trees, barns, houses, stocks and men. Water stood deep over fertile fields of corn and small grain, and subsided, leaving a dreary waste of black mud as far as the eye could reach. The trees were stripped of their foliage nearly to the top; here and there a few strangled leaves, dark and wilted, clung to the scathed branches. Houses and outbuildings were heaps of ruin. Some were twisted from their foundations, some were crushed, others were partly standing, battered walls with confused piles of clothing and furniture, that might have been dragged in the turbulent gutters that ran from every direction to the wide-spreading river.

The train went creeping along its new track, where water, steaming in the hot sun, covered the old bed in many places. Among its passengers were a number of victims of the flood—a few who had money to take them to their friends.

At one station, early in the day, a woman got on with a little girl of about five or six. They had evidently walked far; the woman's light calico dress was draggled and splashed; the child's bare feet and legs were smeared with mud. The woman wore a man's slouch hat. Her mouth drooped at the corners, an inflexible droop that gave hopelessness to her expression; her dark grey eyes were wide and unseeing. She clung to the hand of her child as though all other emotions had been absorbed in the fear of separation.

The little girl's dress was of the same light calico, and it was even more spattered and mud-stained. On her sunburned yellow hair she had a baby's white cap that was much too small. Her expression was like her mother's; but the droop of her mouth was not so hard, and the stare in the large gray eyes was more questioning.

When they had found a seat in the car the mother opened a bundle wrapped in a faded green shawl and went through the contents, hunting for something. There were some rags, a faded little dress with the color left in a part of one sleeve to tell that it had been bright blue, a clasp album with the paper binding soaked off, an empty bottle with a rubber cork, and a butter ladle. She pulled out one of the rags, a part of a calico dress or apron, and took the little girl back to the water tank. They washed, and smoothed their hair with a broken side-comb that the mother wore. Then they came back to their seat.

All this time neither had spoken. The woman again rumaged through the bundle and found the shape of a rag doll that had been dressed in a red frock. The color had run out of the frock and dyed the head and the one long wisp of rag hair. She offered the plaything in silence to her little girl. The child took it absently, placed it in the corner of the seat and turned to the window.

"Ma, ma," she whispered presently, and pulled at the woman's sleeve.

There, in the foreground of the waste of blackened landscape, stretching away to the sky-line, was the ell of a house that had been partly swept away. The open side faced the track, and in the midst of a muddy heap of furniture and bedding a woman stood—just stood and waited, and looked aimlessly about her. Several inches of water still surrounded the ruin. Four small children sat quietly on the flat roof and looked and waited.

Playmates on a Carman Farm.

The woman on the train gave one quick glance and turned away.

Again the little girl called her mother's attention. There was a house overturned, lying by its foundation. "Ma, is that our house?"

The mother's face twitched and she shook her head without looking.

A stout woman across the aisle was watching them. She had been on the train but a short time. Two men had accompanied her to the station, carrying her somewhat damaged boxes and bundles. The small eyes in her broad face had a friendly twinkle as she kept trying to gain the attention of her neighbor opposite. Finally she caught the child's eye by holding up a piece of ginger cake and nodding and beckoning.

The little girl whispered to her mother then slipped across to the prize. She took the bit of cake eagerly and began to eat.

"What's yer name, honey?"

"Minnie Harkness."

"That's a right purty name. Where d'ye come from?"

"We come from—home." The child swallowed a mouthful of cake. "An' we're going to Uncle Eber's."

The woman looked Minnie over from head to foot. "You been in the washout, too," she said sympathetically.

The child fixed her solemn eyes on the flushed, perspiring face bending towards hers and came a little closer. "The river just spread out all over our pasture an' then it was comin' up to the house."

"Then where 'd ye go?" The questioner was all interest.

"We runned to Hansons'."

"They live up on a high hill?"

"I—I guess so."

The woman nodded her head.

"And did the water git in your haouse?" She asked this hesitatingly, glancing at the mother across the aisle.

"We couldn't never find the house again." The child's lips began to quiver.

"There, there." The woman put her huge arm in its tight large-figured sleeve

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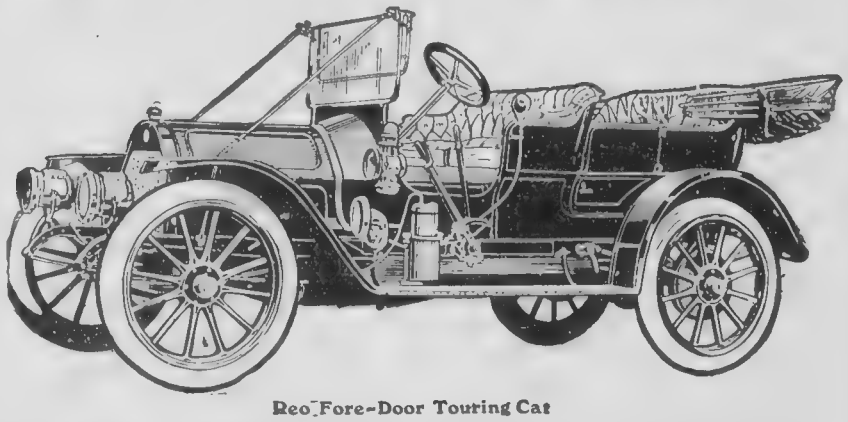

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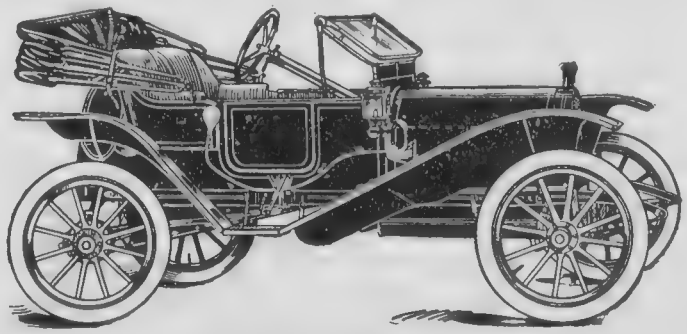

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about the little shaking body.

"An'—an' Sh—shep, he was drowned to death—I—I saw 'im."

"There, honey, don't let yer maw see ye a-cryin'." The big, flowered arm drew the child closer, while the woman hunted in a market basket at her side.

"Have another hunk of gingerbread, dearie?" she coaxed, as she put the little girl up on her seat by the window. Then she rolled across the aisle to the mother, who was sitting looking straight ahead with the same motionless gaze.

The woman started, glanced up and moved over in her seat.

"How d'ye do, Mis' Harkness?"

"I got yer name from the little gal. I'm Mis' Pickrell," said that lady, dropping heavily into the seat; then, looking out at the devastated landscape. "Ain't it tur'ble?" and she rubbed together two puffy hands. "But I tell my man we can always find some poor soul worse off'n we are. Naow we live up on the Hinkly rise, an' the water jest came in two inches of our second storey. Jest two inches," she repeated, putting her head on one side and blinking triumphantly.

Mrs. Harkness drew her brows together as if she were trying to hear and understand.

"Naow, of course, Hank an' me's got to start all over again—the organ, an' the cyarpets an' a few little trinkets like that—them ain't much—but the stock an' the craps is all gone. But law! I tell Hank that ain't nothin' to some o' these poor folks that's lost every rag, an' ain't got a cent to git away on—an' some of 'em draownded too——"

A paroxysm of pain crossed her listener's face.

After a silence Mrs. Pickrell questioned, in a subdued voice, "You come f'm Sheeawnee caounty?"

Mrs. Harkness nodded yes.

"Tur'ble, tur'ble up that a-way." She patted the arm of her new acquaintance with a heavy hand. "Hank an' me both says you can always find someone that's worse off'n you air."

There was another silence. The taut lines in Mrs. Harkness's face relaxed; her chin trembled slightly. They were now coming to a part of the country where some puny life remained. There had been only a few feet of water, which had passed off soon, leaving the buildings intact and the corn struggling for existence.

"Ye know, I've always been delicat," Mrs. Pickrell resumed with a sigh; "an' Hank, he see that it was jest a-breaking my narves in two a-staying there with everything lookin' like the ravelled aidge of deestruction, so he's a-sending me to his sister's daown here at Peabody till he get's things straightened aout."

"It's better for you," assented Mrs. Harkness. Her voice was low and steady.

"You're going to your brother's?" ventured Mrs. Pickrell, encouraged by this response.

"Yes."

"'Baout haow fur?"

"We go to Wichita; he'll meet us there."

"Lives near Wichita?"

"About twelve miles."

"I s'pose you sent 'im word, naow?" Every fold in the questioner's large face showed amiable solicitude.

"Yes, a telegram."

"That's right, that's right naow. I was just a-thinkin' that if Hank's sister didn't live in taown, I'd be worried to death fer fear she didn't git the message. I hain't got a cent for hotel——" The speaker shut her mouth with an explosive sound.

Mrs. Harkness had turned pale. She was looking across at her little girl and clutching the arm of the seat.

"Oh, there won't be no trouble," Mrs. Pickrell declared, recovering her placidity. "Hank always laffs at me fer bein' so timorous jest 's soon's I'm a forty rod away f'm home, when I wouldn't be afeered to face a whole squadron of tramps when I'm in my own yard. The telegram 'll fix it all right. You'll see, naow——"

"Next station's Peabody!" shouted the brakeman. The locomotive gave a long whistle.

Mrs. Pickrell bustled back to her own seat. With much puffing and scrambling she got her bundles together. Just as the train stopped, she found another large cube of gingerbread for Minnie.

"Good-bye, honey, be a good girl. Good-bye," nodding to the mother, and Mrs. Pickrell waddled down the aisle, leaving her new acquaintance looking after her with a glint of human interest in her desolate eyes.

Minnie came back to her seat, carefully broke the piece of gingerbread in two, gave half to her mother and ate the remaining half as hungrily as she had eaten the first piece and the second. Mrs. Harkness opened her bundle again and tucked the bit of cake away, taking out a piece of dry bread, which she tried to eat.

They had been travelling for long hours. The train was now moving at full speed. Rich green fields of corn waved on either side, broad blades with gold-flecked tips, under the slanting rays of the afternoon sun.

At every station comfortable people boarded the train. There were hopeful leavetakings and jovial greetings. Parties of young folks laughed and squealed and played jokes on one another. The grimy, travel-worn woman sat motionless, with the sleeping child, her counterpart for griminess, resting on her lap. People passing up and down the aisle looked curiously at the two, and occasionally there was a comment about the "washout up the road."

The sun was getting low. Its rays came almost level into the car windows. Men consulted their watches and wondered how much time the train had lost. Then tall smokestacks began to appear around the bend and the water tank whizzed by.

"Wichita!" shouted the brakeman.

People pulled their belongings from the racks and crowded down the aisle with their luggage. The train rumbled and creaked, slowed up and stopped.

The woman and the little girl, in their limp, mud-bespattered dresses and strange head-gear, were among the last to get off. The woman clung to her child and carried the shapeless green bundle.

Passengers and trainmen rushed to and fro, cabmen bawled, trucks rumbled over the platform, and above this confusion of sounds, bells clanged and locomotives hissed. The woman drew her little girl close and wavered this way and that as people jostled her and heavy trucks threatened to knock her down.

She started along the line of hacks at the edge of the platform, hesitating near the first man with a steel badge on his hat.

"Cab, lady? Carey hotel."

She shrank back and pushed her way to the brick wall of the station, where she stood until the space about her began to clear. Cab doors were slamming and horses' feet were clattering over the pavement. When people stopped brushing against her with their baskets and suit cases, and the clamor was less confusing, she looked up and down the long platform. Then she followed the crowd that had disappeared within the building, and stood for a moment at the threshold, clinging to her child and her burdle and glancing about the fast emptying room. Under the drooping brim of her slouch hat her eyes seemed dark and wild. A man in uniform stood in one corner calling loudly an unintelligible jargon of sounds. The woman crossed to the exit, where a jam of passengers was pushing and elbowing this way and that to reach the trains that were waiting. As she tried to make her way through, someone stepped on the little girl's bare foot. Then the mother took up the complaining child and brought her back to a seat by the window.

When the trains moved out buildings began to show across the tracks, lunch rooms with glass fronts, where men were going in and sitting down at the tables. A chorus of factory whistles sounded; then working men with dinner pails hurried along the street. No one was coming in the direction of the station.

Again the two forlorn figures crossed the waiting-room. On the first platform there were only a drayman loading up and a belated cabman.

The gigantic drayman threw a trunk into his wagon and turned impatiently at the woman's low-voiced inquiry.

"Eber Crouch? No, mum, I don't

know 'im, mum—what? Wires ain't all fixed since the washout up north, I s'pose," and he resumed his work.

The woman hesitated an instant, and dragged herself toward the cabman. The little girl was hanging back now, and her chin quivered.

The red-faced driver opened his door as the woman approached. When she made her inquiries he eyed her curiously. "No, mum, never heard of 'im—you better just go in there an' set down in one o' them rockers till he comes," pointing to the waiting-room door.

Suddenly the little girl burst out crying and buried her head in her mother's skirts. Stooping quickly, the woman picked up the child, swept across the platform with the heavy burden as easily as though it had been a feather's weight, and disappeared within the waiting-room.

Just as she turned away from the cabman a hand-car came whizzing down the track and stopped, its passengers, several section hands, starting off in different directions.

One short, heavy-set man in a red shirt, with pick and shovel across his shoulder, stood chewing at the stub of a pipe in his teeth and looking after the woman. Then he came nearer, motioning with his dinner pail to the cabman, who was just mounting the box. His face was wrinkled and sunburned, and covered with a short, bristly beard clear down on his neck where the red flannel shirt parted.

"Hello, McGraw! pfwhat's it ailin' wid the little gurril, now?"

"Oh, they're just some washouts," grunted the cabman. "Missed some brother or cousin or somebody that was goin' to meet 'em."

"Now, pfwhat's the matter wid yez? Pfwhoi didn't yez be afther takin' the woman up town? Ye're always loafin' about wid nothin' to do."

"What's the matter wid yerself, Mike Mulhinney? She ain't wantin' to go up to town. She ain't got the size of a hotel bill."

Mike brought the dinner pail down with a whack against his clay-streaked jeans and wheeled about, muttering to himself. He went up to the waiting-room, trying to tiptoe in his large, crumpled brogans, and peeked in at the woman sitting on a near seat near the door and swaying the sobbing child in her arms. As he trudged off down the track his pick and shovel clinking, he growled, "It's a divil of a mix-up," and went on muttering to himself.

The woman in the deserted room swung gently in her seat as though she were hushing a babe, and looked straight before her. The despair that had showed in her face earlier in the day was veiled by weariness, giving her a dazed, listless expression. The little girl still sobbed. A few stragglers came by—a freight hand, eating peanuts from his pocket; bustling, well-dressed men, to inquire about the trains.

"No more trains for three hours," the ticket agent said brusquely, and closed his window with a slam.

Then the click, click of the telegraph instrument sounded in the office, and no one else came.

The mother fumbled with one hand to untie the shawl and took out the piece of ginger cake.

"Here, Minnie, see!" There was a slight quiver in her voice.

Minnie seized the bit of cake and stopped crying. In a moment it had disappeared.

"Is there any more of that, ma?" the child asked with some diffidence.

The mother shook her head and fingered aimlessly the contents of the bundle. A step sounded on the platform, and she tied up the shawl with trembling haste and put it on the seat beside her. A figure half-filled the large door, a bareheaded woman in brown calico dress and work apron; paused an instant to finish putting down the sleeve on her muscular arm. Then she strode across the room, her skirt flapping her heavy shoes. Her smooth, black hair had a clean, straight part; her cheeks were touched with red; her whole face was lighted up by a wide smile that showed two rows of white teeth and gave an additional tilt to her broad nose.

She reached the mother and child. She stooped down and caught the child in her arms, planting a resounding kiss on the little tear-wet cheek.

"Pfwhoi, how d'ye do, me darlint? Won't our Mary Ellen be glad to see yez now!" and "How d'ye do?" setting down the little girl and taking the mother by both hands. "It's that glad Oi am to see yez!" Her voice was loud and full.

The astounded woman tried to offer some explanation.

"Oh, it's all right! It ain't anny misthake at all—sure, an' Oi knows who yez air. An' Oi wouldn't have yez disapp'int Mary Ellen an' Moike for the price of a good big indulgence now. Say ye'll come, now—that's right."

The little girl blinked the tears from her eyes as she looked up at her new friend, and her mouth began to lose its droop.

The mother smoothed her child's hair, pulled at her dress and hesitated.

At the window a face showed for an instant and disappeared—a grotesque face, wrinkled and sunburned, with bristly lips puckered around the stub of a pipe.

"An' yer cousin," continued Mrs. Mulhinney; "he'll be after comin'—Moike kin foind 'im."

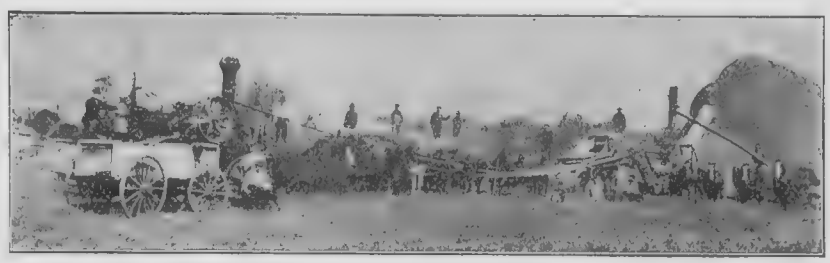
"My brother——" began the woman.

"Sure, yer brother it was Oi mint all the time." Mrs. Mulhinney put her arms akimbo and nodded confidently. Moike kin foind 'im. Moike knows ivrybody." Then her loud voice lowered to a coaxing tone. "It's supper that's waitin' now—hot roasted p'raties wid ham gravy, an' Mary Ellen a-layin' the plates——"

The little girl put her hand in her new friend's and came close to the brown

Photo by C. Jessop.)

On M. Bruce's Farm, South West of Gladstone, Man.



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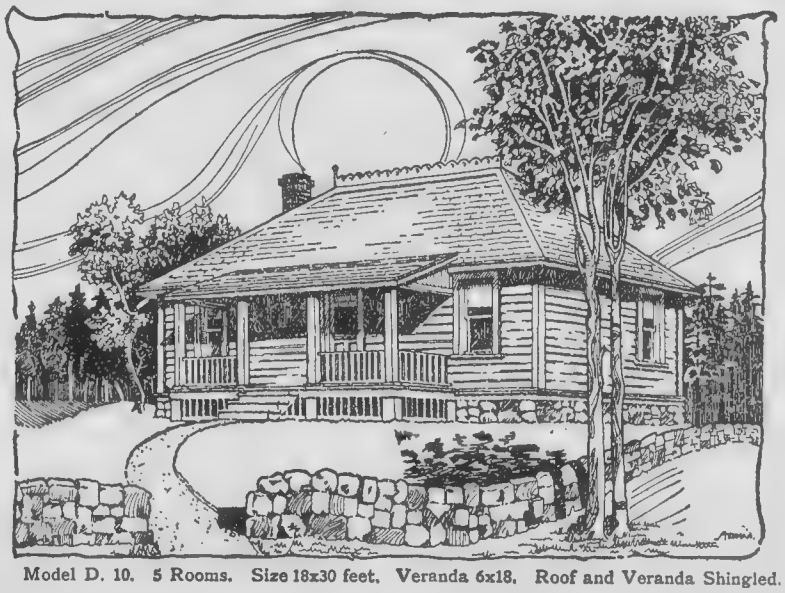

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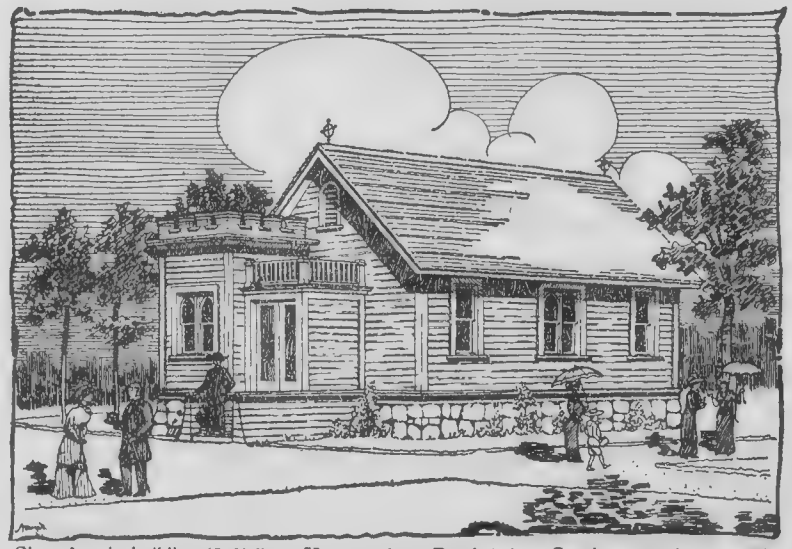

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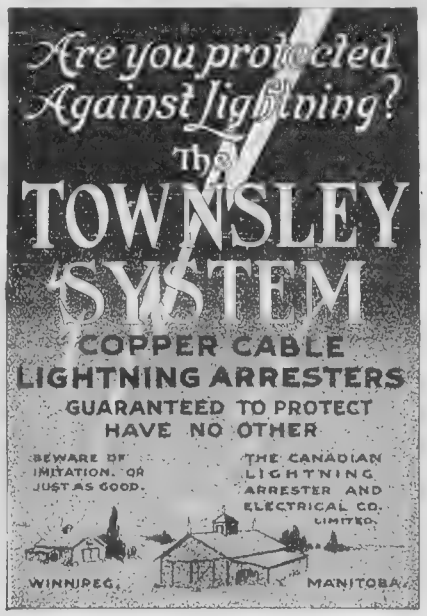

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READ THIS TESTIMONIAL.

Messers. Townsley & Sons, Winnipeg.

Gentlemen,

Re Lightning Rods. Any one whose business it is to know, acknowledges not only the value of the necessity of providing Lightning Rods for large isolated buildings, such as churches. school houses, barns etc, so much so that the mutual and other insurance companies here, as well as in the States, allow a substantial reduction in the insurance rate, on rodded buildings, against such as are not. The manufacture of Lightning Rods is now an extensive and legitimate business, and Townsley & Sons, who have lately opened a manufacturing plant at Winnipeg are pioneers in their line, and a firm that enjoys wide and enviable reputation for good and conscientious work throughout the Northwest. It is safe that buildings rodded by them are immune from being burned by lightning, I am, yours very truly,

A. LINDBACK.
Provincial Fire Commissioner

THIS IS THE TIME

to have the work done. The cost is trifling and payments may be made to suit you. No building rodded by us has ever been damaged by Lightning. See our agent or write direct.

The Canadian Lightning Arrester Co. Ltd.
197 Main Street, Winnipeg.

A View of Main Street, Watrous

The Coming City of Western Canada

WATCH Watrous GROW

The Grand Trunk Pacific offers Lots to the Public in Watrous, one of its most favored divisional points, on easy terms and extremely low prices. Watrous is growing at a wonderful rate—the demand for houses exceeds the supply. Population is coming fast—that insures continued and increasing prosperity. Now is the time to buy these lots to realize the big profits.

The more lots you buy in Watrous NOW, the more profits you will make—if the past growth of Western Canada is any guide to the future. Lots in Moose Jaw that sold for $100 a few years ago are worth from $1,000 to $3,000 to-day, and from $1000 to $10,000 in Edmonton.

Watrous has advantages no other town in Western Canada has. It is located on a great railway system near the banks of Little Manitou Lake, the most wonderful body of mineral water on the American Continent. Surrounded by a rich, well-settled farming country, capable of easily supporting a city four times the size of Watrous.

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Lots 50 feet frontage—$100 to $125—no interest charged on deferred payments if you buy on time plan, and no taxes to pay until 1912. This is **"Opportunity"** wanting to start a Savings Bank for you. Write to-day for map, folders and full information. If you want to reserve one or more lots, make remittance payable to

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway,
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If you want full particulars before purchasing, address International Securities Co. Ltd., Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Sales Agents for these Grand Trunk Pacific lots.

calico skirt as Mrs. Mulhinney picked up the faded green bundle.

At the window the face appeared again, wearing a grin that fluctuated between doubt and hope.

Then the woman rose and glanced down at her dress, her lips quivering.

"Come right along, me darlint," encouraged Mrs. Mulhinney, patting the child's head with her large, roughened hand.

"Ma, le's go." The child closed her small fingers about her mother's with a gentle insistent pressure.

The mother looked up into the kindly face bending expectantly over hers, and her dulled eyes grew bright with a reflection of Mrs. Mulhinney's hearty smile.

As the two women went out leading the little girl between them, the watcher at the window popped into full view. The grin, no longer fluctuating, broadened and broadened until it covered the sunburned, wrinkled face. The stub of a pipe joggled and would have fallen, but a knotty hand went up to rescue it, and then the head was thrown back and from the throat came a low chuckle of satisfaction.

Re Lightning Arresters.

Very frequently inquiries come to my office as to the value and need of protecting buildings from lightning, and in many cases the enquirer evinces considerable scepticism as to the actual value of the use of lightning rods, referring to the many swindles which no doubt were perpetrated on the farmers and others; first by taking advantage of those whose business sense and education was rather undeveloped, so that they could be persuaded to sign any kind of promissory note, which afterwards proved to have committed them to a different deal than was expected, or the rod itself was of inferior metal and workmanship, indifferently placed, so that within a short time it became either useless or dangerous instead of a protection.

All this, however, has been changed of late years; the present generation of farmers has learned their lesson; their knowledge of electricity has increased and through the activity of the fire marshals in the States, as well as through the Mutual Insurance Companies there, it has been proven that barns and other isolated high buildings do not burn and are not struck during electrical storms if properly rodded, nor are people or cattle killed by occuping such buildings. But let it be noticed that I say "properly rodded," which means not only that the material from which the rod is made must be of the best, but the work requires to be done by parties thoroughly versed as to the laws governing this matter.

The value of the material is governed, first, by the conductivity of the metal used; second, by its power to withstand corrosion, and its effectiveness to protect the building depends on the ground end of the rod having been lodged deep enough so as to be always surrounded by moisture.

Regarding the conductivity of the different metals, taking

silver as a standard at....	100
copper as a standard at ..	96
gold as a standard at	74
zinc as a standard at	16

Both gold and silver are unavailable and impracticable, while copper has long been recognised as filling the bill both as to conductivity and durability.

The cost of rodding a barn with copper lightning rods will vary from $50 to $100, but the expense will only have to be incurred once; while the use of any of the inferior metals, although cheaper at the outset must be considered the poorest kind of economy, as after a few years when rust eats through such protectors, they become a danger to the building they were intended to protect.

It will from this be seen that it behooves every one who intends to protect his buildings by lightning rods, to investigate the matter carefully before deciding.

A. Lindback, Fire Commissioner.
Winnipeg, 3rd May, 1911.

The Investiture of the Prince of Wales.

The investiture of the Prince of Wales by His Majesty the King will take place on July 13th at 2.30 p.m., as provisionally arranged. The Queen will also be present. Their Majesties will stay on the Royal Yacht at Holyhead. They will proceed by train from Holyhead to Griffiths Crossing Station. Thence they will drive to the Castle square at Carnarvon, where they will be received by the Mayor and Corporation, who will present an address of welcome. They will then proceed to the Water Gate. The ceremony within the castle has been provisionally arranged by the Lord Chamberlain. Two main processions will be formed, the procession of the Prince of Wales going first, followed by that of the King and Queen. The King will perform the ceremony and a religious service will be conducted by the Bishop of Bangor and by a representative Minister of the Nonconformist Churches. There will be singing by a choir of four hundred voices, trained and conducted by Mr. John Williams, organist of Christ Church, Carnarvon. The naval and military arrangements will be carried out and at the expense of the Government. Mr. Goscombe John is to design the mantle, ring, staff, and chaplet, and the precedent of Henry V in the Investiture of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V. will be followed as closely as possible.

Hard at Work.

Marie Corelli.—It is a very fortunate household where husband and wife quarrel only once in five years.

Thomas A. Edison.—A bundle of rags tied together with a string is a real live baby to the girl with the proper make-believe soul, and a sliver of wood from a soap box is a pirate's dirk to the boy who can command the true magic. And the toys of grown-up children? They, too are neither good nor bad, except as the player believes.

Andrew Carnegie.—I owe a great deal to my mother. She was a seamstress, cook, washlady, and never until late in life had a servant in the house. . . . I shall never forget how proud I was when I got my first wages of $1.25 a week, and how I felt when I was raised to $1.50 as a telegraph operator. To take home that sum to my good mother gave me such a feeling of manly independence. I owe a great deal to my mother.

Believers in Universal Peace.

Great Meeting in London Addressed by Messrs. Asquith, Balfour and Others.

London, May 1.—What Premier Asquith described as "this venerable Guild Hall," without whose seal of approval no popular movement in London is really launched, witnessed Friday a meeting for the adoption of resolutions pledging the city to the support of Anglo-American complete arbitration.

The Lord Mayor of London, in his scarlet robes and with the mace in front of him, held the centre of a temporary stage. On his right, was the Prime Minister, at his left former Premier Balfour, leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, while massed about the Lord Mayor were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Westminster, Lord Loreburn, the Lord High Chancellor, Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada, Sir Joseph G. Ward, Premier of New Zealand, and other notables.

Over their heads the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes were entwined.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour spoke eloquently of the treaty, declaring that it would mark a new era in civilization, but both pointedly disclaimed that a peace pact between Great Britain and the United States, providing for the submission of all differences to arbitration, would mean an alliance between the two countries.

Arbitration Treaty Practical.

Premier Asquith said in part: "The unique situation which we have met to recognize and welcome has not been organized or engineered by the apparatus of diplomacy. The seed which the President of the United States cast fell on ground prepared to receive it. That which a few years ago, even a few months ago, might have been regarded as the dream of idealists has not only passed into the domain of practical statesmanship, but has become the settled purpose of two great democracies."

"The profound significance of the new departure is that between Great Britain and the United States, whatever the gravity of the issue and the magnitude of the interests involved, whatever the poignancy of the feelings it arouses, there will be a definite abandonment of war as a possible solution, and the substitution of argument for force, and the supersession by judicial methods of the old ordeal of battle."

Does Not Mean an Alliance.

After declaring that the projected treaty implied no menace to the rest of mankind and did not provide for an Anglo-American alliance agressive or defensive, the Premier continued:

"But we may hope and believe that other things will follow. It is not for us to dictate or to preach to other nations, but if the United States and Great Britain renounce war, a step will be taken of immeasurable and incomparable significance in the onward progress of humanity."

Mr. Asquith then moved the following resolution:

"That this meeting of citizens of London, assembled in the Guildhall, cordially welcomes the proposal of the United States in favor of a general treaty of arbitration between that country and the British Empire and pledges its support to the principles of such a treaty as serving the highest interests of the two nations and as tending to promote the peace of the world."

The resolution was received with tremendous applause, which continued until Mr. Balfour rose to second it.

Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour Optimistic.

The Opposition leader said that Anglo-American arbitration seemed nearer fruition at this moment than ever before in history. Some regarded it is an idealistic dream and believed that when the clash of conflicting interests came all paper barriers would be swept away, he said, and continued:

"It is true that it is folly to make international law go far in advance of public opinion. I cannot imagine a greater blow to civilization than if, or, I will rather say, when such a treaty was made either party should break it, but as far as I can read opinion on both sides of the Atlantic, I cannot endorse these pessimistic views.

"I believe that the great mass of public opinion on both sides favors this move. If the skill of diplomats can embody this feeling in a treaty, I do not believe that when the stress of international difficulties comes, it will be broken.

"Some ask, if public opinion is thus, why a treaty is necessary. I do not believe that these logical dilemmas represent what actually happens. I grant that paper formulae are useless in themselves, but if they represent the settled convictions of the people they are valuable."

Why not Make War Impossible?

International agreements with no more power of enforcement had made war far more civilized than in the past, the speaker said.

Why, he asked, could they not make war impossible?

Mr. Balfour added that he was most optimistic regarding the prospects of the treaty, but he warned his hearers that they should not mix up the question of the morality of war and the methoids of avoiding it, with the question of reducing the burdens of armament.

England would have as great responsibilities in all parts of the world which the treaty between English-speaking people could not lessen, but the determination of these communities, in joining to set an example to the world at large, would not only make for certain peace between them, but would mark a significant epoch in the progress in civilization.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Westminster, Chief Rabbi Adler, of the United Hebrew Congregations of the British Empire, and Rev. Frederick Brotherton Meyer, Minister of Regent's Park Chapel, who spoke for the Free Churches, seconded the resolution.

Premier Ward, of New Zealand, who spoke briefly for the colonies, received an enthusiastic reception.

SIR EDWARD GREY.
Secretary of British Foreign Affairs.

PRESIDENT TAFT.

G. K. Chesterton.—In the last thirty years electricity, from being simply the nerves of the social world, has now become its muscles.

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A full line of first-class, latest styles. Newest lasts, solid leather throughout, most perfect fitting, Mackay and Goodyear Welt. Mens, Ladies, and Childrens, Boots and Shoes, also a full line of working and high cuts boots and shoes,

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A Romantic English Village.

Written Expressly for the W.H.M. By Addie Farrar, Chicago.

One of the most delightful and picturesque as well as romantic and historic places in England, and one generally overlooked and seldom visited by the American tourist abroad, is the little village of Cromer, situated on the north-east coast of Norfolk.

The Londoner knows and appreciates his Cromer as one of the most health-giving of all his seaside resorts, and goes there at least once a year to breathe the bracing air of the northern elements.

The cliffs along the coast in this district are of exceptionally plastic nature, and during the winter months, when the storms rage, large portions are annually swept away by the heavy billows.

Birds Eye view of Cromer

In the reign of Henry IV. Cromer was a part of the parish of Shipden. The greater portion of the parish, however, was demolished by the rising of the sea, which completely engulfed it, and, even now, after all these years, one may stand on the cliffs on clear days at low tide and trace in the sea the streets and portions of the old town. In 1825 a tremendous landslide carried away more of the town, and since that date considerable area of the cliff has been destroyed through the same cause. A sea wall has within the past years been constructed, which in a measure protects the town, and improvement is being made to it yearly.

The Old Church.

One of the most interesting features of Cromer is the old gray church that stands out, imposing even in its half ruins, over the red-tiled roofs of the old town. This church was 180 feet long, with a tower 160 feet high, and was evidently built in the days of the merging of Cromer with Shipden, though it is so old that there seems to be no authentic date as to its erection. After the submerging of the town, the few fishermen who inhabited Cromer before it became known as a fashionable seaside resort could not keep up the church, and an iconaclast, a clergyman in charge, sought and obtained permission from the Bishop of Ely, to destroy the chancel, which he ruthlessly did by blowing it up, as well as a part of the building itself, with gunpowder. This old church was never rebuilt after its untimely destruction, and stands to-day, ivy-covered, in majestic ruins, while near it is the small modern edifice in which Divine service is now held.

Sidesbrand Church.

Between Cromer and Overstrand, the next village, is the white lighthouse, built ages ago, and standing on the cliffs, a beacon to guide lost mariners. From here, walking along the coast for a mile or so, one comes on the most romantic spot in Cromer, the graveyard, in the midst of which, guarding the quiet sleepers, stands the old, old tower. This tower may be hundreds, even thousands, of years old, for all that is known of it, for there is no date, no knowledge, to be found that explains the reason for it in this lovely old cemetery. Tall, imposing, half in ruins, ivy-run, and moss-covered, it stands like a sentinel, guarding the graves of the women who sleep at its base, for the curious part of this graveyard is the fact that none but women are buried here. That the tower was not a part of a nunnery or convent is proven by the fact that the names on the tombstones are not those of sisters of the church, but tell the story of wives, mothers, maidens, and even tiny baby girls (many of them), and yet not one grave holds the remains of even a tiny man child. In summer the

Cromer Lighthouse.

graveyard and the graves are literally covered with great red poppies, and wandering in this poppy "garden of sleep" one asks and asks again, "Who are the women who lie here so quietly?" Is this Blue Beard's garden? Was it from this tower that Anne looked for her brothers riding over the hill? or was there only women, perhaps a race of Amazons, in this old town in the ages gone by since the last one was laid here? but always the answer comes back, "Who knows."

In referring to this graveyard of women, Clement Scott, the English poet, says in his Poppyland:—

On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep,
God planted a garden—a garden of sleep!
'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the corn,

Cliffs Overstrand, one mile from Cromer.

It is there that the regal red poppies are born!
Brief days of desire, and long dreams of delight,
They are mine when my poppy land cometh in sight,
In music of distance, with eyes that are wet,
It is there I remember, and there I forget.

Again, in his Garden of Sleep, which has been set to beautiful music, he says:

In my garden of sleep
There red poppies are spread;
I wait for the living, alone with the dead.
For a tower in ruins
Stands guard over the deep,
At whose feet are the green graves
Of dear women asleep.
Did they love as I love,
Where they lived by the sea?
Did they wait as I wait,
In the days that may be? Oh, life of my life,

On the cliffs by the sea.
By the graves in the grass
In am waiting for thee.
Oh, life of my life, on the cliffs of the sea,
By the graves in the grass
I am waiting, am waiting for thee.

But the dead tell no tales, and neither does the silent moss-grown, ivy-covered old tower, and the mystery of the fair women buried at the base of the old ruin must ever remain one of the romantic mysteries of the world.

One can hardly conclude, in speaking of this quaint old town of a past and gone generation that is now awakening to the call of fashion disporting itself on the beach, for the bathing here is delightful, and in the season many of London's most fashionable folk may be found here, without speaking of the glorious sunsets that one may see from Cromer's hills. And not only sunsets but sunrises, for Cromer is favored of nature inasmuch as her guests may not only see the sunrise in the sea but see it set in the sea also, and such sunsets! Such sunsets!—it is worth taking a detour from the ordinary tourist route to just see the the graveyard of fair women, and other beauties of this part of Norfolk. That Cromer is so neglected by the average American tourist is probably due to the fact that so little is known of it by the average guides.

In the Realm of Canadian Poetry.

Specially Written for W.H.M. By Marion Dallas, Ottawa.

CANADIANS are wrapt up in Nation building, in bridging mighty rivers, in threading mountain passes and extending a welcome to the immigrant who seeks a home beneath the shelter of the Union Jack. Despite the spirit of materialism which has been rampant since the first cargo of furs left Canada's shore, Canadians are slowly creating a literature, fresh in aspiration and with a predominate strain of originality. It is an old story that Canada is too young to have a historical background, that her national indentity has not been firmly enough established. We have a history that lends itself to reproduction in historical romance, the French regime, the conquest, the extension of the fur trade, the Indian races, these, and many other phases of Canadian history have been touched sufficiently to reveal a vast mine of literary material.

Entering the realm of poetry, we find the earliest voices come from the older section of historic old Quebec. The simple chansons sung by the French peasantry, the lullabies, and boat songs of which "A La Claire Fontaine" was the most popular, were all in tune with French ideals. Frechette, the first leading singer of French Canada, took his themes from natural history, his sweet lyrics published in a collection entitled "Les Fleurs Boreales" are distinguished by a delicacy of thought and a purity of style which evinces the true soul of poetry. The first true English speaking poet of Canada was "Charles Heavysege," who published a drama "Saul" and for loftiness of thought and beauty of language, this drama has few equals. Eight years later he published "Jephthah's Daughter." Heavysege was not wholly Canadian in spirit or theme. It remained for Charles Sangster, a true poet of Nature, to sing his first genuine song in English, of the Canadian woods and field. In his beautiful poem "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay" he pays a touching tribute to the bravery of the heroes of the Conquest.

"Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history or the hostile plain;
No braver souls, the storms of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They passed into their rest without a stain,
Upon their natures or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a Nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that valor claims and feeling's self imparts."

Sangster was closely followed by Alexander McLachlan, the Canadian Burns, whose "Idylls of the Dominion" are fragrant with the odors of the forest and meadow and musical with the heart songs of the people.

In the choir of later singers, mention must be made of Charles Mair, "the Northern Poet," author of the drama "Tecumseh" and singer of the wild life on the prairies. To Isabella Crawford, who died before her genius was fully recognized, are we indebted for the first note of universal patriotism and brotherhood, her lines on "Canada to England" should alone make her famous.

"The bonds between us are no subtle links,
Of subtle minds binding in close embrace,
Half struggling for release, two alien lands,
But God's own seal of kindred, which to burst
Were but to wash His benediction from
Our brows, Who lovest not his kin,
Whose face and voice are his, how shall he love
God—whom he hath not seen."

Her poem "Old Spookses Pass" was written in the Western dialect and is a wonderful poem on Cowboy life in our great West. It is an evidence of Miss Crawford's genius, that she could have written such a vivid and stirring picture of a life she never saw. "Old Spookses' Pass," a Cowboy's soliloquy:

It ain't no matter wharever ye be,
I'll low its a curus sort of case—
Whars thars runnin' water, 'tis sure tew speak
Of the folks tew home and the old home place.

And yer bound tew listen and hear it talk,
Es your mustang crunches the dry bald sod,
Fur I reckon the hills and stars and cricks,
Aur all uv them preachers sent by God.

An' them mountains talk tew a fellow this way:
Climb up if ye can, ye degenerate cuss.
An' the stars smile down on a man an' say:
"Cum higher poor critter, come up to us."

An' I reckon, Pard, there is One above
The highest old star a chap can see,
An' he says in a solemn etarnal way,
Ye can never stop till ye get to me.

Did space permit, many exquisite passages could be quoted from "Malcolm's Katie," a charming love story, or from the humorous poem "The Christmas Baby." Miss Crawford's poems are worthy of a conspicuous place in every Canadian's library.

Own a Summer Home of Your Own

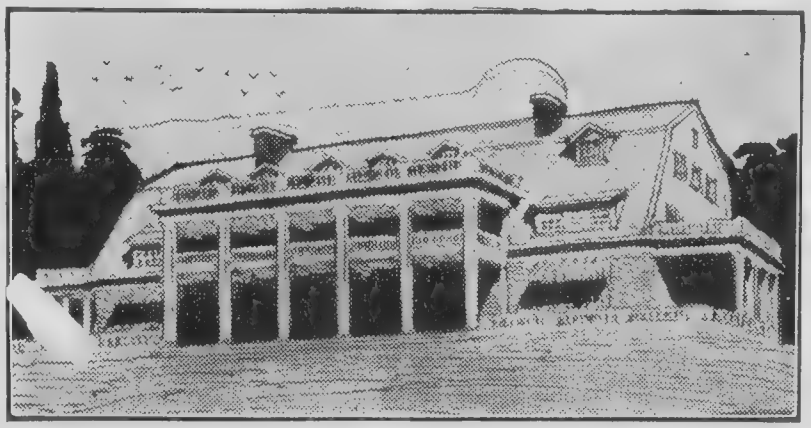
A Great Summer Resort **LAKE VIEW BEACH** **On Little Lake Manitou**

There is a Great Fortune Awaiting Investors Here

THE location of Lake View Beach, on the shores of Little Manitou Lake, is the ideal one for a fashionable watering-place, a city of summer homes. While it is near enough the town of Watrous (a divisional point on the G.T.P. Railway) for visitors to be able to take advantage of the gorgeously equipped trains on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, it is just far enough away to be free from the noise and smoke, hustle and bustle of a great railroad centre. The prospect of land and water is everything that is pleasing to the eye, and the opportunities for outdoor sport are ideal. People from all over Canada are interested in this wonderful resort in the heart of a great and growing province.

New Sanitorium

The directors of the new Sanitorium, all hard-headed, shrewd business men, made a happy choice when they selected Lake View Beach as the ideal site for its location. A view can be obtained of six miles of the lake, which is more than can be seen from any other point on the shore. Within a short time, the proposed electric railway from Watrous direct to Lake View Beach is expected to be in operation. Then watch the prices of this property advance. Better get in now.



The New Sanitorium to be built at Lake View Beac

An Opportunity

People from all parts of Canada and the United States are buying sites for summer homes here, because, after a thorough investigation, they have found out its marvellous possibilities. Just a short drive from Watrous, a G.T.P. divisional point, a good train service is assured. And Little Manitou Lake is the only place known in America enjoying the same natural advantages as famous Carlsbad in Europe. A human body will float like a cork in its wonderful waters.

IF you are looking for an ideal summer homesite or a money-making investment in a location rare as hen's teeth, you will find it in Lake View Beach Property.

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Lots in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary, Regina, and Saskatoon, in the business district are now away beyond the reach of the average man, yet not so many years ago choice lots could be bought in the above cities for a few hundred dollars.

To-day business sites are selling at from $500 to $4,000 per foot, Six years ago a lot sold in Saskatoon sold for $125, and the owner recently refused $30,000 for it.

Melville will be one of the most important Business Centres of Western Canada

MELVILLE will in a few years be one of the great shipping and distributing points of the Canadian West.

It is a divisional point of the G.T.P., and will be the terminus for a number of branch lines which will be constructed to accomodate the rapidly developing agricultural areas which extend for hundreds of miles in every direction.

Railroads now run in four different directions from MELVILLE, and these, with the shops and round houses, employ a large number of men who have established homes in MELVILLE.

Melville, a town three years old, installing Waterworks and Electric Light Plants

This indicates the progress and go-ahead spirit of MELVILLE Citizens.

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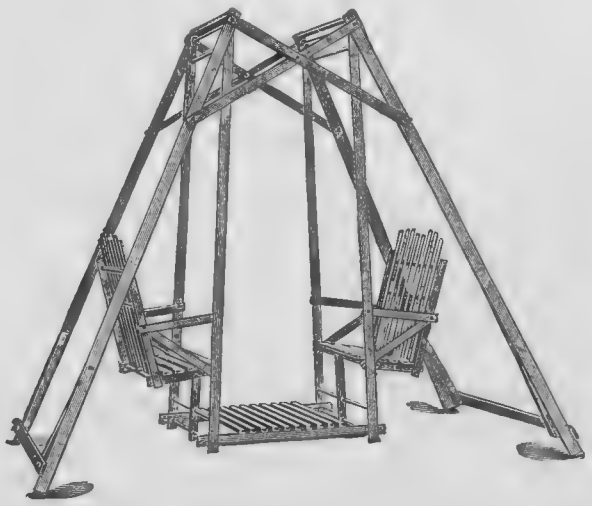

This swing is made of well seasoned hard wood lumber, nicely finished. It is made strong and durable, will stand great strain, is built for four passengers. The back can be adjusted and the foot rest raised so as to form a hammock or bed. Made in various styles at different prices.

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Melville 1908

Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, struck a purely Canadian note in her "Canadian Born":

"We've yet to make our money, we've yet to make our fame,
But we have gold and glory in our clean colonial name,
But every man's a millionaire if he can only brag
That he was born in Canada, beneath the British flag."

"The White Wampum," the first work of Pauline Johnson, is a remarkable book and owing to the writer's Indian extraction it has a historic value that is unique.

Archibald Lampman, who was the most eminent of our descriptive poets, brings to his pictures of northern woods and pastures a rare classical spirit of culture. His "Lyrics of Earth" and "Among the Millet" place him among the sweetest of Canadian singers. His poems have a subtle power to sway, and no more fitting defination of our aims and ambitions has ever been written than Lampman's "Goal of Life."

"So to address our spirits to the heights,
And so attune them to the vacant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul,
To have done this, is to have lived.

French Canada would to a great extent be a sealed book to the rest of the Dominion had Dr. Henry Drummond not lived and had he not spoken to the world throughout, through the voice of the "Habitant" and "Johnny Courteau." In these busy days sometimes we are apt to smile at the non-progressiveness of the "Habitant" but in his philosophy he is rich. Listen to what he says:

"We leeve very quiet way back on de countree,
Don't put on sam style lak de big village,
Wen we don't get de monee, you tink dat is funny
An' mak plaintee sport on de Bottes Lauvages;
But I tole you—dats true—I don't go on de city,
If you geeve de fine house an beaucoup d' argent,
I rader be stay me, an spen de las' day me,
On farm by de rapids dat call Cheval Blanc."

The best known and most popular of Dr. Drummond's poems is the "Wreck of the Julie Plante," a legend of Lac St. Pierre:

"On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win, she blow, blow, blow,
An de crew of the wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scart and run below—
For de win she blow like hurricane;
Bimeby she blow some more,
And do scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from the shore."

Then, after telling the tale of the wreck, the habitant draws the moral:

"Now all good wood scow sailor man,
Tak warning by dat storm,
And go and marry some nice French gal
An' leeve on wan big farm.
De win can blow lak hurricane,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drowned on Lac St. Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.

Dr. Drummond did not confine himself to dialect. At the time of the Boer war he wrote many patriotic poems, the most popular being "The Dublin Fusiliere" and the "Jubilee Ode." In his poems "De Nice Little Canadienne" he sketches the innate gallantry of the French Canadian. No man has done more to bring about and promote a cordiality of feeling between the French and British people of Canada. He loved them and was the first to discover the literary possibilities hidden in the life of the Habitant and the Habitants loved him. Wilfrid Campbell voices their sentiments in his tribute to Dr. Drummond:

"And Leetle Lac Grenier" all alone
Out on the mountain brow,
You may call in vain to the heart so still,
O, who will hear you now?

And the peasant folk in the evening's glad,
Their simple loves may tell,
And all in vain may ring again
The bells of St. Michael.

For out on the shining waters,
He has launched the shadow canoe,
With love and the soul of his little dead son,
His paddle man, safe and true.

But here on the shores behind him
Where the manly heart is still,
He leaves a vacant place in our song,
No other singer can fill.

Melville.

By Walter P. Davisson.

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way" is fast becoming known as a scientific fact, poetically expressed. Next in magnitude, only to the spreading of Christianity throughout the the world, comes that wonderful movement of humanity from the overcrowded centres of our civilization to the free

Melville 1911

broad prairies of our own great West!

The grand finale of the Franco-Prussian War (the siege of Paris) found four hundred thousand sons of the Fatherland surrounding the "Gay City." It was the knowledge of this fact, and that the Germans required one thousand million francs before they would lift the siege, that set the blood tingling through the patriotic heart of every Frenchman, and actuated that wonderfully generous financial help which flooded to Paris from every corner of the land; enabling France to urge the Germans back across the border with a promptitude and enthusiasm at which the world has ever marvelled. Now let us draw a veil over the memory of those dark days, and let us change our scene of action from Paris to the vast wheatfields of Western Canada. What do we find? We find that here there is a peaceful invasion of some three hundred thousand souls led (by the irresistable instinct of the human for freedom, peace and plenty) from the metropoli of Europe and the older centres of the new world, into the Promised Land! But what a different reception awaits this invading host (whose number strengthens with years)? They are received with open arms; welcomed, and spreading out along different roads, become merged in the already prosperous and contented people of the West.

Commerce is carrying things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed; but, to do this carrying, there must be some definite road, some particular route, over a country whose proporotions are so vast! It is for this reason that the shrill niegh of the Iron Horse is becoming ever more frequent over the Prairies. It has been aptly said that, to maintain the iron horse in an efficient state, it must be shod and re-shod with gold; and therefore, where many of those gloriously useful and powerful animals are stalled and reburnished, at that point springs up a rich and prosperous community.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway (now steadily nosing its way through the Rockies) will, when completed, be a wonderfully efficient road over which fast passenger and freight trains may be safely handled. It is a fact which is not generally known, that the gradient of the Grand Trunk Pacific through the Rockies is such, that a standard Mogul Engine will haul through the Yellowhead Pass, freight which would require the power of four similar locomotives over Canadian Pacific lines. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is indeed a World's Highway, for which the Canadian people have been asked to pour out their money like water; but when it is remembered that the Grand Trunk Pacific, when completed, will stand without a peer, (not only in the Dominion—but in the great Republic to the south), it will be conceded that the Canadian people are determined to secure the blue ribbon, for the American continent, in the all-important matter of transportation facilities! To Canada it will be a lasting and supreme advantage.

Over this great highway will be carried the innumerable products of Europe and the older centres of the new world, to be swallowed up in the vast awakening markets of the far East! While, in return, the wonderful merchandise and fabrics of China and Japan shall be hurried across Western Canada to the first great Junction Point on the System, where they will be switched south across the border. That junction point is called Melville.

All students of transportation matters know that "The Freight's the Thing!" Through the silent hours of the night, the endless freights creeping on their tedious way, with their burden of lumber, grain, live stock or merchandise, are the real telling factors in the country's progress. It was the foreknowledge of Melville's pivotal position that actuated the management of the Grand Trunk Pacific in retaining yards and trackage at Melville capable of expeditiously handling more than a 1000 freight cars.

With a direct line to the International boundary, via Regina, Melville gets an equivalent to the Soo Line in tapping the American markets. Down the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific will pour half a continent's trade; much of which, within a very short time, will be rehandled at Melville to find a water outlet on the shores of our great inland sea! In addition to this, under the stress of the rate wars, an enormous amount of American traffic from the central states will be forced into Canadian territory, seeking the nearest port, on the shores of those presently unfamiliar waters.

Mixed Farming near Melville.

Within three short years the town of Melville has been brought into being, and already boasts an up-to-date, prosperous, progressive community of almost 2,500 souls. The visitor to Melville will be struck with the substantial appearance of a town but three years old, and as these words are being written (April, 1911) by-laws for almost one hundred thousand dollars are before the ratepayers for municipal improvements. In the West things are happening. It is gradually becoming known that, as the chief railroad and distributing centre for the North-Eastern plains of the great Province of Saskatchewan holds a strategic position.

The immigration into these prairies is ceaseless as Niagara, and as Niagara, impossible to stem. The myriads of the black, brown and yellow races have only just commenced to call for "bread", so wheat shall be always king; and if, during the past decade, the progress of the Canadian West has been the marvel of the universe, the decade which lies ahead will surpass that record in splendor and magnitude. It will raise some of our present greatest centres into the towering ranks of world markets; great and important cities will develop at all our railroad junctions and Melville shall take her place amongst them.

Less of Kin and More of Kind.

A Scot who served an Englishman this summer as guide and friend on a fishing trip had what the London "Daily Mail" calls "the national weakness" for claiming relationship with all the influential families in that part of Scotland.

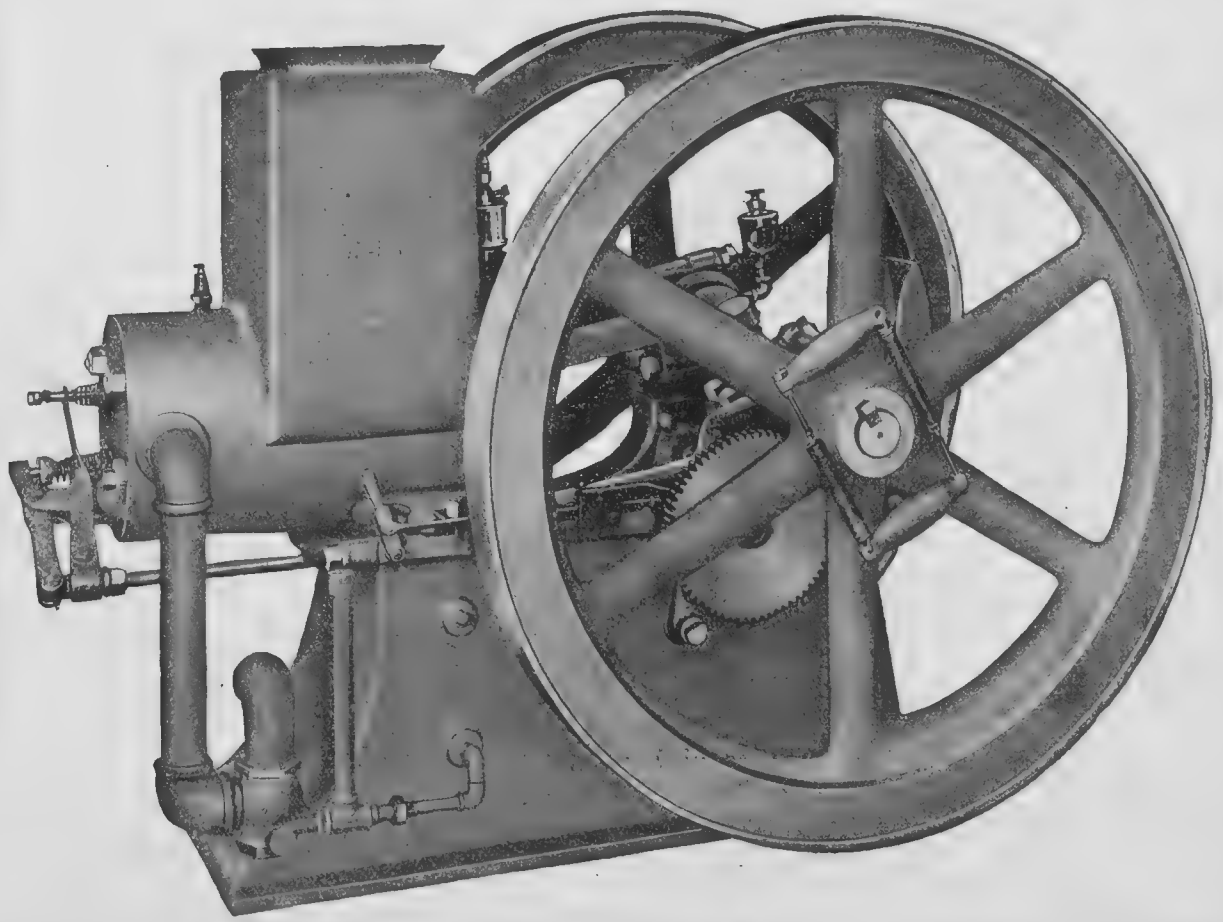
One day the Englishman met him on the road driving a pig, and saw a little fun.

"Well, Donald," said he, "is that one of your grand relations?"

"Oh, no," said Donald quietly. "This is just an acquaintance—like yersel'."

Mr. Farmer

Do you realize one of the greatest problems of to-day is the question of satisfactory power at a reasonable price?



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NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore carried on by the undersigned as "C. S. Judson Company" has this day by mutual consent been dissolved. All accounts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to Frederick Widder Robarts, by whom all liabilities will be paid.

Dated at Winnipeg this 29th day of March, A.D. 1911. C. S. JUDSON.
F. W. ROBARTS.

Witness—E. G. TRICK.
Manitoba Gazette, April 15, 1911.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

A Day-Dream.

This morning when the mail was lift,
A card was handed me—
A spring o' heather on the back,
And hands across the sea.
And in a thrice my thoughts had flown
To Scotland's heather hills.
Its lofty mountains, banks and braes,
And sunny, sparkling rills.

In fancy I could see the lark,
On tireless pinions rise,
And like a speck amid the clouds
Pour forth his song of praise.
The hills were decked with golden broom,
I see the sweet bluebell,
The scenes I oft have gazed upon
Are all remembered well.

And often in my quiet hours
The thought will come to me
That I will come to clasp again
Dear hands across the sea.

A. S. S.

And a lavercock that sung i' the lift at morn,
Cam skeltin' doun wi' the rain:
And I've keepit the wee thing in my breist.
To shelter its heart frae pain.

Rev. James Murray.

It's a sooth dream that's seen waukin'.

"Sail!" quo' the king: "Haud!" quo' the wind.

I'm ower auld a dog to learn new tricks.

His e'enin' sang and his mornin' sang are no baith alike!

Half acres bear aye gude corn.

Sanitation. The death rate is falling in all civilized countries; thanks to sanitary science. Last year in Glasgow the rate was 15.1 to the thousand. In the same city ten years ago it was 21; and as much as 30 some years before.

One man is as good as another; and no man is better than he should be!

On one of the Orkney Islands Mr. and Mrs. John Drover have this winter celebrated the 70th anniversary of their marriage. On the occasion it was stated the the children were 8, the grand children 25, and the great-grandchildren 9.

I see white flocks o' Cheviot sheep,
Browse high on heathery hills;
I hear the whaup and shrill peesweep—
The lark celestial trills.

A. S. Alexander.

Scott's Mottoes. At the beginning of many chapters in Scott's novels are lines of verse, and appropriate extracts from here and there, profusely. Sir Walter told somebody that he found it too troublesome to search out mottoes, and at last invented them—"and they did just as well." "Dr. Watts" and other grave names are sometimes attached; but all the same they were Scott's own.

An' God gang-na till the stour. Kings wad be wysser at hame.—Hately Waddell.

But grace, grace, free grace. The merits of Christ for nothing; large and white, and fair!—Samuel Rutherford.

The past winter came on mildly in Scotland. In one Scottish paper we read of three ploughing matches which took place in January. In Dumfriesshire on the 10th, Morayshire on the 11th, and Fifeshire on the 12th. We have seen ploughing in Ontario in January, but it is very rare. The writer of this column remembers, as a boy, a farmer in what is now the County of Brant, say that "he wished he could plough in December. He had never been able to do so." This was about 1840. In those days (the country mostly bush) the snow fell earlier.

Expenses of Candidates in the recent General Election are published. In Scotland they amounted to from £700 to £1,200. It is a pity it should be so; for it often prevents a poor man offering himself as a candidate.

Large Blast. At the Bonawe Granite Works they recently set off a blast with from 25 to 30 tons of gunpowder. They first tunnelled into the granite 100 feet, then put in the powder, and cemented up the gallery; then fired the blast, which dislodged from 200,000 to 300,000 tons of granite.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonny on the flowery lea;
And a' the sweets that ane could wish
Frae Nature's hand are strewed on thee!
Thou bonnie wood of Craigielee,
Thou bonnie wood of Craigielee,
Near thee I passed life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee!

Robert Tannahill.

Preaching. Man, John, wasna yon preaching. Yon's something for a body to bring awa' wi' them! Nine heads, and twenty particulars to ilka head—and sic mouthfu's o' grand words! Oh, man, it was fine! If you could just mind onything he said, John, it wad do us guid!

Then I thought on the days o' lang syne; the years o' sae mony byganes; I thought ower my sangs i' the night; I crooned wi' my heart by its lane; an' my spirit speir't uncolie hame (Psalm 77; 5, 6.)—Hately Waddell.

Memorial Tablets. The Pen and Pencil Club of Glasgow some years ago erected solid bronze tablets to the memory of several natives and residents of Glasgow at places associated with such names as Carlyle, Motherwell, Edward Irving, Sir John Moore, etc. This winter they have placed tablets to indicate the residence (in the case of the first, the workshop), of James Watt, Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), Prince Charles Stuart, Alexander Smith, etc.

There is nothing in Scotland more flourishing than the four Universities. From Edinburgh comes the report of the continued increase in the number of students, and the number of lectureships created. And the same remark will apply to Glasgow, St. Andrew's and Aberdeen.

Flow, my Ettrick! it was thee
Into my life that first did drop me;
Thee I'll sing; and when I dee,
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me!
Passing swains will say and weep,
"Here our Shepherd lies asleep!"

James Hogg.

The River Teviot, which gives its name to the district of Teviotdale, rises in an elevated moutainous district in the South of Scotland, from a rude rock, termed the "Teviot Stone," descends through a beautiful pastoral

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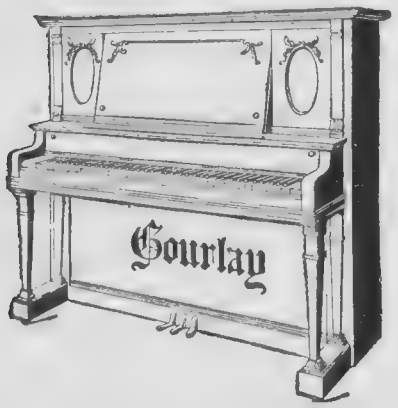

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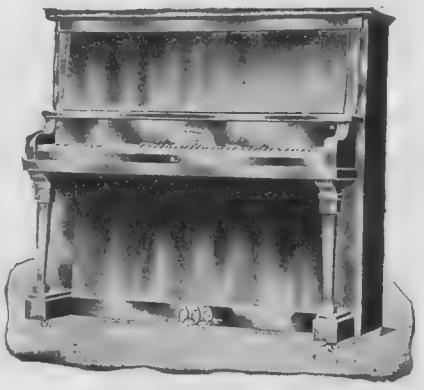
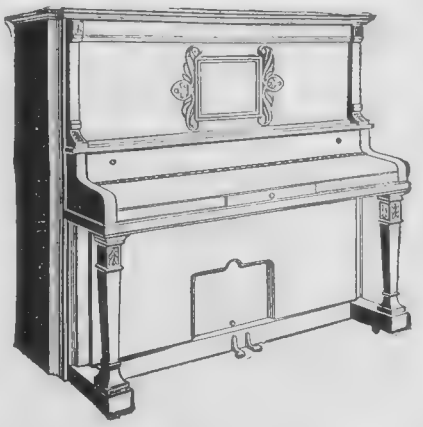


This handsome Dominion Art Piano, in genuine walnut or mahogany, with ivory keys, full metal plate, double repeating action, violin spruce sounding board, three pedals, five layer cross banded pin block, and specially designed in the highest style of art, only $295, on terms of $10 cash and $8 per month. It is manufactured and guaranteed by the makers, the Dominion Piano Co., for a term of ten years. Over 80,000 satisfied owners are its best recommendation.

Gourlay
ANGELUS



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dale, and falls into the Tweed at Kelso. The vale of the river is above 30 miles in length, and comprehends every variety of wild, picturesque, and beautiful scenery. As the stream approaches the Tweed, the scenery becomes gradually softer, and in the vicinity of Kelso rivals the beauty of the Italian landscape.—Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy"; Note.

The Ettrick Shepherd is credited with saying, "Toryism is an innate principle of human nature; Whiggery is but an evil habit!"

The auld wife o' Peebles,
And she had nine hens:
She'd Hawvet, and Crawvet,
And Julie-fit, and Jaucob,
Aipple-dish and Yellow-cra[illegible],
Cripple-fit, and Mulloch!
Nursery Rhyme.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the Land o' the Leal
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day's aye fair
In the Land o' the Leal!
Old Song.

Ian Maclaren says of preaching: "In our boyhood the Gospel was understood to deal with the individual, now it addresses itself to the mass. Religion once consisted in saving one's self, now it stands in saving your neighbor, Christianity once was satisfied with a healthy soul; it has begun to demand healthy houses. It is not now the individual, but the race who is before the preacher."

Truly, truly say I t'ye, he wha comes na ben by the door until the fauld, but speels up by some gate o' his ain, is but a thief and a reiver. But he wha comes ben by the door is the herd o' the sheep. To him the keeper unsteeks the fauld, and the sheep hear his voice; and he ca's by name his ain sheep, and tak's them oot. And when he has letten oot his ain, he gangs afore them, and the sheep follow him, for they ken his voice. But nae fremd-ane will they [illegible]; for they kenna the voice o' fremd folk.—New Testament in Braid Scots. John 10:1—5.

Hail, bonnie Scotland, Land of Song!
Hail, Land of Mountains old and hoary!
Hail, Land of stalwart sons and strong!
Hail, Land that's steeped in love and glory!
Thomas Thorpe.

"Home Made." Some of the Scottish papers advise the manufacturers to make use of the Coronation time to draw attention to their goods and wares. Certain wearing goods are mentioned, which are advertised as made in Austria; which were really made in Yorkshire. It is supposed by the public that the finest goods must be "imported." It is the same in Canada. Our finest "Tweeds" are "Scotch Tweeds;" while some of the finest of these fine "Scotch Tweeds" are made in Canada.

The Songs of Scotland, taken as a body of lyric poetry, have not been surpassed, even by the lyric poets of Greece, hitherto the supreme masters of the lyric muse.—London Standard.

For Coal. Dr. John Hastie of Edinburgh has left £1000 to his native village, Wanlockhead, the interest of which is to be used to provide coal for poor people who are not receiving parochial assistance.

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As Spring Cheers the World

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God Prosper Him--Our King.

A NATIONAL CHORUS, ARRANGED FOR TWO PARTS.

Words by A. C. Ainger. Composed by J. Barnby.

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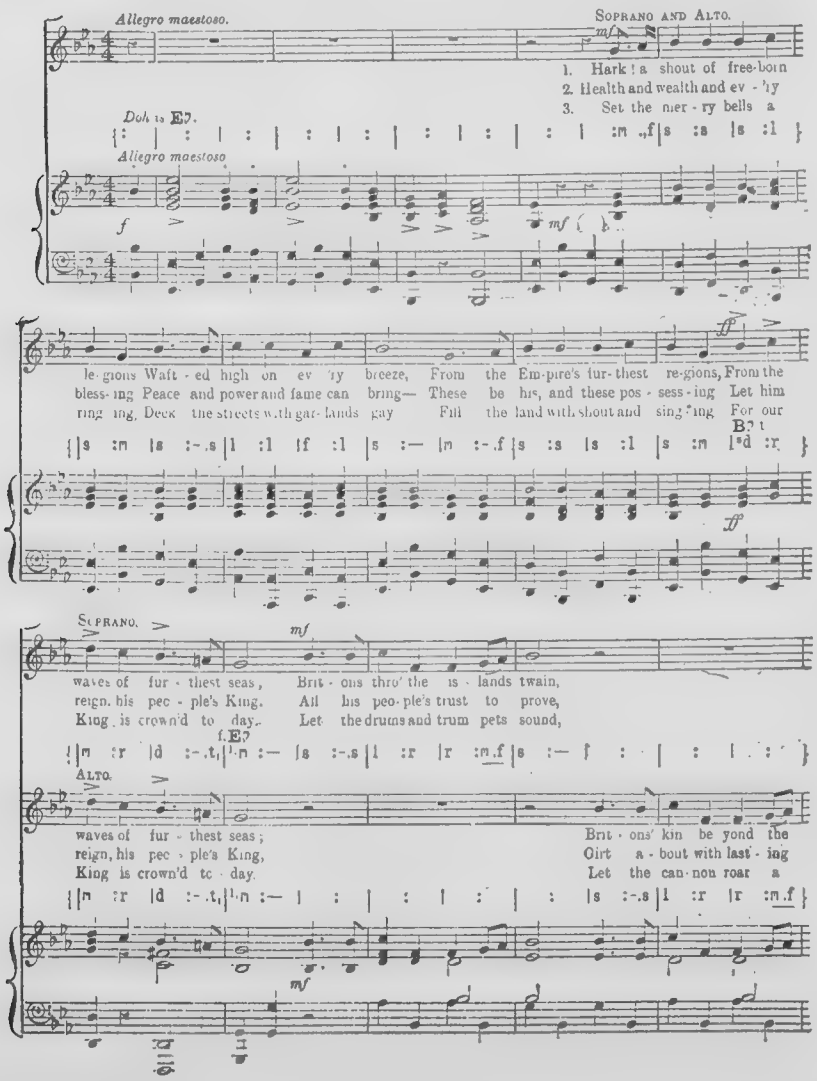
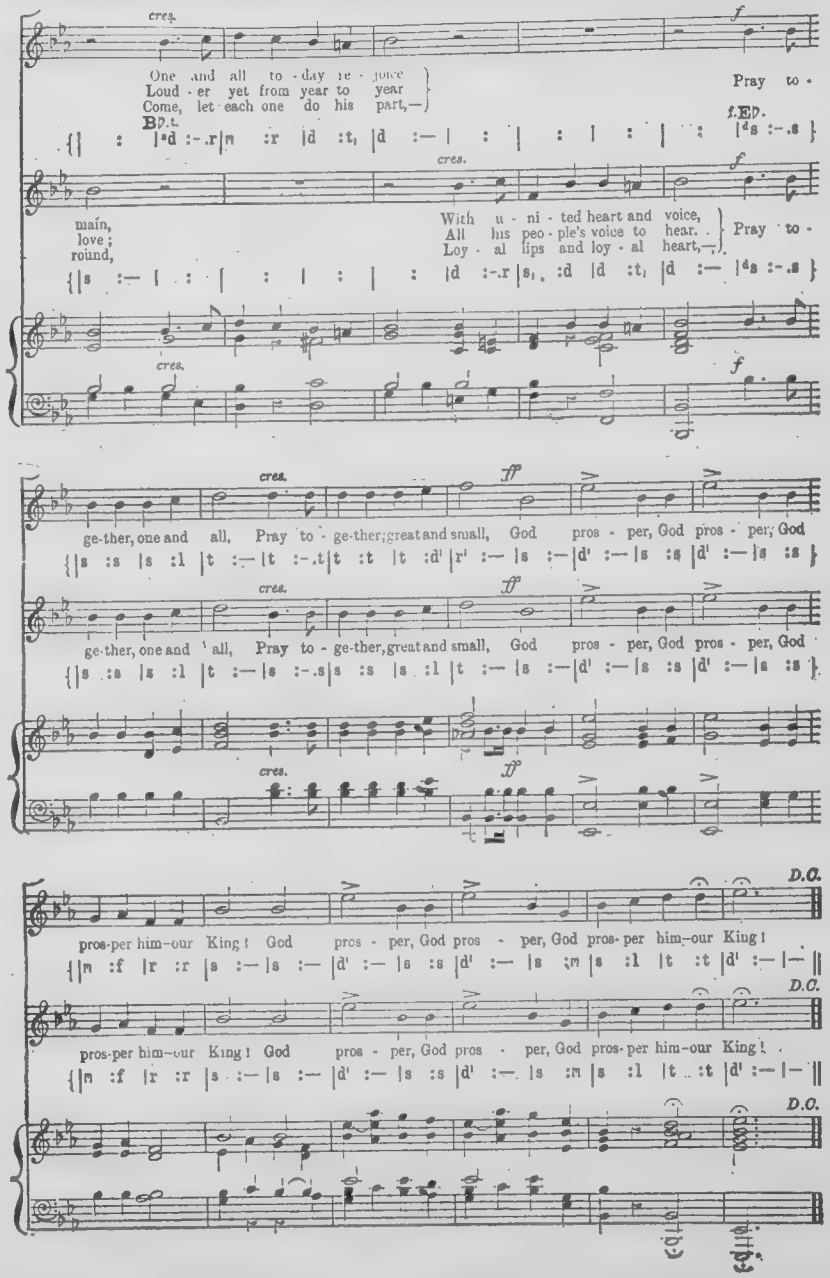

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or less—will wash a tubful, and have them clean if you will use a

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"We Guarantee the Pastime Washing Machine to wash clothing Quicker, Cleaner, and to operate easier than any other hand power Washer on the Market."—The Maytag Co., Ltd.

We are not going to make a proposition full of "catch phrases," no freight, and a dollar-down-25c. a-week nonsense, but will make a suggestion as follows:—

Go to your home dealer, the man whom you know and who knows you. Tell him to order you a **Pastime Washing Machine.** He will do it, and after it comes he will say to you (remember, this is not a stranger a thousand miles away who is talking to you, but your home dealer): **"Here is your 'Pastime.' Take it home, use it for four or five Washings, and if for any reason you do not want to keep it, bring it back."** You are not confined to any special number of days to try it. Satisfy yourself, and when you are perfectly satisfied, settle with your dealer at home.

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The Pastime not only washes quicker and cleaner than any other Washing Machine in the World, but practically runs itself. Any child that can reach the handle can run it.

The Maytag Co., Ltd.

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Some Out-of-the-way Pets.

What They Eat, What They Cost, and How to Look After Them.

By Frank Finn, B.A., F.Z.S.

The good points of our ordinary domestic pets—cats and rabbits, canaries and goldfish—are well known to everyone; but many people would like to keep some creatures a little less familiar, and are deterred by want of knowledge as to the price and management of such, although they may have seen them often in zoological gardens or in dealer's shops in large towns.

There is a certain interest, whether of repulsion or attraction, for everyone in the monkey tribe; but the average monkey is, it must be confessed, a bit of a "handful" for a household pet, and needs

The marmoset is the most attractive of the monkeys as a pet, and costs a little less than $10.00. Sponge-cake, ripe fruit, and animal food are his diet.

special arrangements in the way of caging etc. Nature, however, has kindly provided a number of miniature monkeys in the form of the delightful little marmosets, of which the common grey kind is so freely imported that specimens can generally be bought for under $10.

No bigger than a squirrel, and much resembling that pretty little creature in the form of the sharp-clawed paws, which are less hand-like than in other monkeys, these marmosets have a charming little half-human face, set off by long ear-tufts, which are white in one common variety and black in another.

They do not differ in other respects, and to all intents and purposes may be treated as one species. Their native place is Brazil, but with proper care

The Jerboa is not quite so big as a rat, and makes an excellent indoor pet. He is easily housed and fed, and costs about $2.50.

they will live for years, and even breed, in this country. They are not exacting as to accommodation, for a large bird-cage—not less than a couple of feet long—will suit them well, only it must contain a little box lined with hay for them to sleep in and be well bedded down on the floor with sawdust frequently renewed. The perches also need careful cleansing, and it is best to have a duplicate set to insure this being done properly. If placed so that they do not cross, they will require much less attention in this respect.

The staple food should be sponge cake cut up in to dice, and ripe fruit; but the great point to bear in mind in keeping these exquisite little animals is, that they are not by any means true vegetarians, but require plenty of animal food.

They will much appreciate a defunct sparrow au naturel; but they can be kept going on such things as mealworms, crickets, blackbeetles, and any outdoor insects one can catch for them. If such game runs short they can be treated to a little hard-boiled egg, or a chicken or rabbit bone. It is poor feeding that makes these little things so delicate, but, of course, their cage should be kept in a warm room or conservatory, at any rate when they are first procured. They are well worth a little trouble, for they have very pretty ways, and are free from the ordinary mischievousness of monkeys.

Speaking of miniature monkeys reminds me that often one sees jerboas advertised as "miniature kangaroos." Now, scientifically speaking, a jerboa is no relative of a kangaroo at all; it has no pouch, and is a rodent like the rat.

The squirrel should, if caged at all, be kept in a large bird-cage and not in one with a revolving wheel. He likes corn and nuts, and may be bought for as little as $1.25.

but it presents the kangaroo idea of locomotion carried out in a very complete form; beside the jerboa, the kangaroo is literally "a clumsy bounder." He does use his fore-paws in locomotion to some extent when he wants to go a few steps slowly, and though he can stand up on tiptoe, he does not walk along on his hind legs.

But the jerboa is just as much of a biped as a man or a bird. His tiny fore-paws are usually tucked closely up, and all one sees is a little round animal supported on two excessively long, thin hind legs, and running along in a most absurd manner. He often jumps as well, and when really travelling progresses by enormous bounds at a great speed.

Although a rodent, he has a pretty little head and large, dark eyes, very unlike a rat's cunning face and twinkling optics, and his long, slender tail is neatly finished off with a little black and white brush. His sandy coat is as soft as silk, and he delights in cleaning it by rolling in sand, being an inhabitant of the North African deserts. As he is hardly as big as a rat, and a remarkably clean little animal, he is the very creature for an indoor pet, and he is easily housed. His cage needs to be rather long than high, as he is a ground animal, not a climber or percher, and there must be plenty of dry sand on the floor, and a little bedroom at one end.

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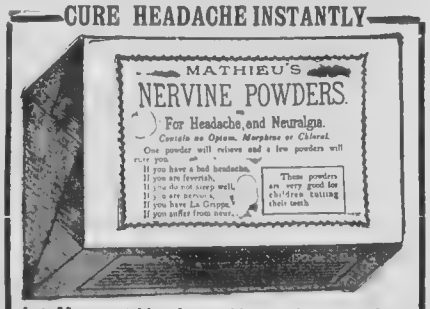

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He is a night animal, and if given a run out in the evening will be a constant source of amusement with his silent runs and skips and quaint elfish figure. Food is no trouble; corn and green-stuff, such as one would give to a rabbit or guinea pig, are all that he needs. Jerboas are cheaper than marmosets, costing about $2.50 each, and are certainly much easier to manage; they are remarkably gentle, and well suited in every way for children's pets.

It may be thought that I am leaving

Budgerigars are familiar to most people as the "fortune-telling birds" seen in the streets. They are natives of Australia and very hardy. Budgerigars eat ordinary canary seed and millet, and cost about $2.00 a pair.

our British beasts rather in the lurch, but there is, as I implied at the commencement of this article, a sort of natural selection in pets, and the marmoset and jerboa would not be imported if people could get equally satisfactory animals here. We have, however, one very charming creature which is unrivalled in its particular line, in the shape of our beautiful little squirrel.

There are many kinds of squirrels, widely distributed over the world, but, to my mind, ours is the prettiest of the lot; and certainly foreign squirrels, although very freely imported, do not enter seriously into competition with ours. That is to say foreign species, for many of the individuals of the common red squirrel sold by dealers have come from Europe, as a matter of fact, especially from Hungary.

Squirrels, of course, are very familiar as pets, and present the great advan-

The Pekin robin comes from China and India. He likes a large cage and lives chiefly on insects. He costs about the same as a canary—$2 for cock-birds and 50c. for hens.

tage that in a country place, at all events, they can be allowed full liberty. When they have to be caged they should not be kept in one of those revolving-wheel abominations usually sold for their use, but housed in a large bird-cage with a sleeping-box in one corner, as recommended above for marmosets.

As with these animals, so with squirrels, it is important to remember that they are not pure vegetarians, and to give a little animal food at frequent intervals. Squirrels, however, except when quite young, should not have soft articles of food, such as sponge cake, but corn, nuts, and such-like hard, natural substances on which to exercise their strong rodent teeth. Any sort of fruit or vegetables that are about will be a beneficial change for them.

The squirrel, being a common European animal, is cheap, costing often as little as $1.50; but for a tame, gentle, hand-reared animal, really suited for a

The little owl has many admirers. Not much bigger than a blackbird, he gives little trouble, being quite content with a diet of mice and sparrows. His price is $1.50.

house pet, and fit to be handled, two or three times as much must be paid.

When we come to consider birds, there is no doubt that more pets belong to this class than to any other; yet many people fail to take an interest in them from not knowing the best kinds to take up. I need say nothing in praise of ordinary parrots, for everyone knows about them, but there are several other birds familiar to aviculturists—as bird fanciers are fond of calling themselves nowadays—which have not "caught on" as they might have done were their virtues better known to the public at large.

Of these, one of the very best is the budgerigar—that pretty little parrakeet, with its emerald breast and zebra-barred black and yellow back, which everybody knows as the "fortune-telling bird." Those who have observed it at its trade in the streets in all weathers will probably have grasped the fact that it is very hardy, and will not be surprised to know that, if given a fair start by being put out in summer, it will bear our climate well in an out-door aviary, although a native of Australia. But what one could not be expected to know off-hand is that this bird, under suitable conditions breeds as freely as a canary, and, like that bird, has produced a yellow variety.

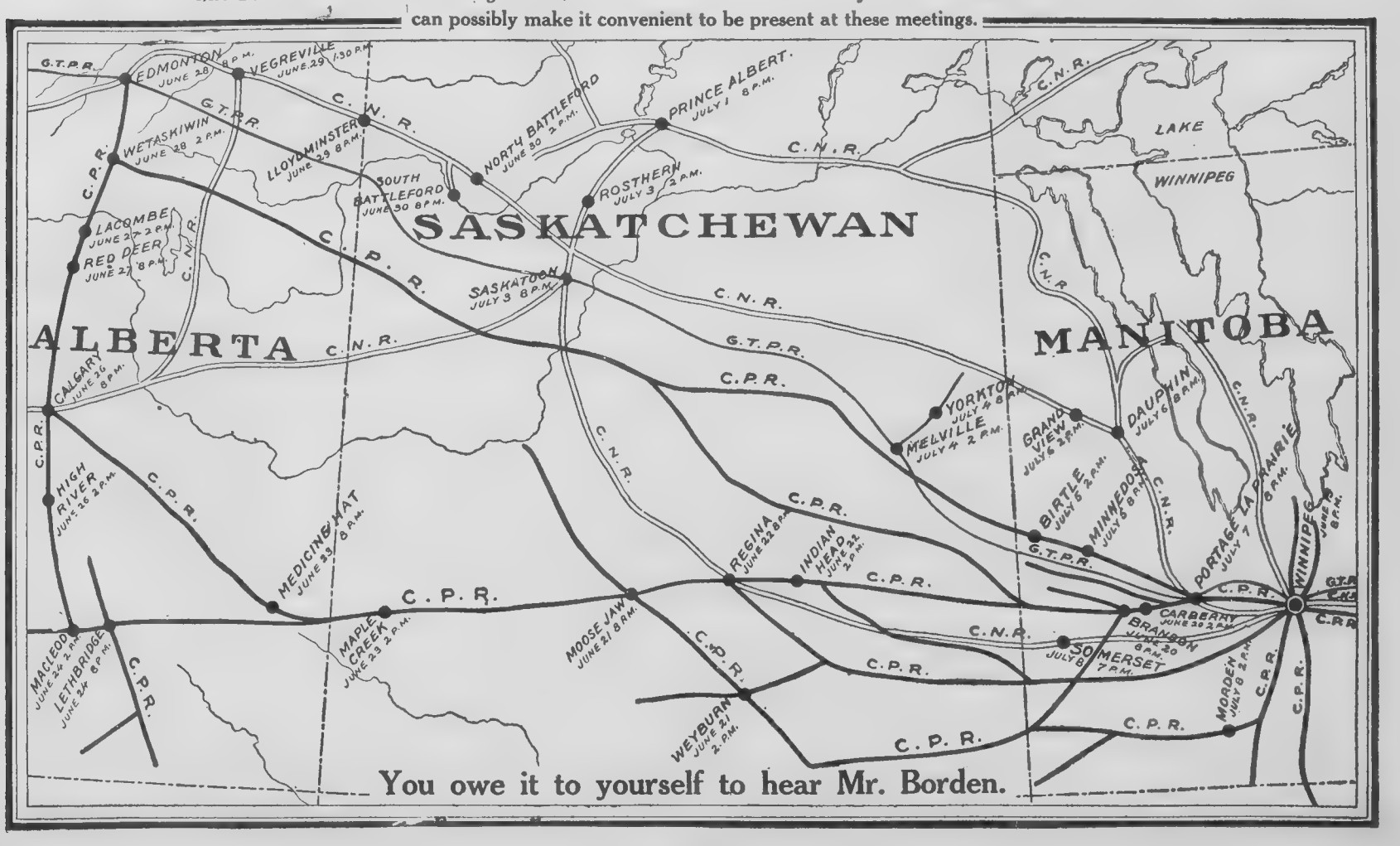
Favorable conditions for breeding budgerigars are secured by keeping them in a space large enough to afford room for flight, and, what is curious, by associating several pairs together—a proceeding which, in the case of most birds would be ruinous, but is quite correct with a naturally gregarious one like this. Kept in single pairs in cages, budgerigars live well, but rarely breed. They are easy to sex, for though the plumage is exactly alike in the cock and hen, the former has the nostrils surrounded by bright blue skin, which is very pale blue or brown in the hen.

Given an empty room with a wired window, or a vermin-proof shed, well-lighted and wired in front, budgerigars are easier to keep and breed than any other birds; they need no nesting material, but lay their white eggs on the bare floor of the closed boxes or cocoanut husks usually supplied them to breed in; nor do they require any special feeding when rearing young, their ordinary fare of canary and millet seed, with plenty of the common flowering grass and other green food being quite sufficient. Thus they give far less trouble than canaries, and, as specimens taken from the nest and hand-reared will often learn to talk, can be made much more interesting than those birds. Ordinary budgerigars cost about $2.00

TOUR OF THE WEST

By R. L. BORDEN, M.P., Leader of the Conservative Party

Mr. Borden will address meetings as indicated and wishes to meet every farmer or resident of the West who can possibly make it convenient to be present at these meetings.



You owe it to yourself to hear Mr. Borden.

a pair, but the yellow variety costs about twice as much.

Another very charming foreign cage-bird is the Pekin robin, an inhabitant of the mountains of India and China, and the only insectivorous bird imported here in really large numbers. In general appearance it much recalls our own robin, but has an olive green back instead of a brown one, and the breast yellow, shading into orange, instead of brick-red. Orange edgings to the wings, and a coral-red bill, complete a very charming scheme of coloration.

No absolute rule can be laid down for distinguishing the sexes, but the cock is generally much brighter on the breast than his mate. He is a most affectionate husband, unlike our own robin, who is not on speaking terms with his wife except in the nesting season; indeed, the pair show so much attachment to each other that they are constantly cuddling side by side, and tickling each other's heads, and if one makes its escape, even out of doors, it will not fail, as a rule to come back to its mate. In fact, one can let them out as a regular thing, even in a town garden, and observe their pretty, active ways among the trees, if one has a double cage, in one compartment of which one of the pair is held as hostage for the return of the other bird.

Such a cage as is used for breeding canaries in is very suitable, but it must be a large one, at least two feet long, for Pekin robins are very nervous in a small cage, though confident enough when there is plenty of room. They are,

The chameleon may be kept in a glass case containing a twiggy branch for him to climb on He must be fed on live insects and be given drops of water, as drinking from a dish is beyond him. From $2 to $2.50 must be paid for a chameleon.

I think, the most intelligent and "knowing" of all the small birds I have met, and when at large know quite well how to keep out of the way of cats; nor are they flustered by the inquisitive attentions of the sparrow.

The cock bird also has a very pretty song, so that on the whole they are as near perfection as any little bird can be. Being insectivorous, they must of course be fed on soft food, but they are not hard to cater for; hard-boiled egg crumbled up with a biscuit or stale bread-crumbs makes a good staple food, with some bread and milk, not too sloppy, for a change. Any kind of insect available should be supplied as often as possible, and also fruit of all sorts. They will eat a little seed, but should not be encouraged to live on it; ordinary cooking rice, however, given raw, makes a good change.

They are passionately fond of bathing, and never fail to have two dips a day at least; in fact, I do not know any non-aquatic bird so fond of water. Unfortunately they seldom breed in captivity, but when they do, make an open, cup-shaped nest. The price of these charming birds is about the same as that asked for canaries.

Many people find something very attractive in owls as pets, but those ordinarily seen—the common barn owl and brown owl—are rather inconveniently large for a cage. It is, therefore, worth knowing that there is an owl small enough for most amateur requirements quite common in the bird trade. This is the little owl, a very well-known species in Europe, and now common also in many parts of England, as numbers have at different times been turned loose by admirers of the quaint little bird.

It is hardly larger than a blackbird, and has a variegated plumage of brown and white, with eyes of the palest straw yellow. Its antics and attitudes are extremely quaint, and it is not so sleepy by day as most owls. A cage for such a bird should either be one of the larg-

The water-tortoise lives in the garden, and does not require much water. He eats worms and cracked snails, and is quite happy to be frozen in his bath all the winter. He is very cheap, costing only 25c.

est-sized wicker ones—square in shape, not round—or a large box, at least a yard long, with a wire front and a couple of perches. The floor should be kept well-covered with sawdust, for cleanliness is especially necessary for feathered as well as furred carnivora.

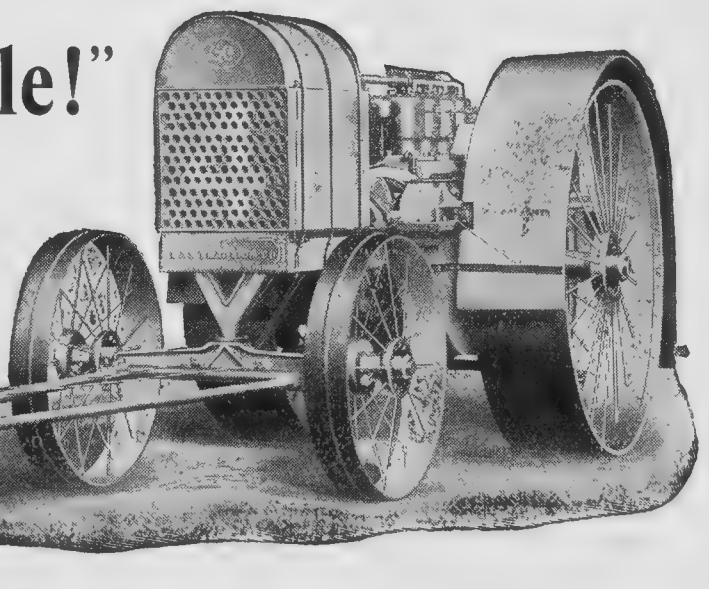
The food to be given is mice and sparrows for preference, but in default of them, raw meat; heads of poultry with the skulls well broken with a hammer are a good food. If flesh alone has to be given for any time it should be rolled in feathers or fur, for it is necessary for the health of birds of prey that they should throw up pellets such as are usually formed in the stomach by the indigestible parts of their food—this action having a mechanically cleansing effect. These owls are not expensive birds, and can be bought, at any rate, in the spring, when they are usually to be most readily procured for $1.00 to $1.50 each.

The cult of cold-blooded pets—reptiles, amphibians, etc.—has developed very much of late years, and, if less lively than beasts and birds, these creatures have the great advantage that they do not require such constant attention, and may, in most cases, safely be left to look after themselves if their owner is away for a week-end, as they can do

Tree-frogs are only 12c. each, and may be kept in a fern-case, as they must have a damp situation. They eat live insects and have wonderful jumping powers.

well without food for many days. Tortoises, of course, immediately suggest themselves in this connection, and the ordinary land and water species are very common and cheap. Of these the aquatic kind will be found much the more interesting; it can be distinguished from

"Hello People!"
Shouts
The Big Four
"30"



With One Accord Canadian Farmers Answer: "Mighty Glad to Know You!"

CANADIAN FARMERS heartily cheered THE BIG FOUR "30" as winner of The Gold Medal and Grand Sweepstakes in the 1910 Winnipeg Agricultural Motor Competition. Perhaps you were among the great crowd that saw this splendid, gasoline-driven, steel "Giant Horse" in its brilliant, record-smashing performances. Perhaps you then made the acquaintance of this real all-purpose farm power. But whether you did or not—here is THE BIG FOUR "30," in its first appearance in these columns, saying to you in accents clear and strong, "HELLO"—secure in the knowledge that you and your brother farmers, realizing the importance of an early and lasting acquaintanceship with it, will promptly answer—"MIGHTY GLAD TO KNOW YOU."

A Word About Ourselves

Beginning June 1st we shall actively promote the sale of THE BIG FOUR '30" in Canada, taking over the manufacturing plant and fixed assets of the Gas Traction Co., Ltd. We were the first and are to-day the largest builders of four-cylinder farm tractors in the world. Back of each engine we build stands a highly competent Service Organization whose one aim is to keep THE BIG FOUR "30" producing profitable results every minute its owner has use for it. We shall duplicate in Canada not only THE BIG FOUR "30," but also the Service Organization and the many other sterling features that have done so much in the United States to make the name "Gas Traction Company" truly one to conjure with.

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GAS TRACTION COMPANY Minneapolis, Minn. U.S.A.

This Trade Mark on a Traction Engine is a Guarantee of Satisfaction or No Pay

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THE BIG FOUR "30" is backed by the strongest, most liberal warranty ever given on a traction engine. Every move of the engine on your farm is thoroughly covered. The Number of breaker and stubble plows the engine must pull—the size separator it must drive—the fuel consumption—the unerring accuracy of the automatic guide—all these features are incorporated in our "Golden Rule" guarantee. Neither do you pay anything nor make settlement of any kind until the engine in a thorough day-after-day free trial test in your own field on your own farm fulfills this guarantee in every detail. No other traction engine builder has ever dared back an engine in this way, but we have the GOODS and are mighty glad to show them AT OUR RISK.

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the land tortoise by its somewhat flattened shell, speckled with black and yellow, its comparatively long and pointed tail, and its webbed and sharp-clawed feet.

Unlike the land-tortoise, which is a sluggish vegetarian, the water tortoise is an active, carnivorous animal; being a European creature, it will live well out of doors, and can easily be accommodated in any garden. It does not necessarily require much water—a pan a foot or two across and six inches deep is ample bathing accommodation for it. This pan should be sunk in the ground, and emptied and refilled frequently, the more so as it is necessary to feed the creature in the water, as it will not feed on dry land.

The food is easily arranged for, as the tortoise will eat worms, cracked snails and raw meat, in addition to its more natural diet of small fish and frogs. It hibernates in the winter, and a pair I once had used to get frozen up regularly in their stone basin, which only held about seven inches' depth of water, and 'came up smiling" in the spring.

from Europe is greatly to be recommended as a pet, and will be at home in a fern case, for a damp location is suited to it, and it needs plants to perch on and climb about.

It is a tiny thing, not growing to more than two inches in length of body, and its color varies according to circumstances from a lovely green to shades of brown and drab. The male can be distinguished by a brownish tinge on the throat, the female being all white underneath.

Those who are tired of keeping rabbits, guinea-pigs, and similar ordinary pets are strongly advised to purchase one of the creatures mentioned in this article. None are much trouble to look after or feed, and they provide endless entertainment. They have also the additional charm of novelty.

Presentation to Manitoba Agricultural College.

The accompanying photograph shows the banner of St. George and the Dragon,

Chameleons, on account of their very quaint appearance and strange feeding habits, are great favorites with many people, but they require a good deal of care in order to get them to thrive. Most people know the peculiar shape of this creature, with its parrot-like feet, prehensile tail, and strangely squinting swivel eyes; but, to prevent disappointment, it is as well to state here that, in respect of its powers of color-change, the chameleon is only a chameleon—not a kaleidoscope—and its powers of altering its appearance, though sufficiently remarkable, do not extend to taking the hue of anything and everything it happens to be on at the time. The usual hues that it may be expected to display are various tints of drab and brown, light and dark greens, dull yellow, and brick red; blue seems to be out of its power, but it can turn nearly black.

In price chameleons range from about $1.75 to $2.50.

Of the amphibian tribe, the pretty little green tree frog, so freely imported

presented by their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess Grey to the Manitoba Agricultural College, during their visit to that institution on Thursday. The banner is about five feet long by three wide. The figures of St. George and the Dragon are richly and artistically embroidered in colored silks and gold, and are applique on a ground of crimson silk brocade, the whole being bordered by a band of cut velvet, also embroidered in crimson silk and gold thread, which has been specially cut and designed for the banner. On the reverse side the cross of St. George stands out boldly in crimson and cream brocaded silk.

This donation to our institution of higher education in agriculture is much appreciated by the faculty of the College, and will, no doubt, by the students when they return for the next session at the end of the summer. It is believed that the banner will unconsciously help to infuse in the minds of those who look upon it a sentiment for art, for color and for idealism, teaching young Canadians that it is the duty of every individual, after the fashion of St. George, to kill the dragon of evil wherever it may be found, and it may be found everywhere —in every community, in every home and in every heart.

W. R. Hearst:—Nobody is entitled to say that what he does is nobody else's business.

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STOCK of TARTANS complete in the principal Clan, Family and Regimental patterns. Twenty years' experience in this particular line has given us the necessary knowledge of its many and exacting details.

Write us, we can meet your requirements and at a moderate figure. In any case consult us before sending your money out of Canada.

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The Only Dish Washer Made for Domestic Use Selling at a Moderate Price

Saves time and that disagreeable task of putting your hands in the hot, greasy dish water. Washes and drys the finest china perfectly and will not break or chip. Cut out this advertisement, filling in name and address, and we will mail you our catalogue and prices.

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SEND US 95c.

Receive by return-mail, postpaid, this beautiful White Lawn Dress, made with tucked front and trimmed with two rows of fine embrodery insertion, embroidery collar and cuffs. A very pretty dress and a great bargain, ages 6 to 8, 95c, 10 to 14, $1.26; add 10c for postage. Order dress wioo8.

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Size of Sterling Silver Reproduction 2½ in. high

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The North-West Mounted Police.

(The 'Sun,' New York.)

There is probably no novelty in their experience in western Canada that American settlers on the wheat lands appreciate more than the red coated mounted policeman who, if not ubiquitous, is always within call, allowing for the distances he must sometimes ride when wanted. We speak of him as a novelty because the American farmer on his own prairies must look out for himself as a rule—in theory he has police protection, but he is seldom in a humor to invoke it and thinks ironically of it as an aegis. In short, he is his own policeman, and justice is a vague abstraction to him.

Imagine then how the alien who has taken his penates over the line regards a system of government that gives him a police protection that makes life safe, guards property, and executes justice on the wrongdoer, no matter what the cost. He may well wonder how the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, in numbers no stronger than the force in a second-rate American city, can preserve order and enforce the law in a territory extending from the American boundary line to the Arctic Circle, and comprising a million and a half of square miles. There are only a thousand of this constabulary, and yet there has never been a lynching in its vast jurisdiction, and no criminal can feel security within it or beyond it. It has occurred to us in reading an article about this famous corps in the December Century, by Miss Agnes Dean Cameron, that the protection which the settler has is as much moral as physical. Their motto, 'Maintien le droit,' the trooper renders, 'Go where you are sent.' He tries to do what he is told to do, and exercises his discretion when in doubt. It is true that the private or officer of the Northwest Mounted Police is a soldier as well as a policeman, but he is more than both; he is the law, and he has a tradition of unflinching bravery and a glorious prestige to nerve his arm. He is not supposed to count numbers, or weigh difficulties or consider hardships. Canada expects him to do his duty, not only 'this day,' but every day. He doesn't perform it because he is well paid or will be praised for his energy and courage. He receives 60 cents a day, and "it is the boast of the service that they seldom get into print." The Blue Books are the bleakest chronicles and you find nothing about the Royal Northwest Mounted Police in publications like the Statesman's Year Book. The force passes for a sort of foreign legion, and while it is true that the aristocrat as well as the lumberjack and the cockney is on its rolls, it recruits from all Canada, too. The qualifications are: 22 to 40 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, weight not over 175 pounds, physical soundness, ability to ride and groom a horse, and a certificate of good character. In such a country the powers of a commanding officer are necessarily wide, almost arbitrary. Thus Major Constantine tells the story of his duty in the Yukon fourteen years ago.

"The thermometer showed 70 degrees below. We had but five hours' daylight, with candles at $1.00 apiece, $120.00 a box. I was commander-in-chief, chief magistrate, home and foreign secretary. Three tables furnished my room, with a different kind of work on each of them. I walked from one to the other to rest. It was the end of July when I got there, and before the middle of November we had built nine houses, one of them seventy-five feet long. We cut and squared all the timber o elves. Yes, our shoulders got raw."

In a sense, every private in the force may be called upon to act as commander-in-chief, magistrate, and home and foreign secretary. He must be postman and physician for the settler, sometimes fireman; he must make arrests on his own responsibility anywhere, guard the timber reserves, make weather reports, collect crop figures, account for new settlers, look after stray stock, keep order in the mining camps, and at all times act as detective and pursue criminals. An American who killed his partner in the Lesser Slave Lake district was run down as far south as Laredo, Tex., convicted and hanged at a cost to the Dominion Government of $30,000. A Loucheux Indian who abandoned his two year old child to die beyond the Arctic Circle was tracked by one policeman, captured and taken 1,200 miles up the Mackenzie River in a canoe and down by lake and trail to Regina. Chief Piapot, defying the Government and camping with his tribe in the path of the Canadian Pacific track layers, was awed into submission by two redcoats, absolutely alone, who kicked down the keypoles of tent after tent after giving the chief fifteen minutes to remove them. One of the stories we like best of the efficiency of the Northwest Mounted Police is that told in a report of Corporal C. Hogg of the suppression of a "bad man" in a mining camp at North Portal:

"On the 17th instant, I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. The room was full of cowboys, and one Monaghan, or Cowboy Jack, was carrying a gun and pointed it at me, against sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it not serious. To the doctor Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun there'd be another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honor to report."

It seems that the corporal's tunic was spoiled by the cowboy's blood and much furniture was broken. We have also a tenderness for the youngster dying in a blizzard who had scribbled on a page torn from his pocket diary: "Lost. Horse dead. Am trying to push ahead. Have done my best." Corporal Conradi, remonstrated with for riding off to the relief of a family seemingly hemmed in by a prairie fire, shouted back, "You can't call a thing impossible till you try," and saved the family. "He is a brave man. I shall never forget his courage," wrote the settler to headquarters. We don't suppose the men of this splendid police are physically braver than any other men, although they are picked for their looks, but it seems to be that the esprit de corps which they feel causes them to compete with one another in achievement and makes them scornful to hesitate or show the white feather in the presence of danger. Their obedience to orders becomes as natural as drawing breath. Thus they are remarkably efficient and wonderfully confident. When Miss Cameron, who knows them by close observation, says that "on the margin of every page of the unwritten history of this great lone land the figure of the solitary horseman is vignetted," it is something more than figurative language.

The above illustration represents a group of Canadian born Sailors who have been recruited recently and trained aboard H. M. C. S. Rainbow. They are mostly Vancouver boys training for seamen, and promise to give a good account of themselves. They are now on their way to England in charge of a Petty Officer (to the left) to represent the Canadian navy of the Pacific coast at the Coronation. This is rather a unique picture and of interest considering the "Rainbow" has only been on the Cadadian coast since last November, so that they can really be called the first-born of the Cauadian Navy.

A Good Thought.—We read in a Scotch paper the other day: "A large employer said that he never distributed his pay envelopes without putting in them an inspirational leaflet; just a bit of printed matter to encourage his men, to spur their ambition, to incite them to higher endeavor. Men need something more than money. They need an encouraging word. They need antidotes for the blues! They need a friendly handshake—a handshake with a grip in it that helps a man to get a new grip on himself."

A Real "Teri."—They are enterprising people in Hawick, and that quality extends, apparently, to the dogs. The other day a collie, cornered in some way on the North Bridge, leaped over the side—near a hundred feet—down to the Tweed, and swam ashore, none the worse, to resume his duties of driving. He was a real "Teri-bus."

LADIES we have a number of left over one-piece dresses in all wool Panama and Luster, all colors and sizes, former price $6 send only $2.50, and 25c postage for one. Money returned if goods are sold before your order arrives. Order at once. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

Boys! Baseball Outfit Free

Boys! We are giving a dandy **Baseball Outfit** positively **FREE** exactly the same as shown in the above cut. It consists of a **fielder's glove** and **Catcher's mitt,** both made of good horsehide leather, a regulation size **ball,** a good strong **mask** and a regular **Baseball cap.** Send today for $4.50 worth of our high-grade embossed postcards, printed in lovely colors and gold. These sell like hot cakes at 6 for 10c; all our agents say so. When sold, return us the money, and we will send you the above outfit **all charges paid.** Any cards you cannot sell, we will exchange. **THE WESTERN PREMIUM CO., Dept. W. ... Winnipeg, Canada.**

SEND US $1.50.

Receive by return mail postpaid this fine muslin dress for ladies, all sizes from 32 to 40 bust, comes in pretty designs lower part of skirt ending in a pleated flounce, lace collar, braid trimmed, yoke belt, cuffs, and skirt. Give bust and skirt length, add 20c postage. Order to day.

STANDARD GARMET Co.,
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Music and the Drama.

Among the celebrated contemporaries of Mozart and Beethoven was Johann Nepomuk Hummel, who was born at Presburg in 1778, and died at Weimar in 1837. For many years he was the most prominent pianist in Germany. He was also a good teacher, a fine conductor, and a very clever extempore player. At one time he was considered as good as Beethoven. He was a pupil of Mozart's for two years and lived in his house. From 1788 to 1795 he toured as a pianist through Germany, Denmark, Holland and England. For seven years he was capellmeister to Prince Esterhazy, a position which Haydn filled for thirty years. From 1816 to 1820 he held the position of conductor at Stuttgart, after which he went to Weimar and Russia, and in the latter part of his life he conducted operas in England.

He composed three operas, two masses, and many piano solos, sonatas, trios, etudes, etc. Edward Danreuther says he was "endowed with curiously little inventive power, rarely warm, and quite incapable of humor and passion, but fully epuipped with every musical virtue that can be acquired by steady plodding, he appears expressly cut out for the hero of respectable mediocrity. The formidable size, conventional shape, and uniformly careful workmanship of his pieces, and particularly the brilliant treatment of the pianoforte part, misled his contemporaries to accept him as a master of the first order." And the people thought he was as good as Beethoven!

Daniel Stiebelt was another contemporary of Beethoven. He was born in Berlin in 1756 and died at St. Petersburg in 1823. He was a very talented pianist but a trite and superficial composer. From 1790 to 1796 he lived in Paris. In this gay city he was extremely popular, both as a player and teacher, and taught most of the fashionable ladies of the day, including the future Queen of Holland. While in Paris he composed an opera entitled "Romeo and Juliet," which the critics pronounced to be "learned, but labored and ugly," but with the people it was for a time successful. He was not over honest in his dealings, for at one time he sold to a publisher two of his compositions as new, and it was afterwards found out that they had been published before.

After this doubtful transaction, Paris became a little too hot for him, and he went to London. Here he wrote his famous "Storm Rondo," the popularity of which was enormous. The Rev. J. H. Mee says: "It was played in every drawing room in England; indeed the notorious 'Battle of Prague' could alone compete with it in popular favor." The musical taste in England at that time must have been at a very low ebb. Steibelt married an English lady, who was an accomplished performer on the piano and tambourine. He stayed in London about three years. In 1799 Steibelt went back to his native land, and made a concert tour through Germany. In Austria he had the temerity to challenge Beethoven to a piano contest. Of course, Beethoven accepted it, and Steibelt was so thoroughly beaten that he never wanted to see Beethoven again.

His German tour was not very successful, and he returned to Paris in 1800. He spent the remainder of his life in London, Paris and St. Petersburg.

I am sorry to say that Steibelt's character was not any better than it ought to have been. He was vain, arrogant, affected, discourteous, and overbearing in his manners. He had a great execution on the piano, but so little depth of feeling that it was impossible for him to play a slow movement properly. On the other hand, he did some good, for he was one of the first to find out the resources of the pedals. He also made some experiments in modulation which were unheard of in his day, but which helped to pave the way for our modern compositions. He wrote a great quantity of music of all sorts, but most of it is so trite and unorignal that it is deservedly forgotten.

Friedrich Wilhelm Kalkbrenner was a pianist and composer for his instrument who made a great name in his day, and even now his powers are not quite forgotten. He was born near Berlin in 1788. His early training was begun by his father, who was a talented musician. When he was ten years old he entered the Paris Conservatory, and after four years' study he gained a prize for piano playing and composition. He then went to Berlin and Vienna, where he played in public and met Hummel, Clementi, Albrechtsberger and Haydn. After this he went to London and lived there for nine years, playing in public and teaching. In 1824 he settled in Paris and became a partner in the piano firm of Pleyel and Co. Here he was a successful teacher and performer, and made a considerable fortune. In 1831, Chopin, who was then a young man, came to Paris and found out that Kalkbrenner was the most prominent figure in musical circles; his playing was upheld as a model, and his compositions, which are now forgotten, were highly esteemed. Chopin wanted to make his way in the world, so he called on Kalkbrenner and played to him. Kalkbrenner told him that if he would bind himself to be his pupil for three years he would make him a good artist! Chopin took no lessons from him, but in order to please him dedicated one of his concertos to him. Soon after this, Mendelssohn said to Chopin: "You had nothing to learn from Kalkbrenner; you play better than he does." Chopin spoke very highly of Kalkbrenner's technique and self-possession, but he did not think highly enough of him to become his pupil.

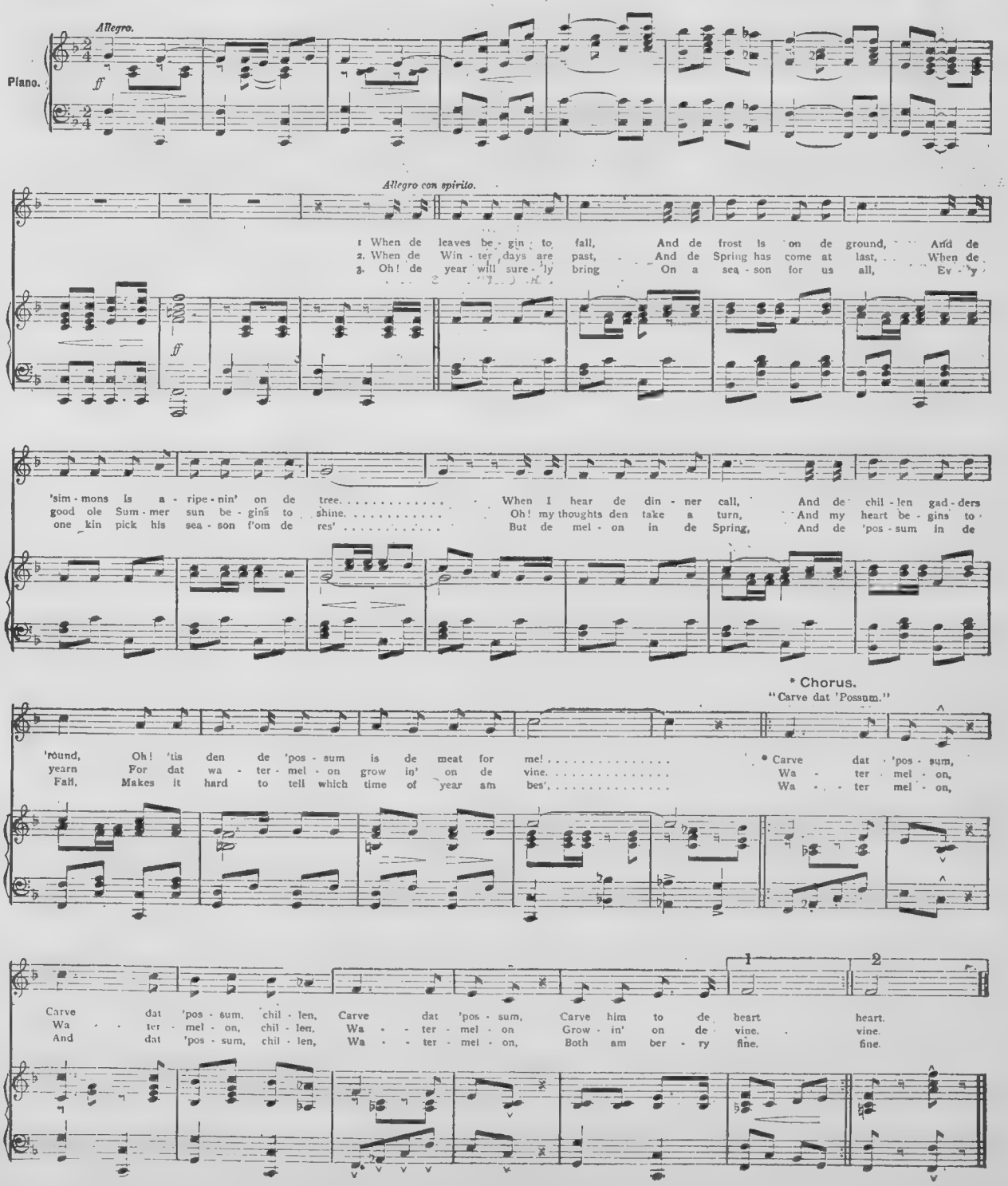
Kalkbrenner was a very vain man, and not very particular what he did in order to make people think he was a fine musician. He once called on Professor Marx in Berlin, and said that since Hummel, he (Kalkbrenner) was the only one who could improvise in the true classical spirit. Kalkbrenner then opened the piano and improvised for a quarter of an hour. Marx was delighted and astounded; but he was more astonished the next morning when he opened a parcel of music which had just arrived from Paris to find that the first piece he looked at was the identical piece which Kalkbrenner had pretended to improvise the previous day.

Kalkbrenner wrote four concertos, a septet, sextet and quintet, and several piano sonatas; but although his works were correctly written, their brilliancy did not make up for their want of genius. He died of cholera at Enghein, near Paris in 1849.

Winnipeg musicians will be surprised to hear that Paul Henneberg—so well known here—has made some choice records of instrumental selections for the Columbia Phonograph Company, which we had the pleasure of listening to in the Graphophone Parlors of the Winnipeg Piano Company, and in this interesting way renewed a very old acquaintanceship. It is quite a compliment to Mr. Henneberg to be included among the Columbian record artists, who comprise many of the leading lights of the musical world, such as Bonci, Madame Nordica, Alice Neilsen, Mary Garden, Lina Cavallieri, David Bispham, etc.

Thomas A. Edison:—If you want to become intelligent you must take your own little pitcher to the well of knowledge and dip it in yourself.

Andrew Carnegie:—It is stupid of men who have wealth not to see what good they can do whilst they are alive, instead of leaving it to others after them.

"Carve Dat 'Possum."

What the World is Saying.

Going Some.

Canada is the worlds' greatest record-breaker. This is our century.—Prince Rupert Optimist.

Diversived Politics

Germany has fifteen political parties. There must be many sides to every question in the fatherland.—Edmonton Journal.

A Slam at Civic Solons

Medicine Hat is to pay aldermen $10 for attending meetings. Sometimes it would be worth $10 to have aldermen stay away.—Calgary Herald.

Barred Out

The hobble skirt has been excluded from all Court functions, and in this matter Britain is still an absolute monarchy.—Victoria Colonist.

Sky-Scraping Winnipeg

In spite of the vastness of the West there is no longer room on the ground for Winnipeg. A sixteen-story skyscraper is in immediate prospect.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Mary and George Gifts

The Marys of Ontario contributed $1,300; the Georges a little over $90. Genorosity seems to be the failing, if so it might be called, of the fair sex.—St. Catharines (Ont) Journal.

Qualified [Thankfulness.]

Russia has been undoubtedly better off since it has had a Duma, but how little our Parliament is allowed to achieve. Still, a little Duma better than no Duma at all.—Moscow Viedomosti.

Smugglers of the Fair Sex

A Customs raid at Prescott and Brockville resulted in a successful levy on a number of lady smugglers. If these ladies have been given to theorizing as to who pays the duty they will probably abandon the practice.—Toronto Globe.

A Matter of Convenience

A bill before Parliament provides that when white men put a city of 10,000 or over near an Indian reserve the Indians, not the white men, can be moved elsewhere. This is according to the rule of least inconvenience.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Inflow from the States

The fact that there is a "land hunger" in the United States which the latter country is unable to satisfy affords an explanation in part of the exodus from that country to Canada an exodus which must ever increase in volume.—Brantford Expositor.

As to who Pays the Duty.

The hotelkeepers have determined to make the new Ontario Government tax indirect, and consequently unconstitutional, by shifting it to the consumer. Here is scope for theorists who are fond of speculating as to who pays the duty.—Montreal Witness.

The Shortest Route to Europe

With a Hudson's Bay port handling the freight of western Canada destined for European points, and a Labrador port looking after freight and passengers of the east both winter and summer, it will be impossible for the United States to compete with this country in the translantic carrying trade.—Lethbridge Herald.

What He Lacks

The hobble skirt has been banned at all court functions and for the coronation by orders from Queen Mary. A hint to milliners that big hats must go is now expected. The Queen will find a lot of sympathetic subjects on those decisions. More than one Windsor husband would like to have her authority for a few minutes.—Windsor (Ont.) Record.

A Bad Showing

We are travelling too fast in Canada in some directions. Our railways killed 615 persons last year, which was an increase of 110. For a long time the record of our railways was about as good as the almost bloodless one of Great Britain. Now we appear to be following the lead of the United States in our reckless disregard of human life.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Standing of Canadian Cities.

The census this year will show a marked change in the standing of the various cities in Canada. Winnipeg with an estimated population of nearly 200,000, has jumped into third place. Vancouver is fourth, Ottawa fifth, Hamilton sixth, Quebec seventh, and probably Calgary eighth. Halifax, St. John and London will run pretty close for ninth place, with Victoria and Edmonton not far behind.—St. John (N. B.) Globe.

Naming New Western Towns.

There will be a new town born on the prairie every second day during 1911. No race suicide about this business, but it is to be devoutedly hoped that the gentlemen who act as wet nurses during these developments will think of some suitable names for their proteges, that they will not be ashamed of when they grow to maturity.—Vancouver Province.

Borrowing.

The individual who gets into debt must practice industry and economy, or his debt will overwhelm him. As is the individual so is the community or the nation. The readiness of the foreign capitalist to lend to us his money is a proof of his confidence that he will be paid for the use of it and that the debt will be made good some day, but that imposes upon the borrower toil almost untiring and prudence unremitting.—Hamilton Herald.

Foundations of Marriage.

Fundamentally the obligation of marriage rests neither upon legal contract nor upon religious ceremony but upon loyalty, affection and honor, divine laws that are stamped upon every human heart. The relations of man and wife, of parents and child, are universally and eternally sacred. They do not rest upon statutes and creeds; statutes and creeds rest upon them, and from them derive all the strength and virtue they possess.—Toronto Star.

Deplorable

There are few fields of achievement in which the East excels the bounding West. In a recent missionary address at Ottawa, the Rev. Canon Tucker conveyed the impression that there were picturesque features in this country other than the scenery. He said: "You think that woodmen in the Ottawa Valley can swear but if you want to hear blasphemy reduced to a fine art you have to hear the loggers of British Columbia. When one of them starts it would make the hair stand up on your head."—Toronto News.

Westward the Star of Finance

The removal of the head offices of two banks from Halifax, the one to Toronto and the other to Montreal, is referred to as suggesting the possibility of other westward movements in the executive power of banking. There are now three chartered banks with head offices west of the lakes, and the West is making the most rapid advances.—Monetary Times.

General French's Prediction

General French is reported as saying that the aeroplane will make an end of all existing apparatus of war, but he puts the date of this accomplishment thirty years hence. The time is somewhat far off, but is worth waiting for. If the people get ready also they may be able in thirty years to insist that the burden of war preparation shall be taken off their shoulders.—Montreal Gazette.

The Potent Sex

Prohibition has just been defeated in Colorado Springs, largely, it is said, by the votes of women. In the state of Washington a short time ago the women voters were given credit for the triumph of the prohibition movement. In Milwaukee the Socialists have just sustained a loss in the municipal elections, and the votes of women are said to have done it. In Kent, Wis. the Socialists have triumphed and the women are getting the thanks. It would seem that whatever happens where women have the franchise they must now be responsible for it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

No. 1 Hard Better than Diamonds

They have discovered diamonds in British Columbia. But as promoters of national prosperity, all the diamonds in the world are not a patch on the No. 1 Hard of the Prairie provinces.—Toronto Telegram.

The Ultimate Consumer Pays

Fruit importers in the United States, opposed to the duty on lemons are painting upon every box which they clear through the customs the legend: "If lemons were free this box would cost you $1.26 less." That is about the neatest way of making the public feel the tariff burden that has yet been devised. The great security of tariff-defenders lies in the fact that so few consumers get a chance to realize the exact amount of their loss. —London Advertiser.

If Parents will not, School Must

Goody-goody persons and those who haven't the strength of character to speak out boldly for a stand they know to be right have assumed a do-nothing attitude when it comes to the question of moral purity among boys and girls of the land. It has been the fatal ignorance, coupled with the curiosity that had its origin with Eve that has resulted in deplorable conditions. Enlighten the child at the proper age. If parents will not do it the school is the right place. Banish false modesty.—Brockville Recorder.

A Los Angeles View

A Canadian, be it remembered, is not a stage Britisher with a slipped-down chest and a checker-board vest, who is shy of his h's and who is cheated by a beaver-hatted-chin-goateed, nasal-voiced stage Yankee. The Canuck has grafted upon his British stock the alertness and snap of his American neighbor, and if he gets the worst of it in any trade with Uncle Sam, it will astonish those who know him.—Los Angeles Times.

A Wondrous Change

Mr. Duming, a South African, a Boer who fought with his countrymen against the British in the big war addressed the Ottawa Boy Scouts Saturday night, both giving them some excellent advice as to imperial loyalty and praising discriminatingly the British army. Ten years ago not even the wildest guess would have approached the truth of this, had anyone, during the South African war, prophesied that in a decade those stern fighters would, as honored citizens of an important portion of the Empire, be advising loyalty, devotion and service to the Empire, it would have seemed beyond the bounds of reason or possibility.—Ottawa Evening Journal

Canada's Ocean Coasts

When Manitoba and the Dominion come to an agreement over the Manitoba boundary extension question a settlement of which in some form is inevitable, Manitoba will then become a seaboard province, touching salt water at Hudson's Bay. Then the maritime provinces, Quebec, Ontario will all touch salt water, and some day, if the two prairie provinces are extended north, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier once indicated, to include the unorganized Mackenzie district on the Arctic, every Canadian province will have a portion of its border lying along one of the earth's oceans, which is rather an extraordinary thing, seeing it is possible to go about as far away from salt in water Canada as in any other portion of the world.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

Kissing at the Coronation

There is one rather dreadful quarter of an hour in store for the King at his Coronation. The Archbishop will kiss him. Yes—but wait! Then come the Princes of the Blood Royal, and the representatives of the peers, all of whom will kiss him. To be kissed by a lot of haphazard men is not a pleasant experience for the Englishman. If it were a choice of being King or refusing to be kissed by the Archbishop and the House of Lords, this writer would make the great refusal. And probably with the assent of the others. Kissing is most unpopular among English-speaking people. That is the offical, the family kiss. There is another for which Latin gives the third name, and the lover's kiss endures. But only high potentates can be persuaded to exchange the official kiss (the Registrar-General is not to be kissed by the census enumerators). The British boy has quite given up being kissed by his father, and he is kissed by his sister and his aunt only by compulsion In the general life we have eliminated the kiss of the official and the kiss of the family, much to our content. But, of course, when a King is crowned we must "put him through it!"—London Chronicle

Poetry.

MAN AND SHADOWS

By W. H. Minns, Cascade, British Columbia

January, 14th

Just a shadow crossed my mind,
But I could not say from where,
And when I thought, 'twas hard to find
The reason of its falling there.

Man:—

From whence comest ye, Oh, thou shadow of the past
From what bourne hailest ye, say art thou from evil,
Or from good? If in thy bosom aught is concealed
Which man should know, unrobe thyself, cast off the veil
Which hides thy face, that we may know thee as thou art.

Shadow:—

What wouldst thou know, oh, weakling. Seek ye to know
The mysteries of the grea. unknown hidden in the womb
Of Nature, or would ye that I unveil eternity
To thy vulgar gaze. Know ye not vain stripling
Before such cometh to pass tribulations, sorrows
And many falls be thine; thought on thought must fly
Into the space of time, some sterile, others rich in good
For the benefit of thy kin; steep flights of nature's
Knowledge must be scaled, and veil on veil, riven from
The face of the aged past, before even thy
Puny self be shewn a glimpse of the All In All;
What wouldst thou question once again?

Man:—

Oh, thou shadow that envelopes all Creation
Reveal to us the secret of this life of ours
So complex in nature, yet so beautifully formed
So fragile, yet so strong, feebly, yet ever struggling
Through the misty shadows to the light that is beyond,
Gifted yet enchained by short existence to thy
Chariot wheel, we most humbly beg assistance
This our problem to reveal.

Shadow:—

From the chaos of the universe to the present time
The All In All, the Great Unknown, has cast my mantle
'Twixt himself and thee; ever hiding a wise purpose
Which only time, its beauty can unfold.
Listen ye, whom would the Godhead know
In this short space of travail through which you now are
Passing, thy spirit hampered by its mortal clay
Is doomed to pass a short existence struggling for
The light of day. Ever onward, ever upward
Each must grasp whate'er he can and so bring himself
As near perfection as is possible in this
His mortal span. Each to each must add his quota
Tearing down the mortal veil, so that when the clay
That binds you is decayed and its bonds are burst away
You will then be better able to grasp the light
Of the dawning day.
Hearken once again. Humble thyself and bow
In prayer. Bring the Great Unknown to thy side
And feel His presence there. Then in lowly reverence
Speak as two immortal spirits in communion
And accept His will in childlike love and take the peace
That's given you from behind the shadow from above.
Thus, and thus only do ye ascend from plane to plane,
By casting back to earth the earthy and holding
Thyself free from blemish, by purging vain falsehood
In the light of crystal truth.
By so doing, oh, weakling, may ye grow strong and
Grasp the shafts of light that come from the Beyond.

Man:—

Great shadow of the past we hear thee and to thy
Dictum bow. We would advance in the ages' lore
And grasp the shafts of light that quiver for a moment
In dazzling brightness, and then vanish in the gloom
Of blackness. Gloom so intense, that were it not for
Thy assurance, would set enthroned a King in
Memory's hall, and mind and peace for ever be entomed within
A whited sepulchre.
Once more, oh, shadow, out of the depth of thy all
Embracing love speak that we may live
Heed not the polluted quivering mass of sin
But, rather listen to the cries of the sinking
Spirits in distressing agony far removed
From all that's pure and good. Speak that we may learn.

Shadow:—

The shafts of light ye see, oh, weaklings of the
Present age, are messages diffused, but being
As ye are, cannot grasp their import but as sure
As night follows day, so shall advancing spirits
Hold the rays, and as unit following unit
Gathers strength from force behind so shall the forward
Spirits expound the noble living truth these gleams of light convey,
Souls, if only lifted for a moment from their
Desponding depths, expand and grow in fragrance
Until its sweetness is an incense to the tortured spirits fall.
Hear ye once again. The Source of All is waiting,
Waiting ever for an upturned glance, sincerely
Seeking knowledge from the light of truth.
The source is in Himself. His wisdom is unending
Ask fervently, oh, puny one, and if it be
For thy eternal good, it shall be granted thee
Linger no longer in the depths of blackness, but
Cast thine eyes upward to the Arc of Truth and grow
Strong in the faith it teacheth thee and more worthy
Of the source from which all life doth flow
I commend thee absorb its influence each day,
Let its light so shine as will attract within its sphere
Others wandering to a bourne more dark than that
Of ten thousand ages gone.

Man:—

Great shadow we have heard unfolded, that which gives us life.
Streams that were pent up and dried, again break forth in
Loveliness, their music bringing balm and solace
To our souls. Spent and weary we have bathed in
Their refreshing coolness and once more are braced to
Gather in the gems of knowledge which in our weakness
We would bring to our support. Oh, thou, steeped
In the knowledge of the past
Whither wends the spirit in its flight from mortal clay?
Canst thou guide us, oh, shadow to the light of day.

Shadow:—

Strip not that which from thy present weakness it is
Not good for thee to know. Live only as commanded,
By the voice of the Unknown, draw near that thy
Courage may be strengthened and thy soul refined
To bear the light which on thee must surely shine.
Would ye enter the presence of the All In All
Deformed and vile, or would ye grow beautiful
As a dream in nature; if so ye must call the
Light from the Arc of Truth and let its whiteness show
Forth as the brilliance of the morning light.
Know ye, thy immortal soul cannot lose its way
Clothed in the rays, which ye have attained in mortal clay
Ye are borne upward on the wings of love to the
Plane for which ye are prepared to stay
Here thy second life is entered and truth always
Being thy guide leads thee forward to the higher life.
Thy soul is not thine own to kill, likewise it cannot die
Delay, if thou wilt, but through the eons of time
It will return one day a perfected living
Spirit fit to enter the presence of the Unseen,
Therefore strive with all thy might towards the light of His divine presence. Steep thyself in its radiance.
Until it permeates thy being, so that at the last
Great call when summoned from thy preparations
Ye may enter near the Source of All—
Neglect this wisdom oh, weakling and the rays of
Light for you will be in vain. Thy soul once more
Cast forth upon itself without a radiant guide
Will wander through untold ages doomed to the plane
Of sorrow and remorse, until once more the Source
Of Infinite love raise thee near His side and give
Thee still another chance to cleanse thy Earthly stain
What wouldst thou weakling? Has my lesson been in vain?

Great shadow we have heard
We in obeisance bow in lowly reverence,
Thy lesson has taught us many things and brought
Our egotism low. We grasp, we are but flotsam
Thrown on the wings of time, to mar or make ourselves
And in our weakness, ask thee bear with us yet
A little while, and in ages yet distant when
The veil of mystery of the past is pierced and
Stands revealed a vision glorious, we will
Remember, that by thy patience and assistance,
We have grown strong.

Shadow:—

It is well. I will remain even unto the end.

THE MAN IN THE SHACK

By John Prescott Guild

A hail to the man in the shack,
Upon the wild prairies' vast reach,
Where the buffaloes late left a track,
Their bones in the chinook winds bleach
Old Ocean rolled over these wastes,
For hundreds of thousands of years;
Here fishes and caltuses chased,
And land 'tween long ages appeared.

O'er spread with a blanket of ice,
Was all the old boreal clim—e
As scientists tell us,—e'en twice
Was frozen the world in its prime.
The seas have ensifted their grime,
Upheaved is the fructified soil;
And now, in the fullness of time,
The man in the shack comes to toil

Co-worker with what is named God,
Creators of Edens we find;
To summon, from sleep in the sod,
The life-bread for our human-kind:
A builder and leader is he,
A new world he bears on his back;
Age—golden, which is yet to be,
Helps onward the man in the shack.

Calgary, Alberta, Nov. 7, 1910.

TRIFLES

Mrs. Wm. G. Matheson, Port Morien, Cape Breton, N.S.

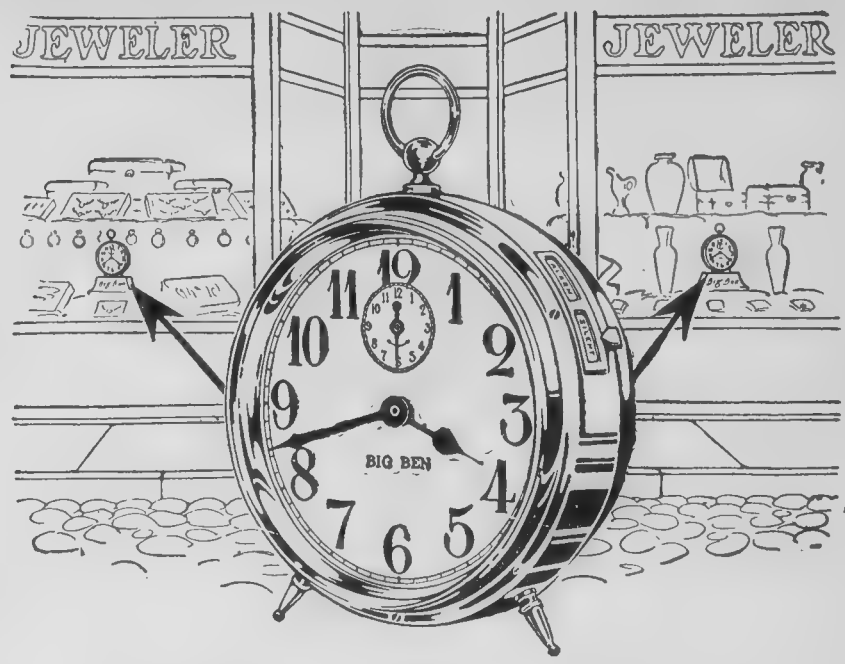
A flash of sun—in a golden west,
A star afloat—in a sea of blue,
A thought of the one we love the best,
A word with a friend—who is tried and true,
Thus—Nature speaks to our hearts and sings—
"Life is made of just trifling things."

The lilac's breath—when the wind blows strong
A water-lily with heart of gold,
A kindly deed in a world of wrong,
A tired head—that our arms can fold,
Thus—Nature comforts, and croons and sings—
"Life is made of just trifling things."

A friendly nod—in a crowded way,
News—from some comrade of "days gone by,"
And—another truth—we have learned today—
The folly of asking "how!" or "why!"
And Nature cuddles us up, and sings
"Life!—my children—is trifling things."

A day a field—in the leafy time—
When skies are clear—and the woods are green,
The lilt of a song in silver rhyme,
Now who believes in a "might have been?"
When Nature draws us so close, and sings
"You cannot miss your precious things."

(Frances)



Look for Me in Your Dealer's Window

I'm the alarm clock that wakes you as pleasantly on the darkest, coldest winter mornings as *sunlight* does in summer.

Look for me in your dealer's window. You can't miss me. I've a smiling, sunshiny face; big, plainly read figures and a "well-made appearance" that distinguishes me from all other alarm clocks.

I shouldn't really be called an alarm clock for I never "alarmed" anyone out of bed in my life.

I look like a *big watch*. I'm practically *handmade* like a watch and I keep *watch-time*. I've got a regular *watch escapement* and the *escapement* is the *heart of every watch*. I tick lightly and fast like watches do—not heavily and slowly like common alarm clocks.

I must run for six days under inspection and *keep accurate time* all that time before I leave the factory.

I've an inner casing of steel, so I'm dust-proof and ox-strong.

I've a handsome triple-plated non-rustable case—"*thin model*" *style*, like the newest watches.

Hear me ring the "National Call to Breakfast"—at intervals for fifteen minutes or steadily as you choose. Note how *cheerfully* my breakfast bell *sings out*. Then hand the dealer $3.00 and take me home.

I can be had from any dealer.

If you want to be "first in the field" have me—Big Ben—wake you in the morning.

BIG BEN

Care of WESTERN CLOCK CO., La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

If your dealer doesn't sell me I'll come express prepaid on receipt of $3.00

Forty Thousand in Prize Money.

Prize List for Canadian Industrial Exhibition, at Winnipeg, is Issued. Imposing Lists for Competition

The Prize List for the Annual Exhibition at Winnipeg is out, and is being distributed throughout the world. The list reflects the change in name that has been made by the Exhibition, and instead of being the 21st Annual Exhibition it is the first 'Canadian Industrial Exhibition" at Winnipeg. The list details the conditions whereby the Exhibition's liberal offering of forty thousand dollars is distributed as prizes among ninety-one major classes. The list makes an imposing book of 100 pages, and is filled with information for every possible exhibitor.

The revisions and additions to the list this year reflect the gradual but sure broadening of agricultural conditions in Western Canada.

Copies of the list may be obtained by application to the Association at Winnipeg.

CHANGES IN THE PRIZE LIST

The Exhibition Prize List for 1911 notes a number of changes and additions. Among breeding classes of horses full lists of prize money has been added for Belgians and Suffolk Punch drafters. A special prize of $60 and $40 or silver plate for amateur showing has also been offered for a six horse draft team in harness.

A class has been added for middle weight jumpers.

In cattle substantial additions have been made to the value of the premiums for Herefords, Aberdeen Angus, Holsteins, Ayrshires, Jerseys and Red Polls, while a special contributed cup is offered for the best dairy herd of four females.

In swine, the Poland Chinas have been given added premiums.

The schedule for cheese has been revised, and greatly increased in value to lucky competitors.

Fifteen classes for home-made pastry have been added, and the competition for home-made bread is made unique by an offering of first, second, and so on through nine prizes, starting at ten dollars.

Professional florists will find $375 hung up for a showing of floral displays.

The classification conditions in the world's famous agricultural motor competition have been revised to prove more equitable to all classes, and classes have been added for kerosene burning internal combustors

A grand total of $40,000.00 is offered in prize money for competitions open to the world. Entries generally close June 30. There are numerous and valuable special prizes and trophies, in addition to those directly offered by the Association.

Boys and Girls

Send 15c. for our new Inkless Fountain Pen. "They write by simply dipping in water. Dandy for home and school use."

And we will send FREE and postpaid 5 beautiful high-grade postcards, also full particulars of our new Premium plan. Address

W. Stephens Co.

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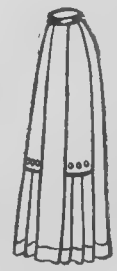

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Football Free

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ART POSTCARD CO.
Dept. 111, Winnipeg, Canada.

Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Fireless Cookers

During the past month I have been making practical tests with a caloric cooker. That is the kind of fireless cooker which will bake as well as boil and stew. I do not think for a moment that I have fully tested the capabilities of one of these cookers, but I have certainly got some interesting results and some which I think will be useful to any woman, either on a farm or in a small town, who wants to cook food during the hot weather which requires long and gentle boiling or slow and steady baking. My first experiment was with oatmeal porridge. I started my porridge in the usual way, by allowing the water to come to a boil and stirring the meal in lightly. The radiators which come with this form of cooker are made of soapstone, about the size of the ordinary stove lid and about one and a half inches thick. They have an iron loop in the centre by which to lift them by means of a small hook with a long handle. To heat one of these radiators thoroughly requires from fifteen to twenty minutes over the flame of a gas-stove, and, judging by comparisons made with the heating qualities of wood and gas stoves, I should think that half an hour would be necessary on a wood stove to heat the radiator to the same temperature. I had, of course, heated the radiator previous to making my porridge. I put it into the cooker, put the porridge in its pail on top, shut up the whole thing tightly at 11.30 at night, and went to bed. When I got up at 7.30 the next morning my porridge was perfectly cooked and still sufficiently hot to eat without re-heating. This one dish alone, cooked over night, would be a great boon to the housewife on a farm, as the same heat which made my half-pint of porridge would have cooked a sufficient quantity for eight or ten men.

Stewing Meat.

My next experiment was with stewing beef steak. I put two pounds of round steak, cut two inches thick, into cold water, and with it about half a dozen carrots, cut in half. I put this, all cold, into the cooker on top of the radiator which had been heated for twenty minutes, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. When I returned from my office at six-thirty, having had the courage to bring with me two friends, I found my steak cooked to a turn. It was as tender as chicken, and all that was necessary was to thicken the gravy and serve it at once. My next venture was with a roast of lamb. I had two pounds and a half of loin roast and put it into the cooker at 3 o'clock in the afternoon with one radiator below it and one above. Both radiators had been heated for twenty minutes. I was detained that afternoon and did not reach home until after seven o'clock. I found the meat perfectly roasted and not dried up as it would certainly have been had it been left an hour longer than was intended in the ordinary oven.

I have baked both sponge cake and ginger bread in it, but I don't think that, where the radiators have to be heated over a wood stove, there would be much gain in doing this. Though I have not actually tried bread, I am convinced that the very best possible results could be obtained in bread-making, as it would be possible for the housewife to put her bread in and go away and leave it with all confidence for two or even three hours if necessary, and the cooker being absolutely air-tight and the steam all held in, the bread would have very much the flavor and consistency of that which used to be baked in the old-fashioned bake kettles or in the Dutch ovens so popular in many of the country districts in Ontario. A supper dish which is always popular with cold meat, namely, scalloped potatoes, can be left in for three hours if necessary. Tapioca, sago and rice all cook beautifully.

This is as far as I have actually gone with cooking but I intend to try a number of the dishes which are described in the cook-book which goes along with cooker. So far I find this book very accurate in the matter of the time necessary for the different dishes. The size of cooker which I have costs, retail, $11.50, and is large enough to cook for a family of four or five. By using the divided, three-cornered sauce-pans, it would be possible to have a pot-roast, potatoes and a milk pudding, all cooked at the same time, for that number of people. I can imagine nothing more satisfactory than these cookers for the boiling of ham, a very necessary operation on the farm and one which requires hours of steady boiling and the consequent over-heating of the house in the summer time. The particular cooker which I am using is the same make as that in use at the General Hospital in Winnipeg, only of course, their's is of gigantic size. Everything in the shape of soup or broth, and meat which requires long boiling or slow roasting, is now cooked for the patients in this way, which is pronounced by experts, not only such a saver of heat and trouble to the housewife, but absolutely the most scientific method of cooking from the standpoint of digestion. I shall hope, from time to time, to say more about this cooker, as I make further experiments with it. It should have great attractions for the men batching on homesteads. The curse of that form of like is the constantly fried food, which is not nourishing and which is so singularly bad for the digestion. With one of these cookers, there would be obsolutely nothing to prevent the bachelor having well-cooked porridge for his breakfast and equally well-cooked meat, either boiled or roasted, for his dinner.

Women Farmers.

I see that Sedgewick, Alta., has a woman farmer in the person of Miss May, of Norfolk, England, a daughter of Admiral May who has taken up one of the C.P.R. ready-made farms. Miss May has brought out a friend to do the housekeeping end for her and is giving herself wholly to the out-door work. She is said to be able to ride a horse and handle a plow with any expert. For her farm work she very sensibly wears the clothing which long custom has taught us to speak of as "man's attire." Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the famous suffrage leader in New York, is making a very interesting experiment in intensive farming for women. She has a farm of 300 acres at Long Island, and some little time ago induced a number of girls to give up work in city offices and factories and go out and work on this land. They started with small plots of garden stuff, which they attended to exclusively themselves, but now, as they become more experienced they are branching out and are giving themselves to fruit farming on a fairly extended scale. They have shown a particular aptitude for keeping trees free from parasites, and have very quickly learned to prune them. These young women also wear bloomers and belted blouses, strong boots and heavy black stockings. Some of them who when they left New York, looked as though they were ready to die, are now reported as physically sound and fit, and they are earning fair wages and dong their work in a manner highly satisfactory to Mrs. Laura Williams, who has charge of this particular farm belonging to Mrs. Belmont. The success of these girls should be specially interesting to any young women who are thinking of going into fruit farming or to work on fruit farms in British Columbia

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No Women Allowed.

I see our friends of the Methodist church continue to be beautifully inconsistent on the subject of the representation of women in their national conferences. I imagine that if the membership of the Methodist Church in Canada were checked to-day, there would be found to be at least three women members to every man. The amount of money raised by the various organizations of women inside of that Church for home and foreign missions is amazing; but they must not sit in the conference where the laws to govern the Church are made and rules and regulations are laid down. What I would like to see would be the uniform movement on the part of the women of the Methodist Church in Canada to absolutely refrain from any species of church work or money raising for objects in connection with the church for the period of one year. I think the lesson would be so salutory to the ministers of that organization—for be it known that the opposition is mainly from the ministers—that they would never forget it.

Mrs. A. D. BENNETT.

Vice President for Manitoba and Saskatchewan, of Canadian Womens' Press Club.

Seeing Canada.

Within the past few weeks I had the pleasure of much talk with Mr. William Campbell, representing the Dundee Courier, the Dundee Weekly News, the Ardrossan Herald and the Glasgow Evening News. Mr. Campbell's special mission in Canada is to write a series of articles on the opportunities in Canada for the men and women from the old land. Without casting any reflection on his predecessors, Mr. Campbell struck me as having a more intelligent grasp of what he ought to find out than any old country newspaper man whom I have previously met. He was particularly keen on information in regard to the opportunities for women, and ex-

Chas. Mitchell's farm, Assiniboine Valley.

pressed his desire to write only such articles as would give actual conditions in the Canadian West as they apply to the proposed woman immigrant. I tried to give him a reasonable idea of what was required out here, and recommended very strongly that he interview as many as possible of the old country women who have been out here some years and who have made a success. If any readers of this column meet with Mr. Campbell I hope they will try to help him in his work. The old country has many capable women who are finding it almost impossible to make a comfortable living over there, and the Canadian West is starving for adequate help for the women on the farm. There should surely be some means found of bringing these two great needs together.

UNINTENTIONAL.

The publishers of "The Western Home Monthly" regret the reference made in this column some issues ago to Miss Playfair's success with a newspaper at Belmont, and which quite unintentionally reflected on the success of the paper under its former management. They regret the occurrence and the injury and offence inadvertently given. It is but right however to state that the information did not come in any way from Miss Playfair.

Main Street, Winnipeg—1882.

Rest.

Of all the busy women in these days of strenuous living some of our farmers' wives are perhaps the busiest; if not any more busy than others their work is usually harder, and while it is true that their occupation is healthier there is a great deal of sameness about it, and they soon begin to bewail their "nerves"—headaches, insomnia and depression come into their lives as unwelcome guests.

Almost all women, both in town and country, are anxiously trying to "get on," as they term it, and they attempt far more than they can well accomplish, thus ushering in the nervous breakdown, with its train of disorders. How much better to take things more quietly?

In many lives the seeming "duties" rush so upon one that there seems to be no opportunity for repose, and vulgar unrest sets in, which is often barren of real achievement, and a fagged-out condition follows, with a lack of appetite and miserableness generally. All of the e might have been averted if the needed bodily rest had been taken.

It is said that all hard working pople should take at least half an hour of complete rest after meals. It is the systematic rest that does the good, not the desultory, and the best medicine that can be taken. While sound slumber at night is nature's own method of nerve repair, it needs the supplementary nap during the day.

No less than eight hours of sleep should be taken every night, and no doubt more would be better, especially for those whose business requires much mental activity. An abundance of sleep superinduces better work, and one will keep younger and healthier for taking it.

Overwork and undersleep will bring irritability, a worried mind, etc.; in other words, the nerves will be all on edge. Take some recreation, have a bit of fancy work, or spend a little time among the flowers, which are God's sweet messengers of love to tired souls, and the poor nerves will receive tone, soothing and rest.

Every person in health has a reserve force of energy and strength; if this is continuously drawn upon, a breakdown must follow in time, and the result will be a distinct loss, even if much more than ordinary was accomplished prior to the collapse.

After such an experience it takes long to restore the normal condition again. Rest and quiet are the two sedatives needed. "Loosen the tention both of mind and body," and renewed strength will finally come; forget everything, and just rest. You will find that the tangle will be taken out of your nerves, and you will become like a new creature if you but change the routine of your life and lessen the strain.

Hurry and excitement are subtle nerve wasters, and we beg of you, dear sisters, do not allow the precious baby in the home to be disturbed when sleeping for any cause whatever; and when awake let the little thing have quiet; dont keep him in an excited condition by tossing him, shaking rattles at him, shouting at him, jumping at him, etc. His nerves become over-excited; no wonder he is fretful. Give him a chance to develop as God intended him to do, and he will grow up stronger and healthier for your considerateness.

"I'M OFF FOR THE GOLDEN WEST."

By C. J. Byrne, Winnipeg

From Liberty's dome I'm going to roam,
For the rays of her guiding light
Stretch far and wide my path to guide
And keep my foot-steps right;
So I'm going away and I'm going to stay
Just beyond the rocky crest,
Where fortune waits with open gates—
I'm off for the Golden West.

There's a welcome light o'er Mountains bright,
With snow capped Towers beaming
And far below the Waters flow
Sparkling pure and gleaming;
On the other side of the great divide
Where the sun goes down to rest,
While its fiery rays set the skies ablaze—
I'm off for the Golden west.

Where the big guns roar on Pacific's shore,
Where the "Chinook" breezes blow;
Through the fruit trees grand in that orchard land,
Where the big red apples grow,
Where the Waters blue seem happy too
In that World away from the rest;
I would sooner be there than any where
In God's Great Golden West.

A New Departure

Nearly one thousand stores in The Great West feature McCall Hats. Heretofore we have only mailed our style sheets to the dealers.

SPECIAL OFFER

We have several hundreds of our latest style sheet now on hand, from which the three models shown here are selected.

No 2014.

SPECIAL OFFER

While they last we will mail a copy to any lady interested in high grade millinery on request, and will also advise her who carries **McCall Hats** in her locality.

No. 2010

June 1911

will be a month of celebrations and general rejoicing. To have the proper holiday spirit your appearance must be just right.

No. 2016

The D. McCall Co. Limited

Importers and Manufacturers of Millinery, Wholesale Only

375 Hargrave St. Winnipeg, Man.

QUEBEC MONTREAL OTTAWA TORONTO

Dress the Children Well and Economically

We are specialists in children's garments. Sanford clothing gives wonderful wear, even with roughest usage.

Buy a Sanford suit for your boy and tell him it was made by the company that sent the first shipment of any kind of goods from Eastern Canada to the West (In 1868). He will be proud to wear such clothing.

Sanford Clothing

(SOVEREIGN BRAND)

FOR

BOYS, YOUTHS AND MEN

Spring Overcoats
Raincoats, Trousers
Etc., Etc.

Besides children's garments, we also make a specialty of light Overcoats and Trousers, and the man who likes quality, snappy style, perfect tailoring and absolute fit in his clothes at a moderate price can do no better than call on the "Sanford" dealer and choose from the varied lines always on display.

10

W. E. SANFORD MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.

Hamilton, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

Miss Hillary's Cowpuncher.

By William MacLeod Raine.

It was when the stage was about to begin its long climb up Gunpowder Hill that Miss Hilary's cow-puncher suggested to her in offhand fashion that they get out and walk.

"It'll take the kinks out of your legs, lady, and Manuel, he'll wait at the top for us," explained the curly-haired youth in chaps.

Miss Hilary assented very promptly, for she was on an avowed hunt for the picturesque, and this tanned and flannel-shirted young son of Arizona was the most promising specimen she had yet cast eyes on. He had appeared out of the chaparral some dozen miles back on a buckskin bronco, had sent his pony Keno back to the Three-circle-bar Ranch with a touch of a switch, and had climbed to the seat on the stage beside the driver.

For an hour he had taken in with an apparently inattentive ear the girl's pungent comments to her uncle on the country, while carrying on meanwhile a desultory conversation in Spanish with Manuel. Since his alert blue eyes forbade the hypothesis that he was stupid, the puncher's indifference to her indirect sallies dampened a little Miss Hilary's enthusiasm. It had not been her experience hitherto that young men were wont to be indifferent to her presence. She felt it would be too bad if this cool youth with the Hermes shoulders—the first she had yet seen to measure up to her ideal of what a cowboy should be—were to offer her no opportunity for an intelligent study of him. Therefore Miss Hilary did not punish herself in order to punish him by refusing his somewhat tardy overture, but she made a concession to the memory of conventional Massachusetts so far as to suggest to the asthmatic uncle who accompanied her that he walk with them. That unambitious gentleman declined, without reservation.

"I didn't come here to take kinks out of my legs, my dear. But that isn't any reason why you shouldn't walk a bit if you like, Shirley."

Miss Hilary's cow-puncher—hers by right of discovery and exploration—had looked on horseback the embodiment of lithe and muscular grace. Now she noted that on foot he went with just a touch of the bow-legged swagger that was fitting for an unhorsed rider of the plains.

"Going to Oracle, I suppose?" the young man asked.

"Yes, to Neal's. We thought it might help my uncle."

"Best place on earth for sick people, and they'll treat you white at the 3 N Ranch. There are lots of good rides around there, too, if you're a rider—and I guess you are." His bold eyes took in her long curves from a horseman's point of view.

"I don't know about your bronchos," she said.

"Oh, they are easy riding. All you have to remember is to guide them with the rein.

The girl looked over at her discovery with curious eyes.

"Say it, lady," suggested the man.

"I was only wondering if you were ever in a big city."

"Yes'm, onct I was in Denver," he said innocently. "But I don't take to it right kindly. Me for the cactus-washes and the cattle-trails. I ain't hardy enough to live in cities, I reckon." And the curly-haired one filled gratefully his deep, strong lungs with Arizona ozone.

"And is Denver the only city you ever were in?"

He looked at her in surprise and considerable amusement apparently. "No'm, I often been in Tucson. Of course, Tucson ain't what you'd call a big city, but I shouldn't wonder if there was right smart doing there."

They came to a point in the jutting road where, across the wide, sun-bathed valley, they looked to the brown Galluros beyond. For mile upon mile the gorgeous panorama stretched before them.

The girl took a long, deep breath. "I wonder," she began, on a voyage of discovery to the untravelled land of her cowboy's mental make-up, "if you, who live here always, appreciate this sort of thing as much as I do." Her glance circled round to include the whole vista before them.

"Yes'm, I sure do like it," assented the native son cordially, misunderstanding her with cheerful promptness. "Y'u see, I don't often get the chance to do the Alpine-tourist act with a lady, so I natcherally calculate to enjoy——"

Miss Hilary had to bite her lip in order to compass the severity necessary to convey her disapproval of this levity. "I was referring to the scenery," she informed him.

"Here, too. It certainly is beautiful." His eyes looked into hers with such a solemn innocence that presently their laughter rang gaily out in concert.

"I didn't expect that in Arizona," she told him.

"Oh, Arizona ain't so far off the map," he rejoined airily, and hummed a snatch of ragtime to convince.

"That song has been out of date two years."

"Two years ain't much in Arizona. It takes a man longer'n that to die of a rattlesnake bite here. Shall we take this cut-off, lady? It'll get you to the top quicker."

She nodded. The cow-puncher observed that the girl went up the steep trail with a lithe and easy certainty that the slenderness of her figure had not promised.

Then the young man saw something else that brought him to pause. A man was standing on the crest of the hill silhouetted against the skyline, and he was packing into his saddlebags something which caught and reflected the sunshine in glints of light. The young man drew Miss Hilary behind some boulders.

"What's the matter?" she asked, all excitement.

"I'm not sure, but I don't quite like the way things look. Would you mind waiting here a few minutes alone?"

He went forward stealthily, crouching low and gliding from rock to rock till he was within a dozen yards of the man he was dogging. Like a tiger he leaped across the remaining distance. The other turned, reaching for his revolver.

"Hands up!" cried the cow-puncher, covering him steadily. "Don't frighten me, or this gun might go off and accidentally hit something."

The outlaw flung himself to his horse, but the curly-haired youth dragged him down to the ground before his feet were in the stirrups. He tried again, without rising, to draw his gun, but the cow-puncher's heel crashed down and shattered his wrist.

"I guess you'll stay hitched now—Mr. Bill Burley."

"Who the hell are you?" demanded the writhing highwayman with a vile oath.

The young man's tone was no longer a drawl, but sharp and clear as a bell.

"Wadleigh, Captain of the Arizona Rangers, and I've been looking for you for two months—ever since you robbed the Nogales stage. It's lucky for you I wasn't on the stage just now when you held it up, or I fancy you would have been with the good Indians by this time."

The Ranger Captain heard a light step behind him, and, without turning, called sharply.

"It is only I, Captain Wadleigh," answered Miss Hilary's cool voice. The girl looked at him an instant out of eyes grown hard and unfriendly, then swept past him down the slope beyond.

Half an hour later, when Wadleigh arrived at the 3 N Ranch hotel with his prisoner, a score of guests and employees were lined up to greet him, but his eyes sought in vain for a glimpse of Miss Hilary. He did not catch sight of her before he set out for Tucson next day with his prisoner. He knew she was offended about something, but since he knew of no real cause for offence he laid it to the caprice of a spoiled girl, and resolved to put her from his mind.

* * * * *

It was on one of the Sunday picnics of the 3 N Ranch that Captain Wadleigh and Miss Hilary came next to speech. He had met her out riding once or twice with guests of the N al Ranch, but her curt nod of recognition had not encouraged him to rein in for conversation. Wherefore he had been as carelessly independent as she. But despite the curly-haired young fellow's debonair manner, he had not been able to rid his mind from dwelling on the girl's charmingly piquant face and vivid personality. He was determined not to let the matter rest in its present state.

Wadleigh was riding through the Canon del Oro when he came on the picnic party sunning itself somnolently in an after-dinner siesta. From the least drowsy of the party he picked up, by casual inquiry, that Miss Hilary and another young woman, who was also a guest at the hotel, had ventured farther up the canon. A half-mile deeper Wadleigh came on a young woman returning slowly to the picnic party with her hands full of gorgeous wild poppies. Miss Hilary, it appeared, had insisted on climbing up the great bluff which confronted them, and her friend had declined the labor and was now returning alone.

The young man threw Keno's rein to the ground at the point where the trail led round the bluff and climbed up the rocky path. He came on Miss Hilary at the summit. She turned her brown, tawny eyes on him and gave him a greeting not very cordial.

"Apparently I am persona non grata," said Wadleigh presently, when he thought that the weather and the scenery had been sufficiently discussed.

"I didn't know that people in Philadelphia were so frank in expressing their appreciation of a situation," retorted the girl, looking straight at him.

"Oh, are we in Philadelphia?" smiled the plainsman.

"That is where you come from, I am given to understand. It is your native city, is it not?"

The Ranger began to see light. Would I of necessity be a Hindu because I chanced to be born in India?" he fenced.

"That's a quibble, Captain Wadleigh," returned the girl, eyeing him scornfully. "You are a graduate of the university of Pennsylvania."

He abandoned ingloriously his outer line of defences. "Well, it's not a capital crime even if I am," he said good-humoredly.

Angry sparkles glinted in the girl's eyes. "No, any more than it is a capital crime to play on a girl's credulity and pretend to be what you are not."

"Did I do that?"

Sheep belonging to Wm. Bennie, Assiniboine Valley.

"You did. You are not a cowboy at all," she said, flushing angrily. "I discovered that when you began to talk to the stage robber. Your English was as correct as mine."

"Oh, but I am a cowman. I happen to be half-owner of the Three-circle-bar Ranch," he expostulated.

"You're a fraud, just the same. You pretended to be a native typical cowboy, and you are not."

"Did you not assume it in the first place, Miss Hilary?"

"That doesn't excuse you in the least. You encouraged me to think so. You talked and acted like one," she accused.

For some minutes they held to a resentful silence, then the young man continued as if there had been no break, while the girl was occupied with her own thoughts.

"You had been complaining to your uncle that the people of this country were not picturesque enough. I did not want you to be disappointed. I wanted to give you a chance to study the unfettered and primeval man you were longing to meet."

"In short, you made me ridiculous," she said bitterly.

"That was the last thing in my thoughts."

"One might think it should have been the first thing to be courteous to a woman and a stranger."

"But if the stranger were bent on considering one as a type? Doesn't that release one a bit from the obligation?"

"I did not suppose anything released one from the obligation to——"

The girl paused, and Wadleigh completed her sentence for her: "To be a gentleman, you would say. That is a little rough on me, but if you look at it that way I suppose that closes the argument." He rose and bowed a little stiffly to her, then turned away.

The girl got to her feet with a little flurry of penitence. "Remember, it was not I that put it that way, but you."

"You implied it. You would have said it if you had dared."

"I would not!" she flung out. "I don't like you—I don't like you at all, but I'm not going to have you putting words in my mouth. You have no right."

"Your dislike makes me very unhappy," said Miss Hilary's discovery, a glint of ironic amusement in his eyes.

"I am afraid you don't look as you feel," she retorted disdainfully.

"I strive to conceal my real feelings."

"You are doing very well. But I am detaining you, Captain Wadleigh. Don't let me keep you."

He laughed shortly and began to saunter slowly down the hill, when a sharp cry reached him. Turning back to her, he heard a little groan and saw Miss Hilary sink to the ground.

He was beside her again in three steps. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, and bit her lip to keep back another groan.

He looked puzzled, but unconvinced. "If there is anything I can do——"

"There is nothing. Oh, yes, there is. You can go away."

The Ranger saw then the trouble. She had trodden on a cluster of cactus-burrs, and their cruel needles were pressing through the thin kid of her shoe against her foot. In an instant Wadleigh was kneeling beside her, drawing out the lace with light, deft hands, and gently removing the shoe. Then he pulled out the prickles one by one from the little bleeding instep. The girl blushed to her eyes, but the young man in chaps appeared to take it so much as a matter of course, scarcely looking at her at all, that she was reassured.

"These cholla needles will pierce through anything except hard leather. Does it pain very much now?" he asked.

"No, not now," she answered, and quietly threw her skirt over her foot.

Wadleigh busied himself removing the cholla from the shoe. He handed it back to her. She slipped it on and laced it.

"I suppose I made too much of it, but it really did pain dreadfully," she explained.

"I know how it pains, and I don't think you made any fuss at all. I have had it happen to me," said the Ranger. Then he blurted out: "I was rather a beast, Miss Hilary, about playing you with the native-son story, but I don't really mean to hurt your feelings. I had some idiotic idea of a joke."

She looked at him a little shyly.

"Shall we begin again, Captain Wadleigh?"

"I should like another chance. if you please, because I really am sorry that you don't like me."

Her eyes opened wide. "Don't I like you? I thought we were making another start. Perhaps I do now."

Their glances met for an instant, then the girl's sought the distant hills. She found herself blushing. It was a new experience for her to thrill at a man's look. "It is possible you may not like me."

"Not thinkable!" replied the young man masterfully, his eyes claiming more than the words.

"I think I had better be going back to the others," suggested Miss Hilary, vaguely but delightfullv alarmed.

"Really—Shirley."

His drawling audacity shocked and thrilled her. This method of procedure was new to her. Although she had heard of the difference between Eastern and Western manners, she was not prepared for this lack of ceremony after the identity of her discovery had been revealed. She looked a reproach she thought she ought to feel. "You must not say that."

"What must I say?" he smiled.

"I think you know my name."

"Isn't Shirley your name?"

"You know it isn't—to you."

"Oh, not to me!" He looked away across the hills, still smiling. "I'd like it to be—to me. Don't you think we'd better let it be 'Shirley,' Shirley?"

The sharp look that Miss Hilary gave him showed both admiration and anger. "You take a great deal for granted," she told him icily.

"I'd like to skip the next two months and take you for granted," he said, with a sudden, daring tenderness.

"Captain Wadleigh, your audacity and conceit——" she began, half crying from vexation.

"Say it. I probably deserve it all," he suggested.

She was silent, from sheer inability to say the things that the situation demanded.

"Shall we go back to your friends? They may think we have eloped."

"It is too absurd to think even for a moment."

"A few months ahead of time, perhaps."

"You certainly do not lack assurance," she flung over her shoulder.

"In the bottom of your heart you wouldn't want me to be meek—you know you wouldn't. You see, the meek don't inherit the earth in these days. When a man wants a thing he has got to take hold of it and fight for it."

"You are full of theories of conduct. Do they always result as you expect in actual operation?" she asked, with a little sidelong glance at him.

He stopped, holding out a hand. "If you'll tell me, on your word of honor, that there is no chance on earth for me, I'll walk over that hill, catch my pony there, and ride out of your life."

She tried to tell him to go, but the words would not come.

"It's ridiculous! I hardly know you at all," she temporized at last.

"Shall I go?" he demanded.

It was a small and hurried voice that answered him. "I haven't any right to drive you away from the rest of your friends here." Then she flamed out in a sudden anger: "If you say another word more about this to me for a month I'll hate you always."

His eyes smiled, but he held his peace.

How Could He?

"Papa" was becoming impatient at the lateness of the hour when he remarked; "I can't see why that young fellow who is calling on Minnie hasn't sense enough to go home. It's near midnight."

"The dear little brother" of the family just then came in, heard his father's remark, and ventured some light:

"He can't go, father. Sister's sitting on him."

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J. A. BANFIELD, 492 Main Street Winnipeg, Man.

His Point of Reckoning.

By Alice Crary.

The dear coming man
Who, in eighteen years more,
Will add one to our National vote,
Was walking one day,
As a toddler can.
The long garden path, to explore and to scan,
With both pocketed hands in his coat.

I met him apace,
And he stopped as I said,
From above the tall top of my rake,
"How old are you, pray?"
Aglow with new grace,
He lifted his curl-covered head to my face,
And said, "Three, on my last birthday cake."

When the Honeymoon Began.

A minister in a western town was called upon one afternoon to perform the marriage ceremony between a negro couple—the negro preacher of the town being absent from home.

After the ceremony the groom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," said the minister, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes, said:

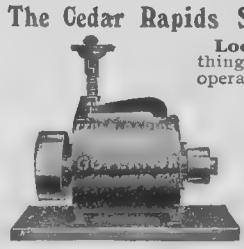
"Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life, you has, for sure."

It Wasn't Catching.

A kindergarten teacher tells the following story of a recent experience that she had with one of her little tots: The rules require, when a child reports illness in the family, that the teacher shall find out whether such illness is contagious or not, and it is customary to send the child home for a statement of facts. The other morning one of the younger boys reported that "his mamma was sick." He was sent home to find out the nature of the illness, and soon returned with the information:

"Mamma says it ain't catching."

The Cedar Rapids Speed Governor.



Look At This—Something farmers need to operate cream separators by the use of a gasoline engine or any power available. Has ball bearings. The governor can be regulated while in motion. Sold through dealers. Write for illustrated catalog and prices to the CEDAR RAPIDS FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO. Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Marriage, Domicile, Divorce, 11th Edition, 1911, gives the correct time required in every state of the United States, to acquire domicile, sue for and obtain a valid divorce judgment, together with all the leading court decisions on the statutes. Poostpaid, One Dollar: Attordey Donovan, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, U.S.A.

"That won't do," replied the teacher. "You must go home and find out and then come and tell me just what is the matter with your mamma."

Pretty soon the boy came toddling back into the room. "Teacher," said he, "mamma says it's all right. She says it's a boy, and it ain't catching."

"Will you have some of the dressing?" asks Blithedale of his sister-in-law, while carving the turkey. "Papa is always so polite," comments Buddie. "He always says 'dressing' to ladies, for he knows they like to look pretty; but when he serves gentlemen he calls it 'stuffing,' for they like lots to eat."—Leslie's Weekly.

Farmer's Daughter (in New England)—"What is the matter ma? Did the doctor say pa was very bad?" Her Mother—"Oh, Maria! your father's got — he's got — dyspepsy!" Farmer's Daughter—"Well, it might be worse than that!" Her Mother—"Worse, child? Why, Maria, the doctor says he musn't eat pie on Thanksgiving day."—Puck.

"Look at papa!" exclaimed Tommy. "Ain't he just knocking the stuffing out of that turkey, though?" Meanwhile Mr. Tucker, with the eyes of the company upon him, didn't do a thing but kick Tommy's shins under the table, try to look pleasant, get the carving knife and fork still worse tangled up in the framework of the fowl, and grow red.—Chicago Tribune.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE CORONATION PAGEANT.

The Coronation will be the most magnificent and imposing pageant of modern times, a spectacle in full harmony with the historic traditions of

"these eighteen hundred summers of renown
Since the Gold Dragon of the Wessex Kings
On Hastings field went down."

It will be a ceremonial splendidly and fitly symbolical of the greatness of the British Empire. Great poets of old personified the Roman Empire as a majestic woman; a modern poet has given us a like vision of the British Empire, stretching one hand "to Huron's bearded pines," hile the other rests on "Kashmir's snowy shoulder," while

"round the streaming of her raiment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray."

Truly it will be a memorable function when George V, "high on the noon and summit" of this year of grace 1911, is anointed King and Emperor. It brings the past centuries into close contact and sharp contrast with the wonderful present to know that on the evening of the day of Coronation, the procession to Westminster Abbey will be shown in moving pictures in all the cinematograph theatres in London, as well as in Paris. Every facility is to be afforded to the photographers, and by the exercise of all possible speed in the work of developing and preparing the films, they will be ready by evening to cast their living shadow pictures of the pageant. They will be hurried to Paris at top speed, and will be dispatched to this continent and to all points in the Empire at the earliest moment and by the fastest means of conveyance. Those of us who stay at home will thus be able to witness the great pageant—probably with a degree of comfort which those who go to London for the purpose will be disposed to envy.

A GREAT SIGHT IN LONDON.

Canada and South Africa are the only overseas nations of the Empire that are sending their soldiers at their own expense to participate in the Coronation celebration. In the case of both Australia and New Zealand the Parliaments refused to vote any money for the sending of contingents. The necessary money was raised by private subscriptions. In addition, there will be troops from India, from the British West Indies, and from Mauritius, from East Africa, from West Africa, from the Straits Settlements, from Bermuda, from Ceylon, from Fiji and from Hong Kong. The spectacle of these men of all colors and all races will be a magnificent and memorable one. Great will be the cheering in London's streets when the South African contingent marches past, including as it will a hundred men who eleven years ago were in arms against Great Britain but who are now loyal citizens of the Empire. The Canadians, too, we may be sure, will be given a great reception —especially the scarlet-coated riders of the plains. The military representation at the Coronation will be a great Imperial spectacle.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.

Monuments are not many, as yet, in this new country, but they will be provided in time. In Regina and in Edmonton there should be noble monuments to the Mounted Police. That splendid force has done, and is doing, public service of incalculable value. Any member of the force is ready at all times, in loyalty to its well-established traditions, for any service which the call of duty or humanity requires. It is not a calling in which a coward could hold his place for a single month. Take such a job, for instance, as that which had to be done by Constable Pedley, who was detailed alone to convey a raving maniac from Fort Chippewayan to Fort Saskatchewan, a 500 mile journey, in the dead of winter. At one time, during a terrible gale, he was obliged to lash himself and the madman together to a tree for several hours. Some day a worthy history of the Mounted Police will be written.

JOHN GUTENBERG'S BIBLE.

The high prices paid at the auction sale early last month of the library of the late Robert Hoe have brought out an immense amount of discussion. For a copy of John Gutenberg's Bible, the first book printed from movable type, $50,000 was paid, the highest price ever paid for a book. For Malory's Morte d'Arthur, which sold two hundred years after its publication for two shillings and sixpence, $42,800 was paid at that sale in New York. Among the many comments on these prices, one is that they stand merely for vanity on the part of the very wealthy men who paid them and thereby secured a great advertisement of their wealth. Whatever there may be in that, the fact remains that there are few relics which bear as significant a relation to human history as do such volumes as John Gutenberg's Bible and the Morte d'Arthur for which $42,800 was paid because it came from the press of the first English printer. Especially is this true of the former book, which is not only closely related to the religious faith that is accepted by a majority of the human race today, but was itself a factor in the movement that gave that faith a character previously unknown, and put the teachings of Christianity into the hands of every man who cared to study them. Apart altogether from that aspect of the book, how tremendously important it is as marking the beginning of printing! To realize what that means one must recall the ignorance of antiquity and the middle ages, and the laborious task that had to be undertaken whenever one man, or a set of men, desired to record their ideas or their teachings for the benefit of many others. The real enlightenment of the race was made possible by the invention of printing; and the book that brought $50,000 at that sale in New York is the first production of the printer's art. It is no wonder that it is regarded as worth a vast sum. What is to become of the treasure, now that it has passed into the possession of a California millionaire? (He is, by the way, the son of the late C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific, with whose name is associated the celebrated phrase, "All that the traffic will bear," and who put into full operation in the Southern Pacific freight rates the principle embodied in that phrase.) No doubt John Gutenberg's Bible will lie in the Huntington collection for a time, and will then pass to some public museum. It is in such public institutions that articles of such human significance should be kept. As long as that book holds together, it will be a relic of exceptional interest to all thinking men and women, for it typifies at once faith and intelligence, the two great forces of the world. Viewed in this light, it is a priceless treasure. It is one of the milestones of humanity's progress.

A BEAVER COINAGE.

The excellent suggestion comes from an Eastern paper that there should be issued from the Canadian mint gold coins bearing the impress of the beaver. The beaver has somewhat disappeared from view as an emblem; and this is to be regretted. In the good old days the beaver was perpetually in evidence as Canada's emblem. He shone resplendent upon postage stamps. He decorated official documents of all sorts. His wane as an emblem—which, curiously enough, has been contemporary with a great increase in the number of actual living beavers in Canada, due to the legislation protecting them—may, perhaps, be dated from the rise into popularity of "The Maple Leaf Forever," which brought the other national emblem more conspicuously into public affection. The maple leaf is pretty, but what is mere prettiness beside the admirable sterling qualities and characteristics of the beaver? Moreover, the product of the maple tree of older Canada—whose leaf, not the leaf of the prairie maple, is "The Maple Leaf Forever," of which the school children from Halifax to Victoria are taught to sing—is unfortunately becoming associated with the idea of wholesale adulteration. The beaver is from every point of view unexceptionable as a national emblem. As has well been said of him, he neither flies high nor squawks loudly, as do certain other national emblems with which we are acquainted. He attends industriously to his business, which is strictly of a constructive nature, and he achieves amazing results by his intelligent, persistent work. The beaver ideal is a good ideal. As for the above noted suggestion of a beaver coinage, coin collectors know that there is already a beaver coinage that is very highly prized. The Hudson's Bay Company issued a set of tokens, used as currency in their dealings with the Indian trappers in the old days, in terms of beaver skins the denominations being one, a half, a quarter and an eighth. The old Northwest Company also had its beaver tokens. Why not call the $10 Canadian gold pieces "beavers," as the United States $10 coins are called "eagles"? The $20 coin could, in like manner, be known as the "double-beaver," "double-eagle," and the $5 coin as the "half-beaver."

A GRAND OLD MAN.

Why is it that something is not done to induce Right Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, to visit Western Canada and give us in this part of the world one or two of those admirable addresses such as he so frequently gives in the United States and has been giving in Ottawa, Toronto and other places in Eastern Canada during the past month? He is one of the ablest men living, with a breadth of mind, an insight of statesmanship, and an outlook that have impressed themselves enduringly upon the thought and the actual statesmanship of the age. Many and valuable are his services to the Empire. Noteworthy among his recent public addresses is the one in which he has given an account of the manner in which Great Britain has governed India. Before that country came under British rule, it was a welter of anarchy, confusion, violence and bloodshed; now it is one of the safest countries in the world to travel in. It was inevitable that in such a country some mistakes should have been made by the ruling race, but the sincerity of Great Britain's desire to rule India in the best interests of the people of that country has been proved beyond possibility of question. Mr. Bryce's view of the future in India is one of wise, informed optimism. In speaking of India, Mr. Bryce knows what he is speaking about—which is usually the case with Mr. Bryce. Such an address as the one referred to will do incalculable good in counteracting the effect of the hyper-critical utterances of ill-informed fault-finders in regard to British rule in India, whose knowledge is less than their eagerness to jump to conclusions. The answer to those who, if they could, would bring the British regime in India to a close is that if the restraining hand of Great Britain were withdrawn, India would revert to the condition in which it was before it was brought under British rule.

THE HOME SHOULD BE FIRST.

How far the school can be, or ought to be, expected to take the place of the home in supplying the safeguards needed by the growing boys and girls to protect them from the harm which may result from ignorance, is an open question. The original responsibility rests upon the home, and nothing that the schools may be able to accomplish can wholly relieve the home of its duty. It may be there is some danger in emphasizing too strongly the duties of the school; there certainly will be danger if the effect should be to detract attention from the responsibility that belongs by right and by nature to the home.

CHURCH BELLS.

Our fellow-citizens at the antipodes have ways of their own. Even the ways of Nature herself are, in some respects, turned topsy-turvy, so to speak, in Australia. What other continent has such creatures as, for example, the duck-billed platypus, which has a furry body, a bushy tail, webbed forefeet, and a bill like a duck. There are people outside Australia who regard Australian politics as being just as queer. Without venturing an opinion on that subject, it must be conceded that legislation declaring that "the sound of the church-going bell" may, under certain circumstances, be abated as a nuisance would appear to indicate either that there are some queer bells in Australia, or that our friends under the Southern Cross have ideas as different from those cherished north of the equator as a kangaroo is from a cow.

THE ROMANCE OF A RING.

The announcement a couple of weeks ago in a London paper that a ring given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex is to be sold this month in a London auction room recalls one of the great romances of history, which popular fancy is unwilling to let die, in spite of the protests of investigators, who declare it to be without foundation in fact. That Queen Elizabeth, in her old age, did give a ring to Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex, for whom she conceived a doating attachment, is probable. Doubt is not cast on the identity of the ring to be sold this month in London, but on the story that with the gift Elizabeth gave a promise that she would pardon any wrong Essex might do, if he would send her the ring as a petition for the redemption of her pledge. It is a fact that she pardoned more than one of the handsome young Earl's escapades. She forgave the fizzle of his Azores expedition; she forgave his action in turning his back upon her in her own court, punishing him on the spot with a resounding box on the ear. She forgave the disastrous collapse of the Irish expedition, but she did not forgive the revolt he attempted to incite in the streets of London. The tradition of the ring is, however, that she would have forgiven him even that, if he had implored her pardon by sending her the ring. The story is that Essex sent the ring to the Queen from the Tower by the Countess of Nottingham, who, to revenge herself for a slight which Essex was presumed to have forgotten, kept it until his head had fallen on Tower Hill. Our school histories used to tell the moving, romantic tale of the repentant Earl, the malignant Countess, and Queen, at first furious, but afterwards heartbroken over the discovery that her favorite had perished through an unpardonable breach of faith. What does it matter, after all, that the precisians insist that there is no truth in the story of the Earl of Essex and the ring that Queen Elizabeth gave him? For the matter of that, they insist also that there is no truth in the stories of Richard of the Lion Heart and the minstrel Blondel, of Prince Edward saved by Princess Eleanor from the dagger of an assassin, of Robert Bruce and the spider, of Sinbad the Sailor, and of Bluebeard and his too curious wives. The romance of the Earl's ring has survived for more than three hundred years, and though all standard historical books of modern times ignore it, it is likely to persist for a century or two more.

The Minneapolis Gas Traction Company purchases big Winnipeg concern of same name.

A realization of the enormous market for farm tractors which Western Canada affords is evidenced in the purchase of the Gas Traction Company, Limited, of Winnipeg, by the Gas Traction Company of Minneapolis, Minn., the first and largest builder of four-cylinder farm tractors in the world. Hereafter the Winnipeg company is to be operated as the Canadian branch of the Minneapolis company. The factory in Elmwood, a subdivision of Winnipeg, will be crowded to its utmost capacity in the effort to keep up with the Canadian demand, and it is quite probable that in the near future it will be necessary materially to enlarge the company's facilities for manufacturing engines in Canada.

The Big Four "30" was brought into great prominence in both Canada and the United States when it was awarded the gold medal and grand sweepstakes at the Agricultural Motor Competition at Winnipeg last year—a competition open to all the world and the only one of its kind in the world. The first engine was sent out of the factory in Elmwood in March, 1910, and since that time a great many have been sold in Canada.

One of the most interesting features of the Big Four "30", which is so-called because it has four sylinders and will do the work of thirty first-class draft horses, is the automatic steering guide, which in plowing or breaking automatically guides the engine in a course parallel with the last furrow turned, thus insuring far more accurate plowing than is possible with an engine guided by hand. The Gas Traction Company is exclusive sales agent for the Hansmann Binder Hitch, which enables the engine to pull four or five binders, the engine running at the edge of the uncut grain and each binder cutting its full swath, so that with five ten-foot binders a strip fifty feet wide can be cut at one trip across the field.

One of the most interesting things about the Big Four "30" is the remarkable on-approval sales plan on which it is sold. The farmer is given the privilege of trying the engine out in his own field and of thoroughly satisying himself that the engine will do all that is claimed for it before he buys it.

Shorthand as a money-making art.

It is probable that no single accomplishment is so useful and profitable as a good knowledge of the Art of Shorthand. In every business, the Shorthand writer is required—and, especially in this Western country, the demand for skilled writers is always greater than the supply.

In the past, however, Shorthand has been a tedious accomplishment to acquire. Many excellent systems have been devised—but long study, longer practice, and much wearisome memory-work has been necessary to their acquirement.

Now, however, those difficulties need no longer discourage the aspirant. For the first time, Canadian Students have presented to them a system that has achieved most remarkable success in Great Britain, and latterly in the Eastern States. Thousands of students of McEwan's Shorthand today hold responsible, well-paid positions, and all of them were able to acquire the art in from one to five months—as time for study was available.

Mr. Oliver McEwan, the inventor of the system, is acknowledged to be "the greatest living authority on Shorthand." His system—marvellously brief, marvellously legible—capable of rapid and easy acquirement—is the outcome of a lifetime's study of the principles of Shorthand.

A "Koh-I-Noor" Story.

The Lawrence brothers, Henry and John, who occupied important posts in the government of India, and who were men of resource and integrity, had at one time the custody of one of the most famous diamonds in the world. In "The Lawrences of the Punjab" Mr. F. P. Gibbon gives this story as evidence of the simplicity of the brothers in affairs which by many would be considered matters of the highest importance.

Among the state jewels of the Sikh Court was the famous "Mountain of Light," which, after passing from the Mogul to the Persian Court, and thence to the Afghan, from whom it was wrested by Ranjit Singh, was to be presented to Queen Victoria.

The diamond was placed in charge of Sir Henry Lawrence; he, deeming his brother the stronger and more practical guardian, entrusted it to John, who pocketed the little box and straightway forgot it.

Some weeks later came an official letter from Lord Dalhousie, ordering that the diamond be sent at once to her Majesty. The President received the message during a meeting of the Board, and John advised him to send it off promptly.

"Why, you've got it!" said the senior member.

John's clear intellect took in the full horror of the situation, and he feared he was a ruined man, for the gem had never been seen by him since the day had been given into his keeping. Crimes without number had been committed for jewels not a quarter of its value, and who would believe his story that he had forgotten its existence and flung it aside in the pocket of an old waistcoat? Of what avail to rely upon his known integrity? His story might be officially believed, but he knew that men would shake their heads and regard him askance. Yet without a sigh of perturbation he casually replied, "Oh, yes, of course! I forgot all about it," and calmly proceeded to discuss the business before the meeting with all his usual alertness and without a sign of preoccupation. But one can guess how he longed for the end, how he hurried in search of his servant, who chanced to remember taking a small box from his master's discarded clothes. He explained where he had put the worthless box containing the bit of glass, and the Koh-i-noor was safe.

Give and Take.

An English statesman on one occasion, when engaged in canvassing, visited a working man's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne.

The worthy man stared in amazement, and seeing his surprise the voter's wife exclaimed:

"Shure, my husband's an Orangeman, and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician.

"Very well, indade, barring the twelfth of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home feelin' extry pathriotic."

"What then?"

"Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him, and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, before he is awake, and take down King William and pawn him and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."

A Good Pair of Boots.

"You know," said a "smart" young man to a girl, "some one has said that 'if you would make a lasting pair of boots take for the sole the tongue of a a woman.'"

"Yes," replied the girl, "and for the uppers you ought to take the cheek of the man who said it."

CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENTS IN WINNIPEG

ANDREW CARNEGIE says in the "Empire of Business:" "Ninety per cent. of all millionaires become so through growing real estate. More money has been made in real estate than from all industrial investments combined."

RUSSELL SAGE, who accumulated an immense fortune says: "Real Estate is an imperishable asset ever increasing in value. It is the most solid security that human ingenuity has ever devised. It is the basis of all security and about the only indistructable security."

HETTY GREEN'S advice to women is "I advise women to invest in real estate. It is the collateral to be preferred above all others and the safest means of investing money.'

The above are the publicly expressed opinions of well known individuals, each of whom amassed untold millions in an ordinary lifetime, and in the "Game of Finance" surely their opinions are worth considering.

REASONS FOR INVESTMENTS

(The following is taken from a paper read by A. H. Frederick, St. Louis, Missouri, before the Third Annual Convention of Real Estate Exchanges, Minneapolis, June, 1910:)

"1. Real Estate is the most profitable form of investment.

2. Real Estate is the safest form of investment.

3. Real Estate is the only indistructable security.

4. Large fortunes have been made by investments in real estate.

5. The advise of experienced and successful individuals is to invest in real estate.

6. Large tracts of land offer opportunities for profitable investments.

7. It is well to go to experienced real estate men in making an investment.

8. Corporations are desirable and give an opportunity for small investors to combine in investing in real estate."

If you thoroughly understand the great development going on in Western Canada, a development that is attracting the attention of the entire civilized world, and the steady but rapid and solid development going on in the City of Winnipeg, and the close connection between all Western Canada and Winnipeg, you will readily realize the fact that the future of Winnipeg was never so assured, the prospects never so bright.

Ten years ago property could, of course, have been purchased much cheaper but an investment made at that time was much more of a **SPECULATION** and less in the line of a safe and sound investment than it is to-day. We are absolutely sure that we can place your money in central down town Winnipeg revenue bearing property so that it will not only be absolutely safe but will return you profits large enough to satisfy the most hopeful. The development of Winnipeg, however, has reached a stage where the individual investor is sometimes handicapped, owing to the high price of the property and the heavy payments demanded. This, however, can be overcome by Co-operation; that is by placing the funds that you can spare from your business or farm, along with our funds, and, in this way, creating a fund large enough to handle some of the best properties in the down town district.

To this end, we have made application with the Provincial Government for a charter for the "Co-Operative Investments, Ltd." This application has already been favorably acted upon and will be issued in a few days. The idea is to issue at least $50,000 worth of capital stock in 500 shares of $100 each, payable on easy terms.

The Provisional Board of Directors will be made up of the following well known Winnipeg citizens: William P. Dutton, President and Gen. Mgr. of the Great-West Lumber Co., Ltd., S. Hart Green, M.P.P. for North Winnipeg, of the firm of Chapman & Green, Barristers-at-law; A. H. Oakes, of the Oakes Land Company, President of the Torrens Security & Investments Ltd., Vice-President and also Member of the Board of Directors of the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange, Incorporated; H. A. Argue, of the Oakes Land Company; and Thos. E. Moffatt, Real Estate Broker.

This Company will be organized without any bonus stock of any kind, no salaries are to be paid to its officers and no expense attached whatever to the running of the Company outside of the actual cost of incorporation, and these costs only to include the solicitors' fees and the Government fees and the actual amount disbursed for this and other advertisements. For that reason every subscriber may rest assured that he is getting in on the ground floor. As the Oakes Land Company, Winnipeg, Man. are sponsers for the incorporation of this new Company and the conduct of its business, we give the following references through which you may look up their standing: The Eastern Townships Bank, Winnipeg; Bradstreets & Co. and R. G. Dun & Co., both of Winnipeg. Send us a card for fuller particulars. Address,

OAKES LAND COMPANY

Suites 1010 and 1011 McArthur Building, Winnipeg, Man.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

ENCOURAGE HIM

There are scores of people in every community who are dying for lack of encouragement. Nobody ever says "Thank You" to them. No one seems to recognise their attempt to put quality into the fabric of life. So they toil on, day after day, under the impression that the world does not care whether their work is well done or half done. They are never spoken to except when criticised or corrected. So they gradually sink down into the grave of a dead level.

A man who was passing through an American town observed an old negro working on the roadway. After greeting him he said, "Uncle, that's a good piece of work that you have been doing." The old fellow stopped working, and straightening himself, said, "Say, boss, you don't live in this town, do you?" "No; why?" "I have been working hyar twenty years, and ye're the first man that eber told me anything like that"

SIR ROBERT PEEL

We are living in a world where there is ONE SUPREME WILL and about one billion, four hundred million minor wills. The Supreme will is to be respected and the minor wills to be regarded. In the splendid confusion of these interlacing wills we struggle for an existence. There is only one individual who has a full knowledge of all the elements involved and we call that one—Providence. The man who ignores that source of guidance and leadership is a fool of the first water.

Sir Robert Peel, his great master and exemplar as well was once interrupted in his office while kneeling beside a table spread with State papers. His visitor apologized for interrupting him, and asked if he were at his private devotions. "No", said Sir Robert, "these are my public devotions. I dare not attempt affairs of State without Divine help."

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

A wise general knows how to do two things. First, he knows how to create favoring circumstances—to bring things his way. Second, he knows how to turn unfavoring circumstances in such a manner as to bring victory to his side. He is the master of circumstances and equal to all events which may arise. His plans are flexible enough to match every turn in events. He cannot be taken by surprise. He can think faster than circumstances can move.

As William the Conqueror landed from his little boat on the shore of Britain, he slipped and fell. There was a loud cry from his followers, who knew that this was the worst of ill omens. He recovered himself, however, and said, "See, my lords; by the grace of Heaven I have taken possession of England with both hands!"

THINKING FEET

An orator, if great, has an educated voice. A preacher, if powerful, has an educated heart. A painter, if effective, has an educated eye. A musician, if skillful, has an educated ear. A machinist, if inventive, has an educated hand. A tea merchant, whose success depended on his ability to test and discover the real quality of the last invoice of tea, informed me that he had built up his business by acquiring an educated tongue. Said a sportsman concerning his guide.

"The Indian walked steadily on, now skirting a deep ravine, now turning up the mountain to avoid an invisible swamp, now dodging a windfall, never baffled, never at a loss, and never stopping to consult the compass. At the end of several hours he brought me out of the woods within a hundred feet of the point at which we had entered them. I asked him how he did it and he replied, "Dunno, dunno, when I walk like dat my feet tink."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Do one thing at a time. Concentrate mind, memory, conscience and will on that one thing. Shut the world out and shut yourself in with that one enterprise. You may be slipping the key of personality into the lock of destiny—who knows? You may be bridging the stream of Time into the fields of immortality! Who knows? You may be writing the first paragraph of a new chapter of human history! Who knows? You may be writing the last page of your own earthly biography! Who knows? Wherever thou art be all there. Of Theodore Roosevelt it was said:—

"He put as much energy and enthusiasm into being Police Commissioner of New York City as into being President."

ODD PEOPLE

There are odd people in the world. They lack in sense. They have no sense of proportion, no sense of appropriateness, no sense of fitness, no sense of psychology, no sense of the universal relationship of affairs. They say certain things to others, which if said to them, by some one else, would drive them to the verge of frenzy. They sting you and then are surprised that you start. They stab you and then marvel that you respond in wrath. They brand you with their sarcasm and then, seem to be taken aback when you crown them with your contempt. An English writer remarks:

"A retired Bombay merchant came down to Newcastle to stand for Parliament, and this is how he set himself to woo the constituency at his first public meeting. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'four-and-twenty hours ago, if anybody had asked me where Newcastle-on-Tyne was I could not have told them.' Naturally the result of this confession, in face of an audience full of local pride was that, in the words of the chronicler, 'having ascertained where Newcastle was, Mr. C[illegible] speedily departed from it amid a storm of indignation.'"

A BIG MAN

There are big men in the world. You usually recognize them when you meet them. They are so tall that they need no platform, so strong that they need no pedestal and so well proportioned that they need no limelight. They do not ask for the first place in an organization, for things naturally centre about them. They are so big that they are willing to occupy an obscure place, if necessary, in the promotion of a great cause. Their first question is where can I serve—not where can I be seen. They are not looking for an advertisement, but for an opportunity. Back-ground and front-ground are of equal value to the big man. During a political tangle and dead lock Charles Sumner wrote to Henry Wilson:

"Abandon me whenever you think best, without notice and without apology; the cause is everything, I am nothing."

THE OLD HOME

Look at your home with a poet's eye. The blue which overarches your humble cottage is a piece of velvet woven out of eternal space. The river which sweeps around your father's farm is on its march to the sea. The winds which blow over your little piece of prairie were born near the conjunction of battling planets. The sunset glory to be seen through your parlor window shoots its rays for a million miles to every angle of the sky. That old farm gate, if painted by a Ruskin or a Turner, would commmand a place of honor in the Royal Academy. There is glory all about you—if you only knew it. O. W. Holmes in writing to a friend, says:—

"Our old house is gone. I went all over it—into every chamber and closet, and found a ghost in each and all of them, to which I said good-bye. I have not seen the level ground where it stood. Be very thankful that you still keep your birthplace. This earth has a homeless look to me since mine disappeared from its face."

THEY SAY

Never mind what "they say", for people must say something, and what is more delightful, (if not profitable) than the dainties of personalities, and what a poor, unknown, insignificant specimen of humanity you would be if nobody cared to talk about you. So be content to have your friends and neighbors talk about you, inspect your record, examine your past, question your motives, estimate your wealth, predict your fate, and write an inscription for your tombstone:—only be true in your soul.

"If we quarreled," says Thackeray, "with all the people who abuse us behind our backs, and began to tear their eyes out as soon as we set ours on them, what a life it would be, and when should we have any quiet? Backbiting is all fair in society. Abuse me, and I will abuse you; but let us be friends when we meet. Have we not all entered a dozen rooms, and been sure, from the countenances of the amiable persons present, that they had been discussing our little peculiarities, perhaps as we were on the stairs?"

ATTACKS ON RELIGION

Christianity must possess some element of vital force or it could not stand the everlasting criticism to which it is subjected. Preachers are said to be insincere; Elders take advantage of their church positions to command commercial success, Deacons have been known to lead a double life and to act as devilish on Monday as they looked devout on Sunday. Church members are so worldly in their lives and uninspired in their motives that it is difficult to tell a saint from a sinner. Missionaries are over paid and Evangelists are "in it" for the cash. There are even some folks in the Salvation Army who could not make a living in any other way—At last the world is growing weary of the tirade:

An illuminating incident occurred the other day. At a socialist club, a speaker had indulged in the usual diatribe against the church when a fellow-member arose and rebuked him: "Cut out those attacks on the church! They're doing the best they know how. I believe they're trying to give us a square deal."

THE YOUNG CANADIAN

Young man, you ought to thank God that you have been born in the Dominion of Canada. You are living in a great country. You can have a hand in making it greater than it is. In your attempt to make a great country you are in the way of achieving greatness for yourself. There are two things to be accomplished. First, enthrone every noble principle in your own soul, and, (second) strike at every evil thing in the community. When "boss" Tweed was holding sway in New York Washington Gladden was standing by the colors of true patriotism. He says:—

"It was one of the times of my life when I have come across something that needed to be hit, and have had a chance to strike hard. Such opportunities make life worth living."

YOUR TASK

Nothing develops character like the attempt to accomplish some great thing. Emerson says "A man's task is his life-preserver" It is more—it is the ocean vessel in which he travels over the sea of human achievement. The work, toil, struggle and conflict of securing a college course is sometimes more than the university education itself. So plant yourself directly in front of some real difficulty and in solving it—save yourself. And see to it that you conquer, for one difficulty contains many secrets, and the germs of many victories lie slumbering in one triumph. Mark this bit of history:—

"On August 13, 1896, Herbert Spencer completed the system of philosophy upon which he had been engaged for forty years. Rising from his seat in his study, says his secretary, his face beaming with joy, he extended his hand across the table, and we shook hands over the auspicious event. 'I have finished the task I have lived for,' was all he said, and then resumed his seat."

YOURSELF

Fill yourself with history. Saturate yourself with poetry. Feed your mind on biography. Test your soul by theology. Tempt your mind by the deep questionings of psychology. Dip into every available science. Question every friend for information. Sit at the feet of the wise. Ask knowledge of the great—and, then, when you know a thing or two, go out and look at the world:—

"If you journey to the end of the world," says a modern mystic, "none but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate."

THE MASTER PIECE

Man is the master piece, mind is the centre piece. The fact that man can think lifts him out of the animal class and places him on a footing with God. We cannot match God in our thinking but we can talk with God, which means that we can to a certain extent, comprehend His aims and ideas. In the end we may know the divine secrets and enter into all the privileges of sonship.

The great Pascal said: "Man is greater than the universe because he can pass in thought from star to star, from moon to sun, and yet no star, nor moon, nor sun can follow him." Isaac Watts, who was deformed, said: "Were I so tall to reach the pole, or grasp the ocean with a span, I must be measured by my soul. The mind's the standard of the man."

BOOSTING

Things may be coming your way but be careful that they do not come with such force as to carry you away with them. There are tides and tides. Some are natural, some are supernatural and some are dangerous, because they move with a force which is too strong for our character and will. "Circumstances over which I have no control" this was an expression which first fell from the lips of Wellington. Beware of uncontrolable circumstances. The editor of an American periodical remarks:—

"Old salts, who are forever yarning about wrecks and their causes, have a theory that what is called a "boosting" sea accounts for more than one of the disasters that have occurred in the long history of shipping. A "boosting" sea is a sea that runs heavily after a steamer, and, if it does not actually "poop" the vessel, yet, by the roll of billow after billow, accelerates its speed to a degree unguessed by the navigator, until finally the ship, having unconsciously overrun its course, brings up upon a rock or hidden reef, and is reported at Lloyds' as "lost."

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S ALLOWANCE

A mother requests me to discuss on this page the subject of a girl's allowance. I am thankful for these suggestions and should like more of them because I want this page to be practical in every sense of the word. In the first place I like the idea of giving a girl an allowance because it teaches her the value of a dollar, and it makes her more independent. The very reason that many girls leave home is because they have too much personal pride to beg for every cent they spend. I think this is the solution of the country girl's discontent on the farm. More girls in town have an allowance than do in the country. I have made careful inquiries in regard to a girl's needs, among women who have grown up daughters and they tell me that from fifteen to twenty dollars a month is a fair estimate. This should clothe them and include their spending money. I know of one girl who has an allowance of twenty dollars a month and she saves some of it and puts it in the bank. By the way, I like the idea of depositing in the bank the allowance the first of every month and then the girl may draw it out by check as she uses it. This gives her business training and she will save more when the money is in the bank than if it were in her pocket book. It teaches her to be more economical and practical. This allowance I mean is fair for the girl living in the city or for one who visits in the city a great deal. I should think twelve dollars a month would be a fair allowance for a girl living in the country. Of course if a girl can make her own dresses she could save on this. It is a mistake to allow the girl too much, but I believe more err the other way—that is by allowing too little.

There is another reason why girls leave homq. Often they want little changes in the home—they have been out more than their mothers and they desire little improvements about the home. Now I think their wants in this matter should be considered. You can keep the girl at home by making it attractive.

I know a girl who finished college and went to her home in the country with the intention of remaining with her parents. They were people of means, and she did not need to seek outside employment.

When she reached home her room needed papering, there was an old rag carpet on the floor and some pieces of home made furniture in her room. The first night she choked down the tears in the presence of her parents, but when she went to bed she sobbed herself to sleep. She planned the next day how inexpensive changes could be made—some new paper, paint, two small rugs, a rocking chair and some swiss would transform her room to that daintiness and cosiness that delight the heart of a girl. She figured out the cost, and it would require fifteen dollars. Some changes in the parlor downstairs would require fifteen more, and linoleum in the dining room would need ten more. Forty dollars in all would make this home so attractive that the daughter would have loved it, and the parents after the transformation would have been delighted. But when the girl timidly broached the subject her father and mother held up their hands in horror. Again the girl choked down the tears and she went about the house in a depressed spirit. How could she help it? Then the parents began to accuse her of being "high toned" and too nice for them.

That fall she left home to teach school. She told me that when she asked for some change for postage stamps her father said he thought she wrote too many letters.

The next spring she returned, and with her hard earned money she papered and painted the home and bought some new furniture. How changed was the place to her then! She enjoyed it so much that she wanted to remain. Her father let her pay for the improvements and he deposited his rolls in the bank. When fall came and she needed a suit, he swore and asked her what she had done with all of her own money. Now she had earned that year three hundred and fifteen dollars, she spent one hundred and eight dollars for board and one hundred in fixing up the home, that left her with one hundred and seven dollars for her clothes and other expenses for twelve months—less than ten dollars a month. For four years this girl taught and kept up the little necessary improvements in the house—then she married. Her parents wondered why she did not care enough about her home to want to visit them. Do you think she had pleasant memories of it? I might add that she used part of her money to help a younger sister. This girl was a friend of mine and her case was not unusual at all. I know of other similar cases. If that father and mother had given their daughter an allowance of twelve dollars a month she would have been perfectly happy and contented. She was a girl who worked hard every summer to help her mother and they were worth considerable money.

Every girl should keep an expense book of her own. It will save her dollars.

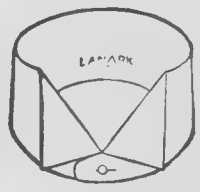
If parents in the country cannot afford to give a fair allowance let them allow their daughters to do a bit of farming for themselves—give them a calf or a pig or a colt if possible, or let them raise chickens, and permit them to have all profits from these things. I know a girl who raised a sick calf and took care of it till it was a healthy cow. All along her father promised her the money it would bring. Finaly he sold it, put the money in the bank and told her he needed it. He told her he would pay her some day. The day never came and the long coveted bedroom furniture she had intended to buy with the money was never bought. She, too, left the farm and her father said he "couldn't understand why Lizzie had left home—she had all she wanted to eat." It is better to pay your own children for work than to drive them out in the world to earn a livelihood and pay some strange girl. There are positively only two reasons why girls leave the farm—because their farm home is not made as attractive and pleasant as it should be, and they do not have money to call their own. The girl who leaves the environment of an attractive home where she has an allowance is very unusual. Girls naturally love home life better than any other.

SYMMETRICAL PERSONALITY.

Dr. Christian F. Reisner says: "Human beings rise or fall to the level of their love." Women tend physiologically to become what men admire. Men admire girls that have symmetrical personality—the personality that has developed equally, physical, mental and spiritual strength. The spiritual should lead in all ideal effort. and when spiritual development is supported by physical and mental strength a girl has a personality that finds gladness at

Fooke COLLARS

are flexible, adjust themselves to the neck, sit close, and tie slides easily.



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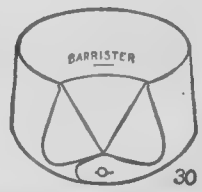

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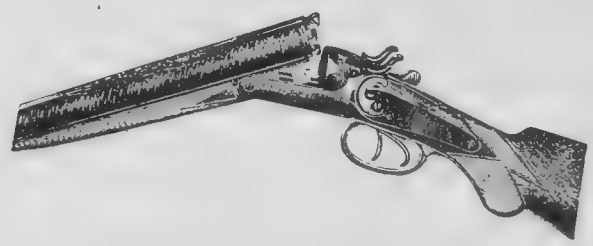
Combination Rifle and Shot Gun



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12 Guage Rifle barrel 38-55 cartridges
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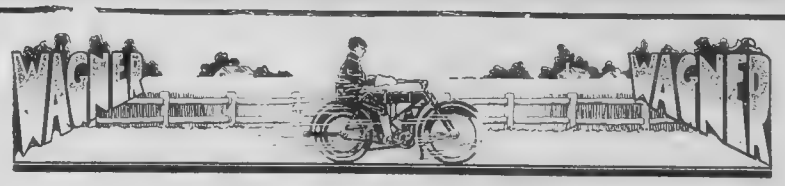
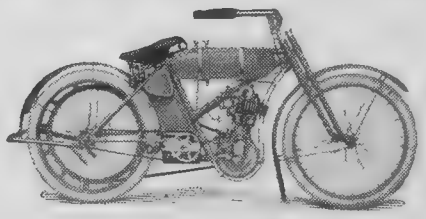


Agents Wanted FOR THE FAMOUS WAGNER

It's a Seller



Motor Cycle

Do you know the economy, usefulness and pleasure of a GOOD Motor Cycle? Do you know that Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics and everybody who want to RIDE at small expense—are buying MOTOR CYCLES, because they are EASY TO BUY, EASY TO RUN and always ready for a QUICK TRIP on any kind of a road?

The Wagner is GUARANTEED; is SIMPLE and an EASY RIDER.

You can buy one at agents price if you will show the machine to your friends and make sales.

Canadian Agencies 187 Market St., Winnipeg, Man.

WRITE TO-DAY

The Live Stock Parade at Winnipeg's Exhibition; always a feature of prime interest for Western visitors.

every turn, and men are seeking just this kind of girl. Dr. E. Garney Brownell says, "Women have converted their craniums into sweat boxes, making them air-tight with 'rats' and 'puffs'. Women may doubt their minister, but the most doubting feminine St. Thomas never questions the infallibility of the druggist." Instead of padding the outside of your head, pad the inside,

AFTER COLLEGE.

This is the month of the "sweet girl graduate." Hundreds of girls are leaving college life for what seems to them a duller life, but what in reality is a much broader life. It is always hard at first for her to adjust herself to the more simple environment, but if she be properly educated she will soon be able to adapt herself to circumstances. The best educated young woman I have ever known was one who was at home in any environment. She always made the people among whom she lived happy and well at ease. She had the faculty of bringing out the best in every one. Though she was a daughter of wealth and of aristocratic birth she was sweet and gracious in her manner and was useful wherever she went. She was a real lady because she had the true education.

I have a feeling of contempt for the snobbish girl who comes home a graduate in the course of Latin and laziness, and parades her book knowledge among the girls of less opportunity, and spends her time in the parlor and hammock while her mother washes the dishes. This type of girl is a nuisauce in any neighbourhood, because she fills the hearts of other girls with envy and discontent, and she crushes the heart of her mother as well.

The girl with the college education has an unusual opportunity in her ability to be useful to those about her. Unless her education makes her useful her college days have been spent in vain. If she proves a success other parents in the neighbourhood will send their daughters to college. She is responsible to the whole community in a way. If her education has made her snobbish and ashamed of the old home, other girls in the community will be robbed of their opportunities.

FATHERS' DAY.

We have celebrated Mother's Day and Childrens' Day, but there seems to be no day set apart for the plodding, patient, unappreciated, hard-working fathers. I have mentioned this subject several times in this department, but I believe not too often, since there is no recognised "Father's Day." Let the girls who read the Western Home Monthly have a day of their very own to give special honor to "fathers." If our Western Home Monthly girls follow my wishes in this matter, many thousands of fathers will be made happy. I therefore propose that we observe the 18th of June to symbolise our appreciation of our fathers and their work. Now I shall take it for granted that you will do this. Make no engagements for that day—stay home and make father happy. Tell him you appreciate what he has done for you and that you love him for all of his sacrifices in your behalf. You know it is lovely to celebrate Mother's Day and to appreciate her sacrifices, but "father," too, sacrifices. In many cases "father" is not given half of the praise he deserves. His work is really in my opinion, more strenuous and responsible than mother's. His worries are heavier and he usually keeps them to himself. Father is often buried in despair when you think he is cold and heartless. Women often criticize me for saying this, but I believe we do not appreciate "father's" problems and difficulties and we do not sympathize with him enough.

If you are away from home write "father" an affectionate letter on that day. I am sure it will surprise him—because, you know, as a rule "father's" letters from his daughters are usually in the form of bills.

There are in this western country, fathers who are acting well the part of both father and mother. Mother love has been celebrated in song and poem and story, but the love of fathers has never been given its rightful praise. Remember, then the 18th of June, dear girls, and make "father" happy on that day. In after years you will bless the

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OLIVER McEWAN
"The greatest living authority on Shorthand"

OLIVER McEWAN

America says: *"One of the five men who have made Shorthand what it is."*—Phonographic World.

Author of "Verbatim Reporting," "The humors of Shorthand," "Lightning business phraseograms," and 50 other works on Shorthand; "Reviser of Pitman's Shorthand Dictionary," and "Instructor." Editor of the American simplified edition of "Pitman's Shorthand."

Mr. Oliver McEwan, the well-known Shorthand expert, is prepared to give his famous course of mail lessons by which any person of ordinary capacity may learn the theory of the Art of Shorthand in ten days, devoting their whole time to study, or, in twenty to thirty days, by giving only part time.

The course has been highly successful, and has never failed to achieve the object in view. A notable feature of these lessons is that from the very first lesson the student begins to write sentences and is actually writing commercial correspondence at the end of three days' study. Here is the schedule of lessons.

SCHEDULE:

First day—Consonants and vowels, with easy sentences
Second day—Consonants and dipthongs with easy sentences
Third day—Abbreviation by indication; letters from dictation
Fourth day—Abbreviation by indication; correspondence from dictation

Great Britain says: *"The greatest living authority on Shorthand."*—Lloyd's Newspaper.

Fifth day—Prefixes; correspondence from dictation
Sixth day—Suffixes; Correspondence from dictation.
Seventh day—Principles of contraction and phraseography; correspondence from dictation.
The above lessons complete the theory of McEwan's Shorthand. Practice from dictation only now is needed.
Eighth day—Complete review of lessons, with hints how to practice successfully
Ninth day—Review of theory; speed exercises
Tenth day—Review of theory; special speed exercises, and correspondence from dictation

It will be seen from the above that students write sentences from the FIRST DAY.

That they take letters from dictation the THIRD DAY.

From the SEVENTH DAY practice from dictation only should be required to attain the highest efficiency,

SUMMER RATES

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ANY FURTHER INFORMATION CAN BE OBTAINED FROM

G. Macdonald, 178 Carlton Street, Winnipeg

Western Home Monthly for making this suggestion. I, too, would like to keep that day. Shall I tell you the reason why I am so earnest about "Fathers' Day"? My own dear father left this world during the past year and the loss of his love and affection has made me realize most pathetically the need of a "Father's Day" every day in the year.

TRIPPING IT.

I think girls are the most interesting people in the whole world. Every day I am learning new things about them, and every day I love and admire them more. Every girl has something loveable and helpful about her, so girls inspire me with high ideals and fill me with great aspirations. But I want to tell you about a young woman who came into my life suddenly a month ago and just as suddenly left after the month was ended. She really has not left me in spirit because she promised faithfully to write me from different parts of the world. I felt that I could not afford to be robbed of the influence of a personality so sweetly symmetrical as was hers, for she is a young woman who is strong physicaly, mentally and spiritually.

I really must tell you what she is doing. She had a desire to travel and see the world, and as she is a wage-earning girl she did not have money enough. So she planned on tripping it as they call the process—that is, she works a month in every city she visits, and meanwhile sees the city. In this way she earns her expenses. As this young woman is a stenographer of considerable ability and experience she has no difficulty in obtaining a position. She has already visited several large cities on this continent and is on her way to Europe. She is planning with the money she saves on this side to pay for a trip abroad.

The first step she takes when she arrives in a city is to hunt up the pastor of her denomination. In this way she is placed in touch with reliable people, and she has an opportunity to see some of the social life of the city. As this young woman has a cheerful and womanly personality she will be rich in friends and experience when she has finished her trip.

Upon inquiry I have learned of other young women who are "tripping it." Some of them seem to have formed a syndicate, if I may call it thus, that is, they keep in touch with one another in other cities and act as substitutes during vacations—for instance, a girl in Toronto who wants a month's vacation will change places with a girl in Winnipeg—or if a girl in Winnipeg know a girl who is "tripping it" and if she have a friend in Toronto who wants a month's vacation, she sends a letter of introduction and the girl who is "tripping it" substitutes for the Toronto girl. Then, too, if the girl is favorably received by her new acquaintances in a city she is often fortunate enough to carry with her to the next city introductions to desirable people. I really am very much interested in the movement. Surely business girls are resourceful.

A MAN'S PRAYER.

This clipping from a magazine appealed to me, and I want my girls to read it as it was written. I believe it is not too much to follow and it gives a man's view of the Ideal Woman. Men want us to demand more of them than they demand of themselves. They are disappointed if we fall short of their ideal. This is the prayer:

"Give me, God, a companionable woman for a mate. Make her, I pray Thee, a woman of merriment. Fill her with a master love for the strenuous. Enlarge her vision so that it will see all things, and make her wise with that wisdom which shall let her see naught that demands her forgiveness. Give her a body compounded of strength and symmetry. Send surging through her a spirit elemental. Fill her with a love for the open air, the high hills, the winding streams, the storms that send snow and sleet across the wastes. Make her vibrate with the joy of the lightning flash and the crash of the thunder. Let her ever be a silent worshipper of the stars. Make her, I pray Thee, a sweet heart of the Natural, I would have her frank and gentle fit to play her hand in the game of life in the manner of a master. And when in Thy goodness Thou hast given this woman unto me, let me ever find in her something elusve—something that shall ever keep me searching joyously and with wonder. Give me, God, a woman who will demand more of me than I have ever dared demand of myself—who shall help me liberate that creating energy necessary for the materialization of my dreams. If it be Thy will that this woman be not given to me in the flesh, give her to me as an Ideal Woman who will lead me daily to render my neighbor the service most expressive of my great love for her. And may she never permit me to find the Final Goal."

GLORIFIED BRAINS.

We can all use our brains more than we do. The girl that always wins out is the girl who stops to think about things. A famous English artist was asked by a student with what he mixed his colors to get such wonderful effects. He scowled and the exclaimed in deep disgust, "With brains, sir, with brains!" Thackeray said, "Herein lies the power of a great artist—he makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you. This is true of an artist in any line of work. It is true of any great character genius in any direction is glorified brains. I once heard a girl remark: "If I could be as sweet as that old lady, I would not mind growing old." If you want to be that kind of a woman, if your ideal is a picture of beauty and graciousness, begin to mix the colors now. A beautiful old age does not come without effort. The path of a good woman is strewn with flowers behind her. You are outlining your future and choosing its coloring now. The woman you wish to be must begin with the girl. You can show your love for Western Canada and our flag by making beautiful the place you call your home. Character is not best formed in fashionable hotels—the good, the true, the tender, the lovely form the wealth of our homes and of the nation. If we make the home all that is harmonious and noble and inspiring, the nation becomes the same—for the home is the type of the nation. I drop these few hints for Coronation thoughts for those who must remain at home.

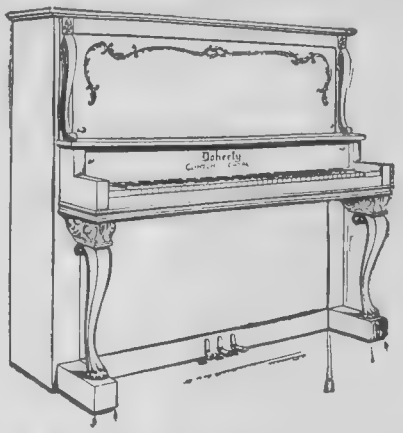
THE POETESS OF THE COTTON MILLS.

Some girls who work in factories, stores, and in houses feel that their environment stifles aspiration and destroys individuality. It is not what we accomplish so much as it is what we overcome in our accomplishment that makes us strong. Lucy Larcom, a girl who worked in a cotton mill when she was thirteen years of age, felt conscious of her own powers. Amid uncongenial surroundings her talents blossomed in the midst of toil and poverty and hard ship till the poetess of the cotton mills is an assurance girls everywhere that they need not surrender ambition because their surroundings are not what they like.

MAKE HOME WORK ARTISTIC.

The Domestic Science movement is fast solving the problem of how to make our girls like the domestic work. The more we encourage it the more willing will girls be to remain on the farm. Domestic Science trains girls to appreciate the artistic side of home work and they like the artistic. Too many see only drudgery in the homework and that is why they like other work better.

The letters that have come from my readers this month, I greatly appreciate. Let me know just what you want me to discuss on this page and I shall take pleasure in granting your requests. I thank the reader who sent me the poem and I will publish it soon.—P.R.H.



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It has a perfect co-ordination of parts which distinguishes it from the average piano, and which easily makes it the choice of music-lovers.

The **DOHERTY** is the result of the study and development of half-a-century so that everything entering into its make up can now be regarded as flawless, or as near perfection as human ingenuity can come. **Science** and **skill** are embodied in every instrument.

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and does not involve any obligation until one is absolutely satisfied that he has the very best musical instrument that Canada can produce. **Thirty days free trial** is given any responsible person at our expense, and this is at your own home wherever you live in the West. We have absolute faith in the **DOHERTY** otherwise we could not make this offer.

Write for our catalogue and a complete list of our slightly used instruments. We have many of them taken in exchange for the Doherty piano, and we give very special bargains. Cut out and mail us the following coupon, and we will immediately attend to your requirements.

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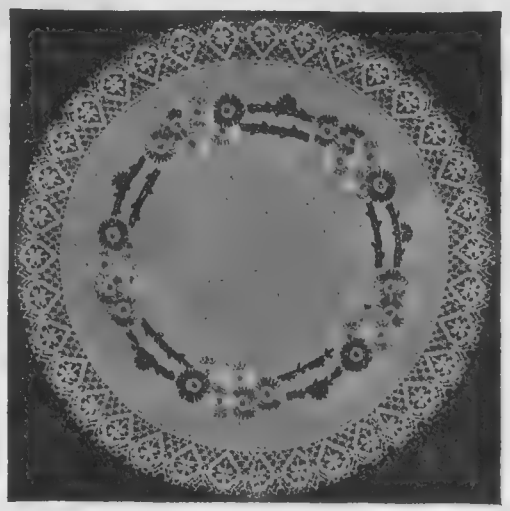

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Our Students say: "I have made 25 waists (6 silk ones) all perfect fits." "I just saved the price of my course by making my own silk dress." "My husband is surprised and pleased." "I believe your system of teaching is the best in use; it is fully worth $200 to any one contemplating dressmaking." "I would not take $300 for what I have learned and do without it."

This book will be sent you free. At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published 100,000 of these **copyrighted** books to advertise the AMERICAN SYSTEM OF DRESSMAKING, and—while they last—will send you a copy **FREE.** Write for it today. One copy only to each woman. Requests filled in the order received. Don't take time to write a letter, just use the Coupon.

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AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING:

I have just finished my lessons in your course of instruction and am delighted with it. In speaking of your system to others, I have said that I would not take $50 for it and do without it. I can save the cost of the lessons in one coat suit. I can buy the material and make it to fit better. I have made three coat suits and a number of skirts and shirt waists, besides quite a lot of other sewing all of which has given perfect satisfaction.

Please accept thanks for the instructions given and the interest you have taken in me.

Very respectfully yours,
MRS. T. L. CATE

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Please send me your free book and explain how I can learn to do my own sewing, become a professional dressmaker, and qualify for a good income.

Name.....

St. & No.....

P. O.....

State.....

Box No.....R. F. D. No.....

Summer Embroideries.

Embroidered Linen Gowns are very fashionable this season and the dresses for which the prevailing idea will be straight simple lines with no other trimming than the skirt bands and portions of the bodice embroidered or braided with simple effective designs. Every garment worn by the well dressed woman shows hand embroidery more or less elaborate and linens for these dresses may be either white or colored and are most satisfactory when made of medium weight goods.

The gown illustrated on this page shows the fashionable band effect on the skirt which may be placed to suit any fancy, as the bands are stamped along the selvedge of the goods thus allowing the skirt to be made up in any preferred manner. The graceful bodice shows the one-piece effect, and the cutting out diagram is outlined by the stamping. The embroidered pattern is very handsome and would be effective in the solid padded over and over stitch. The low rolling collar looks cool and comfortable, if preferred this could be worn with a guimp if a high neck finish is desired,

No. 55375.—Blouse, Stamped on Linen, $1.50; Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents

The one piece or peasant blouse waist is having a tremendous vog e at present. It is seldom indeed that a style is so universally adopted and shown in the most elaborate as well as the more simple garments, but the easy manner in which these blouses are made up after

No.—5732, Stamped on White or Colored Linen, $4.50.

being embroidered, brought these into favor at once, and the favorite material for these is sheer Voile or Marquisette. The embroideries vary from a solid padded satin stitch embroidered in oriental colorings to the French beading, which is so successful an imitation of the fashionable bead embroidery.

Another attractive waist shows the tailored effect with its one sided closing and plain sleeves. These blouses are very suitable to wear with tailored costumes as they have a smartness all their own and nothing else can take their place in the summer wardrobe. Suitable materials for these waists are plain or corded linen, the latter material is most effective as it is quite new and very suitable for this style of waist.

No. 62 Blouse is an example of this work and is used in connection with couching stitch. Rope silk is used for this embroidery, as the cotton threads do not produce a satisfactory result. On the embroidered sample we picture here, the bands are couched with three stands of white rope silk caught down at regular intervals with coral shade, the leaves and scrolls are outlined with black rope silk, the dots are embroidered in solid padded satin stitch with white outlined with coral shade. and the rest of the design consisting of leaves and scrolls is filled in with the beading stitch. This is a new manner of working the well-known Franch knot, the perfect bead imitation is obtained by twisting the silk once only around a coarse crewel needle, then pass the needle through the back of the goods and bring up where the next dot is stamped; this produces a small flat French knot which will not loosen or pull from the material. Many handsome designs are shown which are composed all together from this Bead stitch and the coloring may match any costume.

Another dainty waist is shown on figure 5396. This beautiful waist is embroidered on Marquisette, in Oriental colorings, pale greens, brown, blue, gold, with a touch of black to bring out the band effects have been used on this handsome model. We are sure our readers will be interested in the novelties

we have described on this page as the high-class shops are featuring more than ever embroidered summer garments, and we have described as many attractive and yet quite different models on this page as our space will permit.

No.—5396, Stamped on Linen, $1.50; Stamped on Lawn, 75 Cents.

No.—5502, Blouse, Stamped on Marquisette, $1.25.

A very useful blouse is shown in figure 5502, this model has been embroidered on fine linen and the handsome collar, four-in-hand tie and cuffs are the only decoration used on this, which is one of the "hot weather" varieties and we are sure will appeal to many, as it is so simple and yet effective.

We do not ourselves supply the articles illustrated on this page, but readers entrusting their orders to us will have them carefully filled. Allow about ten days from the time the order is sent in.

Kindly Customs of the Royal Family.

One of the most interesting features of Osborne House is the avenue of trees in the garden planted by the royal family in February, 1862, to perpetuate the memory of the late Prince Consort, who died in December of the previous year. When planted, these trees were small, but they now tower imposingly in the air. The first one, a pine tree, was planted by Queen Victoria, and her late Majesty caused to be affixed thereon a small tablet bearing the words, "For the late Prince Consort." The next tree was placed there by King Edward. Following these are trees which owe their being to Princess Louise, Princess Alice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and several other members of the royal family. At the back of this noble avenue, amongst a number of other trees is to be found a fine cedar of Lebanon, brought back by King Edward from Palestine, when, as Prince of Wales, he visited that country in 1872. It was planted in the garden of Osborne House by Princess Maud of Wales, now Princess Charles of Denmark. There is also another beautiful avenue of trees in the garden which has grown up in commemoration of the marriage of Queen Victoria's children. As each one left her side, so a tree was added to this particular glade, which now forms one of the prettiest spots in the garden of Osborne House.

A Sole of Steel.

The wet weather of the past season was responsible for much sickness; and this sickness chiefly due to colds—rheumatism, catarrh, pneumonia, and the ever prevalent grippe.

In ninety cases out of every hundred those colds were the result of exposure to weather and wet feet. Folks have not time to wear rubbers, and besides, all kinds of overshoes or rubber boots wear out quickly, and are not practical for heavy, every-day wear. Even the heaviest leather seems inadequate protection, and one of ordinary make heavy enough to be waterproof is very apt to be clumsy, uncomfortable, and of short wear. Nothing is so nerve wracking as sore feet. History tells us that Napoleon's feet cost him Waterloo— He stopped too long for a hot foot bath. But anybody who has suffered with aching feet will agree that an Empire was well lost to gain foot comfort. Any shoe which guarantees weather protection and is easy to wear ought to find a wide and useful field. And it does. There is a shoe on the market which is as remarkable as it sounds—one in Toronto, and they have a wide market especially among those whose work exposes them to weather. And it does not seem to matter what weather. This steel shoe keeps the feet dry and warm in the winter and cool in the summer. It protects from perspiration no less than outside damp. The "rub" lies between shoe and sock, saving the friction which in leather shoes induces bunions, corns, and all the ills of swollen, aching feet. "Steel Shoes" sound heavy, but experience proves the contrary. They are lighter than ordinary thick-soled shoes, and neat in shape and appearance. The sole and lower portion of the shoe is of seamless steel, extending one inch and more all around the upper, inviting the wearer to wade, if necessary. Wet plowed fields, marshes or flooded roads, muddy streets, the wet concrete floors of creameries, grimy factories—all the same to the man or boy in Steel Shoes.

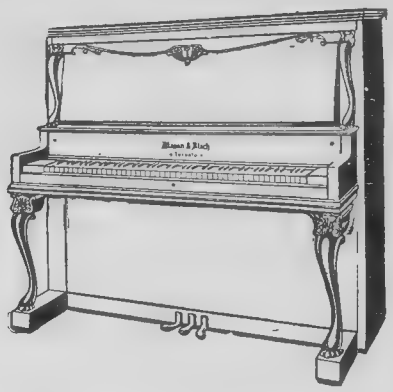
One vital point which ought not to overlooked is the immunity which these shoes secure from lockjaw, blood-poisoning, and such serious troubles as result from rusty nail, wire, splinters, etc. The wearer is insured, too, against slipping, as the soles are fitted with adjustable rivets which can be replaced by the wearer for a trifling sum. And the makers have such confidence in their product that they send a pair on trial to be returned if unsatisfactory. But sightly, comfortable, and a guarantee against grippe—these Steel Shoes are altogether well worth the cost. Our advice to those who have not seen these Steel Shoes is to write a postal for the booklet—"The Sole of Steel"—Address: The Steel Shoe Co., Seventh St., Racine, Wisconsin, and get all the facts. They are mighty interesting.

Flower Cure for Flies.

The confectioner's shop was quite free of flies, though all the cakes and sweetmeats were uncovered. "That mignonette," said he, "is what keeps the flies away. We have it in pots all over the place. The odor is so unpleasant to flies that they won't come near us. I got the idea from the south. There the butchers and confectioners always have mignonette growing in their shops, and they can expose their wares without any fear of flies' attacks.

"It's a good idea. One sprig of mignonette in my window keeps it quite fly-free."

Dr. Woods Hutchinson.—Some medical men earn their money by inventing complaints with long names for over-fed society women.



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Quality of tone and durability are the real tests of piano value. It is not the exterior, but what is inside, that counts.

Our case designs have been copied, but no manufacturer has been able to reproduce the special features of construction which have made the Mason & Risch Piano excel in tone quality and durability.

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You do yourself an injustice if you purchase a piano before investigating the Mason & Risch.

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This will be the most interesting exhibit of Farm Implements and Machinery ever made in Canada, teeming with the clang, clatter and buzz of inspiring noise. There is pleasure and instruction here for every visitor to our Big Fair.

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ONE MORE OF THE PIONEER WOMEN

Tells her suffering sisters to find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mrs. Forrester had Rheumatism and other Kidney Diseases for two years, but Dodd's Kidney Pills made her well.

Dinsmore, Sask. (Special).—One more of the pioneer women of Saskatchewan, relieved of pain and suffering by Dodd's Kidney Pills, has given her statement for publication in order that other suffering women may profit by her experience. This time it is Mrs. John Forrester, well known and highly respected in this neighborhood.

"My trouble started from a severe cold," Mrs. Forrester states. "My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I perspired freely at the slightest exertion. I had pains in my back and Rheumatism developed, from which I suffered for two years.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Suffering women can learn from the experience of others that the one sure way to health is to cure their Kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys.

No Anxiety or Disappointment

When you send your work to us. However costly or elaborate your garments or draperies may be, you need have no fear of the result when they are treated by our chemical dry process—the perfection of cleaning.

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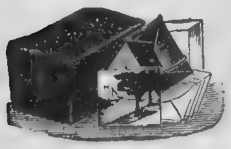

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Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

FOR SPRING OUTINGS.

Young girls are wearing a great many fancy, yet simple, coats this season, and here is a costume that shows one combined with a simple five-gored skirt. In the illustration the material is diagonal serge, and the suit is finished in severe tailored style. The skirt is cut off and joined to the straight band. The result is an exceedingly fashionable costume.

6925—Fancy Coat for Misses and Small Women.
6933—Girl's Coat.
6896—Five Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women.

The skirt can, however, be extended to full length and finished without the band if preferred, and it can be cut off at the waist line and joined to a belt or extended a little above the waist line in Empire style, as preferred.

For the 16 year size, the coat will require 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 or 2⅛ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 4¾ yards 27, 2½ yards either 44 or 52 inches wide.

The May Manton patterns of the coat, 6925, and of the skirt, 6896, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years, and are equally adapted to small women.

The little girls coat is a very new one, with yoke and sleeves that are cut in one. The lower portion is made with under-arm seams only, consequently there is very little labor involved in the manufacture of the garment. This coat is made of broadcloth, trimmed with braid, but all the materials used for girls' coats are appropriate. For the six year size will be required 3⅜ yards of material 27 or 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern, 6933, is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Any of these patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Dainty Gowns for Summer Days.

A Smart Suit of Pongee.

Bolero jackets are always jaunty and very generally becoming. This season they are exceedingly smart. The one illustrated is simple in the extreme. It is cut all in one piece. Prettily shaped cuffs finish the sleeve edges and the fronts can be lapped over as illustrated or rolled back to form big pointed revers. The back slightly full and joined to the belt. The skirt is made in two pieces with seams at the sides only. It can be trimmed as illustrated or in any way that may be liked. It is of moderate width, snugly fitting over the hips and takes folds that are graceful and becoming.

For a woman of medium size the jacket will require 1¼ yards of material 36 inches wide or 1⅓ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ¾ yard of satin for the trimming. For the skirt will be needed 4⅞ yards 27, 3½ yards 36 or 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide.

The jacket pattern, 6962, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust; the skirt pattern, 6796, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

Any of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Smart Suit of Pongee.
6962—Bolero Jacket.
6796—Two-piece Skirt.

Dainty Gowns for Summer Days.

Seldom has any season been so generous of materials as is the incoming one. Silks and cottons are equal favorites and both are shown in infinite variety.

The frock worn by the young girl to the left of the illustration is made from one of the shower proof foulards that are so practical as well as so smart. It is trimmed with messaline and with bead edging. The blouse is simplicity itself, being cut in one with the sleeves, but it is rendered distinctive by the shaped trimming portions. The skirt is made in four pieces with the high waist line that is so fashionable and so generally becoming. The model will be found an execellent one for linen and for other washable materials as fell as for silk.

For the 16 year size the blouse will require ⅝ yards of material 27 or 1⅛ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard of silk for the trimming; for the skirt will be needed 4¾ yards 27, 3½ yards 36, or 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of silk for the bands.

Both the blouse pattern, 6909, and the skirt pattern, 6888, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16, and 18 years of age and

are equally adapted to small women.

The gown to the right is made from marquisette with trimming of embroidered banding. The blouse is cut in one with the long sleeves and these sleeves are close fitting and perfectly shaped. There is a little chemisette of lace that gives a dainty touch. The skirt is five-gored with a wide tuck that gives the effect of a tunic. The model can be reproduced in various materials and quite a different effect can be obtained by making the lower portion of the skirt, beneath and below the tuck, of contrasting material.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require 3½ yards of material 27 or 36, or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard of all-over lace 18 and 2¼ yards of banding; for the skirt will be needed 5½ yards 27 or 4½ yards 36 or 44 if there is no up and down, but should there be figure or nap 7½ yards 27 will be needed with 5 yards of banding for the trimming.

The blouse pattern, 6930, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust; the skirt pattern, 6919, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

6909—One-piece Blouse for Misses and Small Women.

6930 — Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist.

6888—Four-piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women.

6919—Five-gored Skirt.

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Kansas City, Mo., May 8th, 1911.

To The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Gentlemen—You may be assured that during our advertising season THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY will have its share to the maximum of our appropriation. It might be of interest to you to know that you are getting more space than any other three publications, and we flatter ourselves that we are pretty close buyers of space. We spend our money only where it pays us best.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING.
(J. M. Stelle, President.)

New Hose Free

—if these wear out in

Six Months

For Men, Women and Children

Here is freedom for all time from hose that need darning. Order six pairs of Holeproof Hose in the manner indicated below and we'll give you a signed-in-ink *guarantee* that they will wear without holes for six full months. If one or all pairs show in that time the slightest hole or tear or rip, return them to us and get new hose free.

That is the guarantee under which Holeproof Hose have been sold in the States for the past twelve years. These hose are a wonderful success. The business is fifty times greater to-day than when the hose were first sold this way, proving a marvellous product. Last year 5,400,000 pairs *outlasted* the guarantee, wore *longer* than six months.

Think what it means to have hose wear six months—without any darning—without any discomfort—hose that are soft and pliable, made in the lightest gauze weights for summer, as light as any hose can be made, yet *guaranteed to wear six months.*

We can do it because we use the best cotton yarn—costing an average of 70 cents a pound, the top market price. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. We carry like quality all through the goods. They are *thus* made to *stand* the guarantee. Don't wear common hose when you can get hose like these. "Holeproof" costs the same as the common kinds sold with no guarantee whatever.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

MENS'S SOCKS. Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs $1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs $1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs $2.00. Light and extra light weight *Lustre Sox*, 6 pairs $3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, three pairs (guaranteed *three* months), $2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs $3.00.

WOMEN'S. Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight *Lustre Hose*, 6 pairs $3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in extra light weight *Lustre Hose*, 6 pairs $3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, $3.00 for *three* pairs (guaranteed *three* months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00, and in extra light weight *Lustre Hose*, 6 pairs $3.00.

CHILDREN'S. Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

INFANT'S SOX. Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7, 4 pairs (guaranteed 6 months) $1.00. Ribbed leg stockings in same colors, and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed 6 months) $1.00.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., 1906

HOW TO ORDER If you can't get of your dealer the genuine "Holeproof" with the signature on the toe, send to us, stating size, colors (whether all one color or six assorted), weight and kind you want, and send the price and we'll send the hose and the signed guarantee ticket insuring you the wear as stated above. Unless stated otherwise 6 pairs are guaranteed 6 months. Six pairs of one size and weight and kind in a box. Colors only may be assorted.

Carl Freschl, Pres

Send in your order to-day. You'll always wear Holeproof Hose once you try them.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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TO DEALERS Write us for our agency proposition. *Excellent opportunity.* Thousands of United States dealers making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."

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An Alliance

Life Insurance is an alliance of prudent men against misfortune. Do not confess yourself imprudent by remaining OUTSIDE that alliance.

If you are in health, entry is altogether easy. Life Insurance includes a wide diversity of plans. It gives security and permanence to the extensive interests of the rich. It protects the home and family of the poor.

Look into this matter of Insurance. Become familiar with its many benefits. See how it may benefit you—YOUR family. Do this even though you have no immediate intention of taking a Policy.

There are the best of reasons for looking into the Great-West Policies. They are in greatest demand, as statistics show; so if for that reason alone it is safe to assume their value.

The premiums are exceptionally low—the profits exceptionally high.

Permit The Great-West Life to give you information. Fill in the blanks below and mail to Head Office. You will then receive interesting details—without undue solicitation to insure.

The Great-West Life Assurance Coy.

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Without committing myself to any action I shall be pleased to have information regarding Life Insurance.

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QUALITY is the first consideration, and reputation is a good index of quality. The twine which, for many seasons past, has given the best of satisfaction—the twine that has stood the test on thousands of Western farms—is safe buying at any price.

But when you can get it at a saving in cost, backed by the broadest guarantee you ever heard of, then

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550 Feet per Pound

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We guarantee to every purchaser, first that the quality is absolutely dependable. We insure that quality at the factory by a break test, a knotter test, and by the Government inspection. We also guarantee every buyer of Eaton Twine against the possibility of twine loss through crop failure. For if crops are destroyed by hail, rust, frost or excessive rain, or if the twine is unsatisfactory for any reason we will take it back and refund the purchase price, besides paying the freight both ways.

No such guarantee was ever before given with Binder Twine. It COULD NOT BE OFFERED until a twine was found good enough to warrant the guarantee.

Prices and full particulars about Golden Manilla Twine will be found in the Eaton Catalogue for Spring and Summer.

If you have no catalogue, write us for prices as orders should be placed at once to insure prompt delivery.

This is especially advisable this year as every indication points to the greatest crop that Western Canada has ever produced, and the binder twine mills have not made provisions for any exceptional crop increase.

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SEASON 1911

This is the TWENTY-FIRST YEAR "THE PROVINCIAL MUTUAL" has been doing business.
In fifteen of these years the full indemnity of Six dollars per acre was paid.
In five of these years a pro rata dividend was paid.
In seven of these years the full amount of the Premium Notes was not called for.
TWENTY-FIVE, THIRTY and even FIFTY PER CENT of Premium Notes was thus returned to Insurers.

Joint Stock Companies NEVER return any Premiums to Insurers.

No other Company pays so high an indemnity for loss.
The cost is Twenty-five Cents per acre, or less, according to damage suffered.
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Woman and the Home.

Forgotten

A little year or so ago
She sparkled everywhere,
With shoulders bare and face aglow—
The fairest of the fair;
We read about her every day
As having been at this or that—
At club or tea or ball or play,
Attraction centred where she sat.

A little year or so ago
She swayed a certain set—
Without her functions failed, but, oh,
How quickly we forget!
The men who flocked around her then
Now flatter other girls, and they
That read her name with envy when
She swayed, ne'er think of her to-day.

A preacher said some words, and lo,
A maiden ceased to be!
The fair one people used to know,
Oh, where, oh where is she?
There's one who bends with loving gaze
O'er something small and frail and sweet—
I wonder if she mourns the days
When all the world was at her feet?

Training the Children in Courtesy

I have seven children, the eldest 15 and the youngest three years old. I, like most mothers, am ambitious to train them in "the way they should go." I begin to teach them politeness as soon as the baby tongues can understand anything. I never take anything from their hands without saying "Thank you." I repeat this to them when I hand them anything. I teach them to say "Excuse me" when they are ready to leave the table after each meal. Every courtesy that is nice in grown people and children, I train them to observe from infancy. I teach my boys to lift their hats when meeting a lady, whether on the street or on a quiet country road. I teach them to show deference to old age, whether it be found in the white race or the black, and never to be rude to an inferior. I have taught them the proper use of the English language from the time they began to use the language, consequently their grammar work at school is easy. I am told by all who know my children that they are noted for their kindness and politeness wherever they go. I do not write this in a boastful spirit, but with much satisfaction and to show how easily we mothers can train our broods if we only begin early enough and take a little extra trouble just at first. My children and their father fill up my life entirely. I love to devote my time to training the children and being companiable to them and their father. —Mrs. D. H. Rust, Pelican, La. (Awarded the Prize.)

At a Mother's Meeting

A mother who tries very hard to "bring up" her one little boy "just right," said in one of our mothers' meetings:—

"Willie told me a lie last week—more than that, when questioned about it, he went on and told of things which seemed plausable enough at the time, but which I afterwards discovered were wholly untrue. My husband and I both felt so bad over it we didn't know what to do."

This led to a discussion as to the best way of teaching children to be truthful.

One mother thought the best way was by example—to be always absolutely truthful herself and to surround her child with an atmosphere of truthfulness.

Another mother said: "I believe children tell lies from fear of punishment."

Whereupon Willie's mother remarking: "We are not quite so bad as that."

"But it seems to me," said one of the younger mothers, "that you are not quite sympathetic enough with Willie."

The school teacher who at that moment came into the meeting after the close of school—who has mothered other peoples' children for more than twenty years, upon being asked "why are children untruthful?"

Replied "To defend themselves."

One of the older mothers, whose experience was valued because she has such good children, told of a time when her oldest boy, who was then a child, had done something which she thought very wrong. He came to her and confessed it all or she would have known nothing about it. She was considering how to punish him, for she thought it would not be passed by. In talking the matter over alone with her husband, he asked her: "Do you think Herbert will tell you about it the next time if you punish him now? I would talk with him kindly and show him how to make restitution so far as he can."

In telling about it the mother said: "I have my husband to thank for the confidence that has always existed between Herbert and myself. He saved me from making a great mistake."

Another mother spoke of a young man about the age of one of her sons. "There was never the close companionship between my father and mother and myself that there should be between parents and children. Now that I have a little boy of my own I feel more than ever the barrier that has always existed between my parents and myself, but I cannot break it down. I am determined, however, that my boy shall be acquainted with me."

"That is what my husband used to say about our boys," said one of the mothers who had not before spoken at the meeting, "and it has come true with us, for, while our boys obey him implicitly, they tell him everything as freely as they do each other. He seems like an older brother."

After the meeting closed, as we were starting for our homes, Willie's mother said: "Well, I've learned something to-day."

Another mother responded: "So have I."

The Baby in Summer

Dr. George T. Palmer, the editor of The Chicago Clinic, in a recent article, says:—The treatment given to the average infant in the average home, by the affectionate mother, while well intended, is an imposition upon the weakness of the little one. If the mothers would consider infant care as a problem capable of practical solution, and would practice those things which are logical, rather than blindly following absurd custom, the children of the present day would have far better health, and the men and women of the future would be stronger and hardier.

We have learned that one-third of all infants die before ending the second year of life, and we know that the great part of this shocking mortality occurs in the summer. To the baby, June is not the month of roses, of blushing brides and sweet girl graduates, but a very trying period, of sour milk, colics, and all manner of discomforts. The most important consideration in infancy, in summer as well as winter, is the selection and the handling of the food, for quite truly has someone said: "A baby is merely an appetite." If the food is right, the baby will be generally well; if the food is wrong, everything will be wrong. It is easier to raise a child in health, in the midst of filthy surroundings, with foul air, if he can have good, clean food, than to keep him well, even in ideal surroundings with food which is not good.

For those infants who are deprived of breast milk, all physicians now agree that cow's milk is the very best food. This milk should come from a herd, rather than from a single cow; should come from hardy, ordinary breeds of cattle, rather than from Jerseys or Alderneys; should be milked with the greatest care; allowed to come in contact with no containers which have not been sterilized by boiling; should be reduced to a temperature about freezing at once on being milked, and kept there until feeding time, and should be fed as soon after milking as possible.

Tea or coffee, flour balls, sugar teats, patent foods, crackers, bread and all such things, should be absolutely forbidden the infant during the first year. It is well to give him a small piece of butter occasionally.

The daily bath is desirable for all infants; but it is best not to give the very young infant the full bath, but rather to

sponge him in water about body temperature, keeping the body protected in a woollen shawl during the process. The bath is especially necessary during the summer, as rigid cleanliness will prevent much of the chafing and skin eruption of that season. The baby should not be dressed too warmly. Two layers of clothing are sufficient, and physicians are tending each year to the belief that the more simply a child is dressed the better. Long heavy skirts are especially to be avoided, for exercise is just as necessary for a child as for an adult, and the old-fashioned skirts utterly prevent any free action of the legs.

It is during the summer, when the infant's nervous and fretful, that we should remember that excitement is bad for a child, and in this regard it may be said that there are probably many mothers who do not know that nervous diseases may originate from the good-natured effortto make a baby laugh. The little one certainly has no sense of humor, and his laughter, when provoked by noises, shakes and faces, you never get. It seems to me that it is a sign of overwrought nervous system, and not of pleasure. This method of "amusing the baby" is especially objectionable in the evening. Each day the child should have his outing, and when the weather is mild it is well for him to have as much outdoor life as possible.

There are many general rules for the guidance of mothers and nurses, and there, while they apply the whole year through, are especially important during the summer. The child should never be permitted to go to sleep with a nipple or rubber ring in his mouth; he should have his naps regularly; should be fed "by the clock"; should not be given too much food, and should be put into his crib or bed when sleeping time comes, and not rocked to sleep. Absolute cleanliness should be the rule in every particular. The clothing should be fresh, and changed as often as necessary; the nursing bottles should be boiled after each feeding, or a sufficient quantity should be supplied so that it will not be necessary to use one twice in any day, so that all can be boiled thoroughly when the food is being prepared in the morning. The long tubed nursing bottle should never be used, but the simplest form of rubber nipple

Bathing the Baby

A daily bath during the warm weather is absolutely necessary to keep the baby healthy and good natured, and is seldom omitted by the careful mother. An hour after he has had his dinner is probably the best time for it. Place the bath tub on a bench, with a low chair beside it to sit on, and you will find the arrangement a very convenient one.

Have everything that will be needed until the dressing is completed within reach. There should be a bottle of cold cream or vaseline, pieces of the softest linen for wash rags and towels, and a supply of clean clothing. Pour a quantity of lukewarm water in a tub, dust in a little powdered boraxo, remove his clothing and set him in it; wash him all over, gently and thoroughly. You will need a little soap, and should be careful to select a soap that is pure. The bath should not last longer than three minutes. Take him out, wipe every part of the body until it is perfectly dry, and dust lightly with an infant powder, which is composed of ten parts of talcum powder and one part boracic acid, thoroughly mixed. If this is used after every bath there is no danger of chafing. Wash the mouth and dry the ears with soft bits of linen. Dress in undergarments of flannel, loose enough to admit of free play of the limbs.

When you put the baby in his crib, never turn his face towards the light, as that is apt to injure his eyes. Keep him in a cool quiet corner, where the flies will not disturb him, and his sleep will be a long and peaceful one.

To clean upholstered Furniture.—Brush the articles and beat the dust out first with a thin cane, then rub the upholstering all over with dry bran and a flannel. This is a treatment that should not be denied upholstered furniture during the spring cleaning, as it radically improves its appearance.

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The Mother Who Understood

The tears would come in spite of everything. Father just couldn't and wouldn't understand; and mother, who could usually be depended upon, looked very doubtful.

Over and over it had been explained. Henry Stone was the handsomest boy in school. All the girls were just wild to be invited by him. What if mother didn't know very much about his family and father had seen him with boys of doubtful reputation? It was only the High School reception, anyway; and all the teachers would be there.

The same old problem, old but ever new to the loving mother, when first she faces the fact that the daughter whom she has so tenderly shielded from all that might harm has come to the place which, sooner or later, every girl must reach; when, sufficient unto herself, she has not the faintest doubt as to her ability to choose her own friends. Possibly the experience of one mother will prove suggestive to others in like perplexity, though no invariable rule can be given. As temperaments differ, so must the problem be met and dealt with. Only the most tender, patient attempt to comprehend her daughter's nature; only a clear-sighted vision of the importance of protecting the individuality of which no child should ever be deprived, can help the mother through what must always be a critical time in the life of every girl.

This mother recognized that the time had come when father's "No"—even with what, from his masculine point of view, seemed sufficient reason—would no longer answer. Obedience would follow, but only the obedience due to habit and training, carrying with it a girlish hurt that would not soon pass away. So it was mother who proposed waiting until to-morrow, and who, a little later, persuaded father to let her "manage" it in her own way, despite his opinion that it was enough to say "No" and let that end it.

Too well the mother-heart knew it would not end there, for her watchful eyes had seen the tightened lips and the rebellious spirit, unconsciously shown, but none the less present.

It was not hard to gain the information needed. So when, the next evening, again came Hazel's eager question, "Mother, my I go with Henry?" the answer was, "Yes," followed by the suggestion that he be asked to spend an evening at the house, as mother would like to know him better.

It was a very happy girl who received him when the evening came; but it was just a little embarrassing that Henry would talk so loudly and, for the most part, of himself and his automobile and what good times he had with the other fellows. But the hot chocolate, served in mother's daintiest china, was very satisfying; and mother herself, in one of her most fetching gowns, seemed so interested, and didn't appear to notice. Yet it hadn't seemed just that way at school.

The High School reception was over. It had been nice to be envied by all the girls, and the pleasure was only just a little spoiled because Henry seemed to know it too. Again it was mother who planned a little chafing-dish supper, just for the boys and girls—Hazel's friends from childhood—and Henry. Somehow, Henry seemed rather out of place. Perhaps he did have more money than the other boys; but who wanted to hear about it all the time? There were so many ways of having a jolly evening together, if they hadn't been obliged constantly to amire Henry!

Even the hospitality in which the girlish pride found so much satisfaction couldn't make up for the feling of mortification; but, as before, mother did not seem to notice.

It did happen, however, that, when another invitation came from Henry, it was mother who had such a delightful plan for the same evening that it was not hard at all to decline it with thanks.

Vacation came, with its separations and new interests, and it needed but the one letter, which mother had not forbidden but had been interested to hear, to dispel a little more of the illusion Why was it that that letter, read aloud, seemed to have so little in it? And why was there really so little to write about in return?

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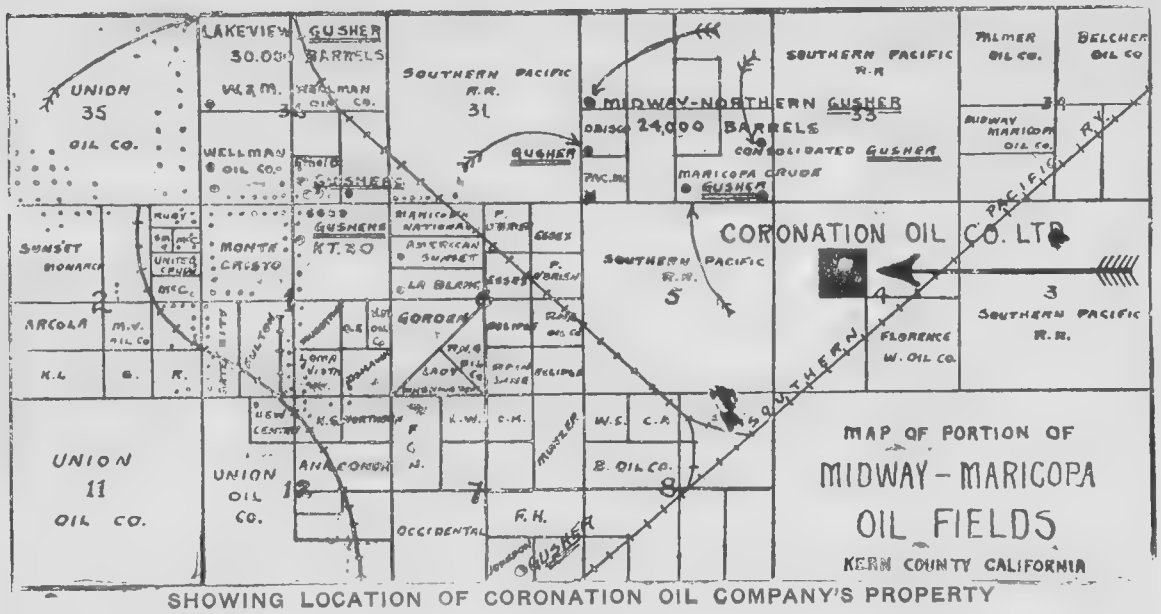

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Coronation Oil Company, Limited, is incorporated under the laws of the Province of British Columbia with Capital Stock $350,000 divided into 350,000 shares, of Par Value $1.00 each. The President of the Company is **V. C. ames, Esq.**, General Manager, The Western Fire Insurance Company, Vice-President, Columbia Properties Corporation Limited, and Director, General Securities Company, Limited, Vancouver, B.C. The Vice-President is **Archibald York, Esq.**, Vice-President, Pacific Coast Stock Exchange, President, The Western Union Fire Insurance Company, and President, General Securities Company, Limited, Vancouver, B.C. The Secretary-Treasurer is **B. Geo. Hansuld, Esq.**, Director Columbia Properties Corporation, Limited, and Director, General Securities Company Limited, Vancouver, B.C. The Directors are, **Stewart M. Read, Esq., C. H. Hubbell, Esq., Harold V. Pearlman, Esq., and Wm. Noble,** all of Vancouver, B. C.

These men are recognized leaders in business and financial affairs in British Columbia. They will administer the affairs of the Company with a view to the constant up-building of the property along lines justified by conservative judgment. There is no preferred stock in this Company, everyone enters the Company on exactly the same basis.

You are offered the opportunity of investing your money with theirs with every possibility of receiving good returns, because the oil property which the Company is about to develop is **"Proven Oil Ground,"** in the highly productive **Midway—Maricopa Oil Fields, Kern County, California**, a district that has produced the greatest oil "gushers" in the world, e.g. the "Lakview" gusher that pours out its 30,000 barrels of oil per day, and the "Midway-Northern" gusher—24,000 barrels per day—on the section adjoining the Coronation Oil Company's property.

The big oil companies buy all the oil produced right at the wells, paying 50 cents per barrel and upward, according to the specific gravity of the oil.

SOME BIG RETURNS

The Illinois Crude Company has paid forty dividends. $1,000 invested in this stock a few months ago at 25 cents per share is now earning at the rate of $960 per year in dividends.

The Claremont Oil Company has paid 61 dividends. $500 invested in this stock at the early selling price has now a cash value of $6,876.50.

The Coalinga Oil Company sold its original stock at 25 cents per share. It afterwards paid one dividend of $25 per share. In the last eleven years it has paid its stockholders approximately $1,000 per share in dividends.

The American Petroleum Company has paid 12 dividends, averaging about $130,000 per month. Two years ago you could have bought stock in this Company at $7.50 per share. It has since advanced to $75 per share.

The Kern Oil Company has paid 43 dividends up to June, 1910. Stock in this Company originally sold at 25 cents per share, and has since paid dividends of $23 per share.

C. P. R. WILL BURN OIL

William Whyte, Vice-President, C. P. R., in an interview published in Vancouver "World" May 4, last, said.

"Experiments, which have been made, have proved that oil is a superior fuel to coal, and gradually oil will be introduced on all the lines of the Canadian Pacific on the coast and the interior of British Columbia. Coast steamers would also burn oil." Mr. Whyte added, "and the system would be immediately introduced."

SOME BIG CONSUMERS OF OIL

The British Navy is providing storage capacity for 10,000,000 barrels of oil for fuel.

The United States Navy as well as the Japanese Navy, will shortly adopt oil as fuel.

The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Railroads are using about 30,000 barrels per day on their Western divisions.

The Great Northern has recently closed a contract for 5,000 barrels per day.

It is only a question of a short time before every railroad and steamship company in the entire West will be using oil for fuel.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES NEVER RETURN

Now is the time to buy shares in the Coronation Oil Company, Limited, when the Company is young and its stock obtainable at a low figure. You will never have a better opportunity. Your order should be sent in at once, for it will be only a short time before the opportunity of getting stock at 25 cents per share will be gone. There are only 150,000 shares to be sold at that figure. As soon as these are placed the 3rd issue of 150,000 shares will go on sale at 35 or 40 cents per share. The Company anticipates that the whole 300,000 shares will be taken up within sixty days.

The affairs of the Coronation Oil Company, Limited, are managed and controlled by the General Securities Co., Ltd., Vancouver, B.C., reports on whose standing may be obtained from the Imperial Bank of Canada, Vancouver, or Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co., Vancouver.

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day when, with her arms about her mother—whose belief in herself had been sorely tested—a very loving daughter said: "Wasn't I the foolish girl? But oh, mother dear, is's such a comfort you always understand!"

After all, isn't it the understanding that counts? Why should we expect from our girls, with their inexperience and immature judgment, the wisdom we have learned after many bitter lessons and never-to-be-forgotten heart-aches? Why expect them to read below the surface? And why—the greatest danger of all—arouse their sense of injustice? Rather let us give them the never-failing sympathy and mother love which controls, not prohibits; keeping always before them ideals of home, of friends, of action, that shall make them growingly dissatisfied with whatever falls below this standard.

Not all at once, not easily can this be done; only with infinite patience and constant watchfulness. But is it not well worth while? A mother's heart knows no greater joy than comes from just these few words, "Mother, dear, you always understand!"—Congregationalist.

The Rest Cure

Dr. Weir Mitchell is very successful in his cure of women suffering with nervous diseases, and a part of his rest cure is silence. One of the values of silence, he says, is that during that period a women may not tell her troubles, for talking of one's troubles, contrary to the generally accepted idea of its being comforting, is deleterious to the general constitution. It reduces the vital force and wearies the person who pours her griefs into a friend's ear tenfold more than would the effort of suppressing her grief. He does not allow her friends to visit the patient because that would mean that they would be told of her troubles. Oriental women, who do not talk as much as Americans, are healthier and their tempers are more soothing.—Exchange.

Miscellaneous

For cleansing tea stains, pour boiling water through the cloth.

Varnish or shellac on clothing may de removed by alcohol, paint by turpentine.

The best remedy against ants is cayenne pepper. Spread it on the shelves of the store closet under the paper that covers them.

It has been suggested that the best and surest way of cleaning and purifying feather pillows is to wash the feathers as well as the tick in ammonia water. The feathers should be dampened first to prevent them from flying about when taken out of their ticks. When they have been washed and rinsed, they should be put in a large sheet and the latter then pinned on the line where the sun and wind may both act on them until the feathers are thoroughly dry and fresh The sheets should be shaken quite often. and sometimes beaten, so that the feathers are well tossed about and each well aired. It may require several days to thoroughly dry them, but when put into clean ticks they will smell fresh and sweet as new feathers.

Cleaning Wall Paper.—It is not always desirable or possible to repaper a room where the wall paper has been soiled in a few places. To be able to clean such paper without injuring the gloss and general effect would be a great relief to many a housewife. This can be accomplished without much difficulty. The method of procedure is to take four ounces of pumice stone, in the fine powdered form, and mix it with one part of flour. When the two have been mixed with the hands, add enough water to knead the mass into a thick dough. Form the mass into several rolls about as long as the width of each strip of wall paper and two inches in diameter. Wrap some white cotton cloth around each roll and stitch it in place, and then boil about three-quarters of an hour. By that time the dough-rolls are firm and the cloth covering can be removed. These rolls of hardened flour and pumice-stone are then used for rubbing over the soiled portions of the paper Not only, will ordinary dirt spots be removed, but grease will be absorbed by the rolls. After the rubbing the paper should be dusted off carefully with a clean cloth, and if any dirt remains, the process should be repeated. This removes dirt much better than the bread process.

Around Lake Winnipeg.

Few individuals are aware of the wealth, in one shape and another, adjacent to the shores of Lake Winnipeg. One writer has put it that there are two Manitobas—the lower and upper. The former is what may be termed the prairie section, and the last mentioned is the timber and mineral section. The shores of Lake Winnipeg, especially those on the eastern side, are rockbound, and on this rocky bed are found great stretches of timber of all kinds, valuable in more ways than one. Of what is known as "singed wood" (standing trees dried up by the ravages of fire) there are acres and acres ready for the woodman to convert it into cordwood. To any one conversant with this class of work there is good money to be made in turning this dry stuff into the commercial commodity; and now that boats can ply right up from Winnipeg to these spots, all that is necessary is the swinging of capital into such channels. In the business of cordwood alone there should be a great field for not only the capitalist, but the man with limited cash at his command who has health, energy and a determination to do something. It does not take a great amount of capital to fell the timber and cut it into cordwood. Of course, the man with some capital to put into the business has a better show, but the other fellow can make it go if he wills with a determination to succeed; and, with the connection that can be made with the boat lines now in existence, and the others that are to follow, it should be fairly easy to dispose of all the product.

Early days at Winnipeg Beach.

There are innumerable chances for the miner or speculator in the wealth that abounds in the bowels of the earth. Gold, silver, copper, iron, chalk, marl, various kinds of stone, etc., etc., are said to abound. On the eastern shore, in the Hole River district, some prospecting for gold has been done, but the work was only carried on to a limited extent. The same strata exists that prevails in the Kenora section, and should prove just as valuable as that in western Ontario. It has been rather difficult to get the product out, and other hindrances have been in the way, but now that regular water communication is available from any point on the Lake to Winnipeg during the navigation season, there should be considerable change along this line.

Many, very many beautiful spots are there all along the shores, which will prove exceedingly attractive to the tourist or individual who has a liking for roughing it. Gull Harbor, Jack Head, Dog Head, Big Island, Deer Island, Goose Island, Big and Little Grindstone Points, Montreal Point, around Humbug Bay, Selkirk Island, Grand Rapids, Commissioners' Island, Big and Little Elk Islands, George's Island, Playgreen Point and many other places are each specially attractive. And then there is Fort Alexander, a spot upon which nature has been lavish. In the summer months it is an ideal spot for a nice restful, recuperating time, and, for one loving things in their primeval state, there is no better section. At the upper part of the Lake there is Playgreen Lake, really an expanse of the Nelson River, abounding with islands, which some say rival the Thousand Islands in rustic beauty and for their number.

There are numerous magnificent rivers, with anything wished for in connection therewith. Smooth water stretches, rough water stretches and waters abounding with life to such an extent that it requires the best of skill to navigate them, and other spots where the water pours over great rocky precipices, making the immediate district ring with their maddening onflow. Everything that nature has provided in the way of water stretches is to be found along the rivers. And all variety of land stretches abound on the shores—meadow, prairie, pastures, light and heavy timber lands, with beautiful shrubbery and rock formation of almost every description.

Whitewold Beach in the early days.

Game abounds to an unlimited extent.

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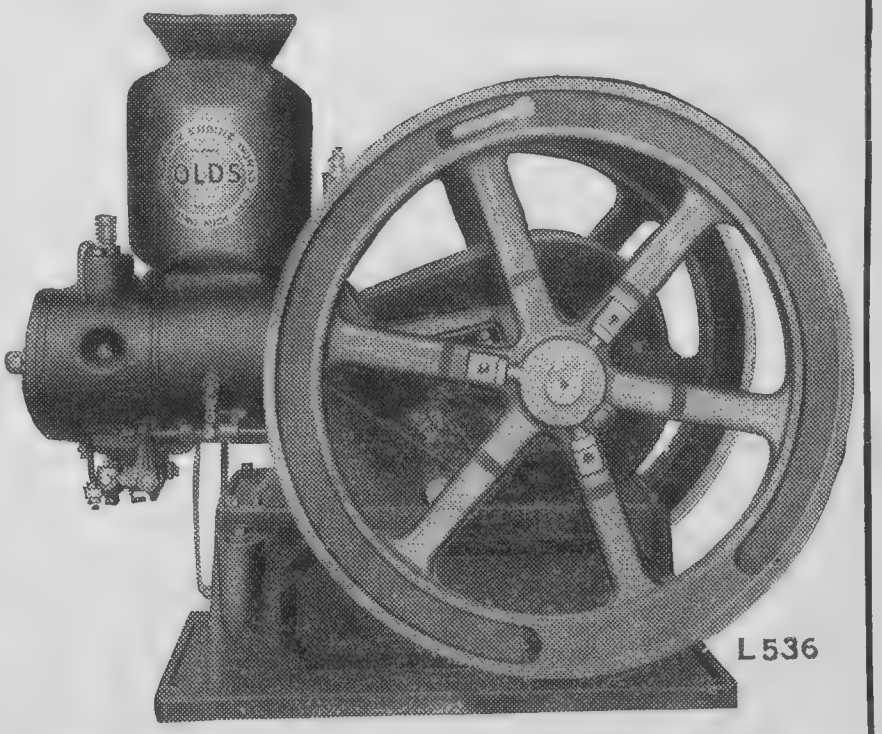

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Regina Saskatoon Winnipeg Calgary Edmonton

A camp meal in the early days at Winnipeg Beach.

Of fishing there is great opportunity, both for line and net operations. For the gun sportsman there is a great field, as all varieties of wild fowl and animals are to be seen. Going up the rivers, the call of the elk, moose, deer, bear and wolf is often heard, giving the trip a touch of "the wild" that many of the younger Manitobans know nothing about. And, as lending "spice" to all, wild fruit of various kinds on the vine, shrub or tree is generally plentiful. Those who have been living here and there around the lake for some time provide the summer visitor with fine fresh vegetables, which give added enjoyment to an outing.

Peat is another of the articles that is said to abound away at the north end of Lake Winnipeg. The great beds will no doubt some day be made use of by the commercialism of the Great West.

Relation of Manitoba to North America.

There are not many who really know the position that Manitoba holds in connection with the North American continent, and the size of Canada is not usually realized. Accompanying this is a reproduction of a map of North America, taken from an atlas, showing the Dominion of Canada, the United States, with Great Britain lying off to the right. It will be seen at first glance that Manitoba is right at the centre of the continent.

On the map are drawn heavy lines, showing the boundary between Canada and the United States and Eastern and Western Canada, and a line to the north along the shores of Hudson's Bay and north and west to the Pacific coast. Within these heavy lines is what is termed "Western Canada," where what is known as No. 1 hard wheat has been grown, and within which is what may be called the great wheat belt of Canada. A look over the cut will show the reader the wonderful situation of Canada on the continent. We have purposely drawn these heavy lines to show what is looked upon as Western Canada. Add to it what is termed Eastern Canada (the portion of service in connection with grain growing and stock raising), and the territory thus available will be seen to be quite in excess of the United States. This is not stated in a boastful tone, but simply shows the position as worked out on a general continent map. Though but a small part of North America, and less than half of the Dominion, Western Canada is fast reaching the front as the leading grain growing country, more grain now passing through Winnipeg than any other city in North America. The wheat growing section is some eight hundred or more miles long, east and west, by a breadth that is not yet definitely ascertained, but that in the longitude of Edmonton is at least three hundred miles.

We would call especial attention to the size of Canada, Great Britain and the United States. The relative size of those places is not usually grasped.

Canada is 3,500 miles by 1,400 miles in area, and has 3,729,665 square miles. 50 per cent. of its area is not yet included in provinces.

Canada is as large as thirty United Kingdoms and eighteen Germanys; twice the size of British India; almost as large as Europe; 18 times the size of France. Canada is larger in area than the United States, including Alaska, by 111,992 square miles (Canada, 3,729,665; U.S. and Alaska, 3,617,673 square miles).

The area of Alberta is 253,540 square miles, 700 by 280 miles.

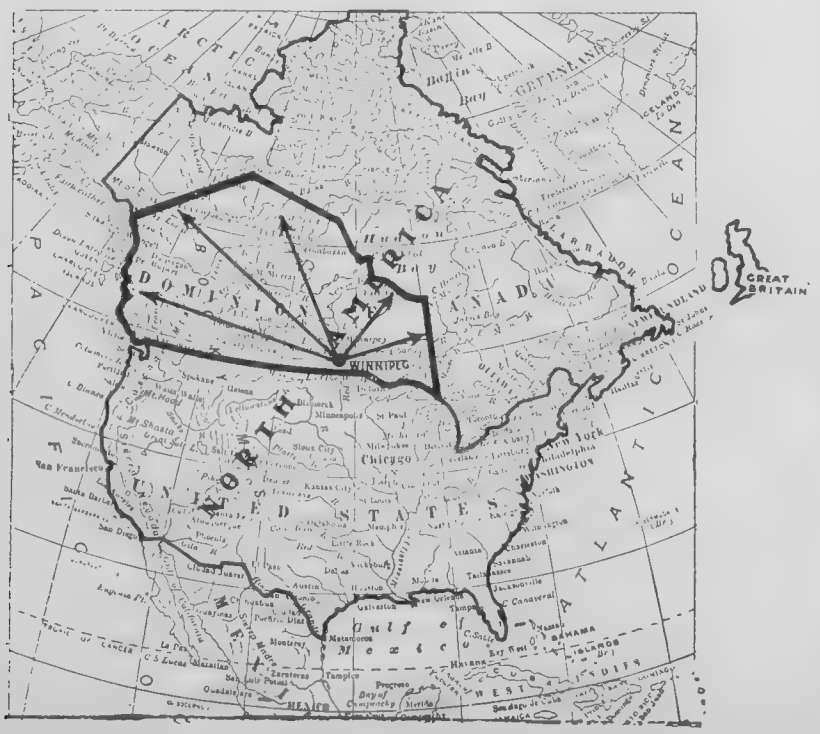
British Columbia is 400 by 700 miles, with 395,000 square miles.

Manitoba's present area is 73,732 square miles; area with expected extension, 252,211 square miles.

Ontario is 750 by 1,000 miles in size, with an area of 260,863 square miles.

Quebec's land area is 222,080,000 acres.

Saskatchewan is 360 by 760 miles, and has an area of 250,650 square miles.



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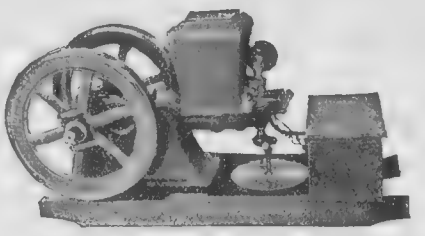

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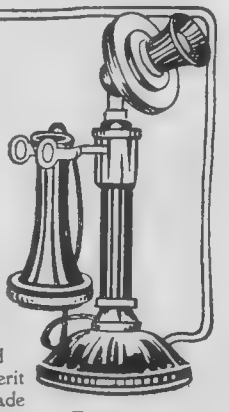

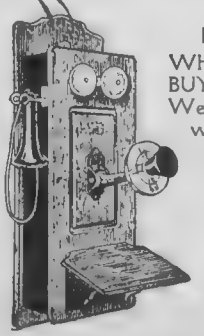

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Children.

The Choice.

Hippety-hop to the candy shop,
Down the street they go,
Emily, Molly and Little Jane,
Peter, Johnny and Joe.

Hippety-hop, they've reached the shop—
Which kind shall it be?
Peppermint, chocolate, lemon drop?
Oh, dear, they can't agree!

Hippety-hop from the candy shop,
Skipping home they go,
Emily, Molly and Little Jane,
Peter, Johnny and Joe.

Hippety-hop, they're home again—
Which kind did they take?
Oh, they bought one of every kind,
For no choice could they make!

—Elizabeth Flint Wade.

The Troubles of Trotty.

And How Uncle Duds Found a Cure for Them.

By Alice M. Raiker.

His name wasn't really Trotty, you know. His name was one of Trotty's many troubles, for what was the use of having a name like Algernon Dudley Trefusis if everyone called you Trotty? Even Uncle Duds, who never did anything that wasn't perfect in Trotty's eyes, very seldom called him by his proper name, and when he did he generally said, "Al-ger-non" and laughed. But then he mostly said "Trots, old man," and that sounded a lot better than Trotty.

Trotty would have been a very nice little boy if he hadn't had so many troubles. Everything was a trouble to Trotty, and if he hadn't a trouble of his own in hand, then he would trouble over the troubles of Patsy and Pickles, or Moppet and Baba.

But Uncle Duds wasn't a "stunning uncle" for nothing; he knew what to do about everything, from making boats to taking splinters out of the Baba's paw. And I'm going to tell you how he found a cure for Trotty's troubles.

Trotty was seven, and a man, when you remembered that the twins were only four.

One morning, as he stood on the nursery hearthrug, he was making this fact clearly known, to prove that he was entitled to the largest share of the box of chocolates Uncle Duds had left overnight, when they were in bed.

"You kiddies are so jolly greedy!" he remarked. "It's different with me—I'm a man!"

"Me a man, too!" cried Pickles indignantly.

"Go on, silly! Who ever heard of a man in a muslin frock?" said Trotty laughing.

"Me isn't—me won't—me hasn't—you're horrid!" spluttered poor little Pickles, quite overwhelmed by the disgrace of his ribbons and laces.

"Me's a dirl, so me dot dem all!" said a sweet little voice suddenly, and Trotty and Pickles turned to behold Patsy in the corner, the box in her lap, and quietly devouring the contents.

Here was a real trouble for Trotty indeed! Long after Nurse had rescued the chocolates and divided them equally, Trotty continued to hold forth upon Patsy's bad behaviour.

Another trouble, in the shape of a wet afternoon, rendered Trotty so full of grumbles that the twins, who were happy little souls, refused to play with him, and nurse was reduced to despair.

"Really, Master Trotty, I can't think what makes you so cross!" she said.

"It's all very fine—how would you like to have your chocolates——"

"Dir it me, Affol!" cried Patsy at this moment.

"Oh, Master Athol, dear! You musn't, really, you know!" cried Nurse, hastening forward just in time to rescue Trotty's new book from being torn by Pickles' eager little fingers.

Yet another trouble! Trotty was having a field day! While he was indignantly lecturing the disconsolate Pickles, the door opened and in walked Uncle Duds.

"Oh, Nunkie, Nunkie!" cried the twins, rushing forward to clasp their fat little arms round his knees.

By this time Trotty had made himself so cross and miserable that he felt rebellious and a little ashamed, so he turned his back on his uncle, and stood screwing a grubby holland cuff into his eye, like the naughty, unhappy little boy he really was.

Uncle Duds waited patiently for a few minutes, then, as Trotty made no movement, he crossed the floor, and laid his big brown hand on Trotty's yellow curls.

"Why, Trots, old man, you're never in trouble again, surely?" he said gently.

Trotty suddenly turned and faced his uncle, his eyes tearful, his cheeks flushed, his voice shrill and choky.

"It's all very fine!" he said—this was his usual way of beginning an explanation—"but first I tied a blue bow on Moppet and she dragged it in her milk, then the Baba tore it, then Patricia took the chocolates, then it rained, then Athol nearly tore my book, and then—then——"

Uncle Duds sat down and gathered Trotty on his knee.

"Trots," he said, and only once had he spoken so gravely to his little nephew before—the day he found Trotty throwing stones at Moppet—"it makes me very sorry to see how selfish and cross you can grow over so many imaginary troubles! Suppose you had no nice cat and dog, no chocolates or picture books, no little brother and sister—what then? Do you know, there is a little boy who comes for me to draw pictures of him sometimes, such a beautiful little boy, Trots—not only because he has blue eyes and curly hair, but because he is so patient and uncomplaining and has so few pleasures in his life. One morning a few weeks ago he came to me full of excitement. The kind people at the Mission Hall were going to take a lot of little children into the country for a whole long day, and he had been promised a ticket. Ever since then he has done nothing but talk about it, and to-day is the day. I did not see him yesterday, so I called early as I passed this morning to give him something to buy goodies. He opened the door himself, and I saw at once that something was wrong. Then he told me that there were not enough tickets to go round—some of the children were obliged to be left out—and he was one! Wasn't that a very real trouble, Trots? I wish you could have seen how bravely he bore his disappointment.

"'Perhaps I'll have another chance some day!' he said, trying to smile, with the tears in his eyes, when I came away! And, Trotty, he is only two years older than you!"

Uncle Duds had never looked so grave

Trotty hung his head in shamed silence.

"Poor 'ickle boy!" said Patsy softly. "Me would 'ike to give him my best dolly!"

"Soft little heart!" said Uncle Duds. "We go one better, Patsy! We'll take him to the Zoo to-morrow and give him a right royal time to make up for his disappointment.

And they did!

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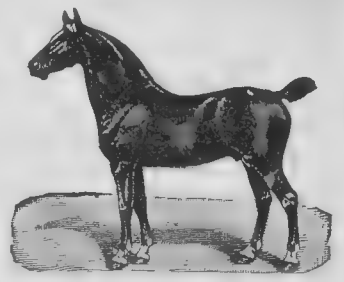

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will make you strong. It will send the life blood dancing through your veins. You will feel the exhilarating spark warm your frame, the bright flash will come to your eye, and a firm grip to your hand, and you will be able to grasp your fellow man and feel that what others are capable of doing is not imposible for you. This grand appliance has brought strength, ambition and happiness to thousands of men in the past year.

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To prove to you the confidence I have in the curative power of my Belt, I am willing to accept your case, and after I have cured you, then pay me. All I ask is reasonable security. You can then use my Belt at my risk, and

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Dear Sir,—I am pleased to say that I am in perfectly good health, and although it is now years since I used your Belt, I may say I am completely cured of the disease for which I bought same over six years ago. If this is of any value to you, you are at liberty to use it, and I trust you may have continued success with your belt.—F. G. HABKIRK, Cartwright, Man

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Poor little Bobby never forgot his happy day, and after that it had to be a very real trouble indeed to make Trotty complain.

"The rippingest uncle in the world" had found a cure for all the Troubles of Trotty. Little Folks.

The Golden Egg.

Every year, the day before Easter, a large party of children meet at a certain farm in Germany to hunt for eggs. The one who brings in the most receives a golden egg for a prize. Of course, everyone wants this golden egg, and so there is great scrambling on the haymows, about the straw-stacks, under the out-houses, and in every available place.

Last year there were fifty children and more, and when they came to count up their eggs it was found that everybody had some excepting a poor little lame girl. Tears stood in her pretty eyes when she found she was the only one without any.

"Oh, that's too bad," exclaimed Gretchen Bosberger, "for Tiny is lame, and can't get around like the rest of us!"

"Let's each of us give her one of ours," said Peter Khardoff, one of the older boys.

"Let's, let's!" cried they all eagerly.

The generous-hearted children gathered quickly round, each with an egg in hand, and soon little Tiny had fifty-one eggs in her basket; and then it was found that she had more than anyone else.

"She'll get the prize—she'll get the golden egg!" cried Gretchen.

"Let her have it. She needs it more than any of us. It will help amuse her when she is at home with that terrible pain in her legs," said Peter bravely.

But some of the children objected, and said that it wouldn't be fair, and that they'd tell good Frau Wheelen.

"She didn't say the prize was to go to the one who found the most, but to the one who brought in the most," said Gretchen.

Little lame Tiny's cheeks flushed very red when the good farmer's wife said. "Why, Tiny, how is this? You, lame, and yet have the most?"

Hanging her head, Tiny said timidly, "Please, I didn't find any, and then they each gave me one."

"Oh, oh, what made you tell!" cried some of the children, looking frightened.

"Please, Frau Wheelen, we all felt sorry for Tiny, because she was lame and hadn't any eggs," pleaded Gretchen. "Was it so very bad?"

"No, indeed," said Frau Wheelan, laughing; "I think it was very good of you."

Then she handed Tiny a box, which proved to be a box in a box, again and again, until the twelfth one was reached, and there, on a bed of soft white cotton, lay a small golden egg, attached to a gold chain.

Frau Wheelen clasped the chain around little lame Tiny's neck, amid the shouts and the merry hand-clapping of the fifty children.

Then a dainty lunch was served to them in the great dining-room; and after that they played Easter games and sang Easter hymns.

When it was time to go home, Frau Wheelen called the children to her, and said she thought each one of them deserved a prize for having such a good heart; and so she presented each with a little willow basket, lined with moss, and filled with eggs made of sugar.

There was not an unhappy child in that village for weeks. It seemed as if birds sang in their hearts all the time—a way they have of doing when they find children noble and good!

Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.

Polly's Birthday.

By Mrs. S. J. Maxwell.

Polly was a dear little girl who lived on a nice large farm with plenty of chickens, cows and horses, but Polly never thought much about how nice all these were, for her father and mother were always hard at work, and Polly and the rest of the children had to help. Polly's two brothers worked with their father, her sister helped her mother in the house, and Polly washed the dishes, scoured the knives, fed the chickens, and ran errands for the family and for all the summer boarders besides.

One of the boarders, Miss Cary, was watching Polly shell peas one morning and thinking that she did a great deal of work for such a little girl. Finally she said:

"How old are you, Polly?"

"Seven," Polly answered.

"You're almost eight," said her mother.

* * * * *

"When is her birthday?" Miss Cary asked.

"Why, let me see, it's this month some time—the seventeenth—yes, the seventeenth of July. I declare, I'd have forgotten all about it if you hadn't a-spoke," and Mrs. Jones went on with her work again.

"What's a birthday?" Polly asked shyly.

"Why, Polly," exclaimed Miss Cary, "don't you know, it's the anniversary of the day you were born. Didn't you ever have a birthday present, Polly?"

"No," said Polly, looking puzzled.

"We never have much time for those things," Polly's mother said. "It's 'bout all I can do to remember Christmas."

"Yes, I know," Miss Cary said, but she resolved that Polly should "have a birthday."

When she went down to breakfast the next morning Miss Cary met Polly in the hall, and putting a little silk purse into her hand, said kindly, "Here, Polly, is something for you to buy birthday presents with."

Polly opened the little bag and found in it eight bright silver quarters, and she ran as fast as she could to tell her mother.

"Land sakes, child!" her mother said; "that's too much money for you to spend. Better save it. It will buy you a pair of shoes and a warm hood this winter."

* * * * *

Almost any little girl would have cried at this, and Polly's eyes did fill with tears, but as her mother wanted her to help "put the breakfast on," Polly took the plate of muffins into the dining-room. Miss Cary noticed the wet lashes, and said, "Mrs. Jones, please let Polly go down to the store to-day and spend her birthday money."

Mrs. Jones could not refuse this request, so after she had put the baby to sleep Polly was allowed to go to the store, which was a good two miles away, but the happy little girl would have willingly walked five miles to spend her precious two dollars.

It was late in the afternoon when she came back, and the boarders were lounging about waiting for the supper bell to ring. They all smiled at the little figure toiling up the road with her arms full of bundles. Polly smiled radiantly through the dust that covered her round little face as she called to Miss Cary: "Oh! I've got such lots of things. Please come into the kitchen and see."

"No, it's too warm there," Miss Cary said. "Come into the parlor, where it's cool, and we can all see."

So they all went into the house, and Polly commenced to unwrap her packages and exhibit her purchases.

"There," she said, as she tore the paper from a queer-shaped bundle, "this is for ma," holding up an egg beater, "'cause it takes so long to beat eggs with a fork."

The boarders looked at each other in surprise, but Polly was too busy to notice. She fairly beamed as she held up a green glass necktie-pin for inspection. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "It's for pa, so he'll wear a collar like ma when you write so lovely, so I got you this. Ain't it grand?"

"Why, it's beautiful, Polly, dear," Miss Cary said, "but what have you bought for your birthday present?"

"Why, these," said Polly, "these are all my presents. Presents are something we give away, aren't they?" and Polly looked around, wondering why all were so still.

* * * * *

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said one of the ladies softly. The gentlemen looked out of the windows, and Miss Cary put her arms around Polly and kissed the hot, dusty little face many times.

"It's been a lovely day," Polly said as she distributed her last gift. "I never had any presents to give away before, and I think birthdays are just lovely."

The next month, after Miss Cary had returned to the city, she had a birthday, and there came to Polly a most wonderful doll, with lots of beautiful clothes,

The Day's Luck.

wants him to. Of course, he'll want to wear such an elegant pin, and then he'll have to wear a tie, and then he'll have to wear a collar."

"This isn't much," she continued, opening a small bundle, "only a rattle for baby. It only cost five cents."

The boarders looked on in silence as the busy little fingers untied strings. No one knew whether to laugh or feel sorry.

It was wonderful what two dollars would buy, and not strange that the little girl had spent a whole half day shopping. There was a blue tie for brother Dan, and a pink one for Tim; a yellow hair-ribbon for sister Linda, some brass hairpins for grandma, a small bottle of cologne for Jake, the "hired man," and then there was but one package left. Polly patted this lovingly before she opened it. "This is the nicest of all, and it's for you," she said, as she handed Miss Cary a box of bright pink writing-paper. "It seemed too bad that you only had plain white paper to write your letters on and a card saying, "For Polly, on my birthday, from Lena Cary," which, by the way, immediately became the doll's name.

And Miss Cary was not the only one who caught Polly's idea of a birthday, for the rest of the boarders remembered Polly's presents, and, through the year, as each one's birthday came, Polly received a gift to delight her generous little heart.

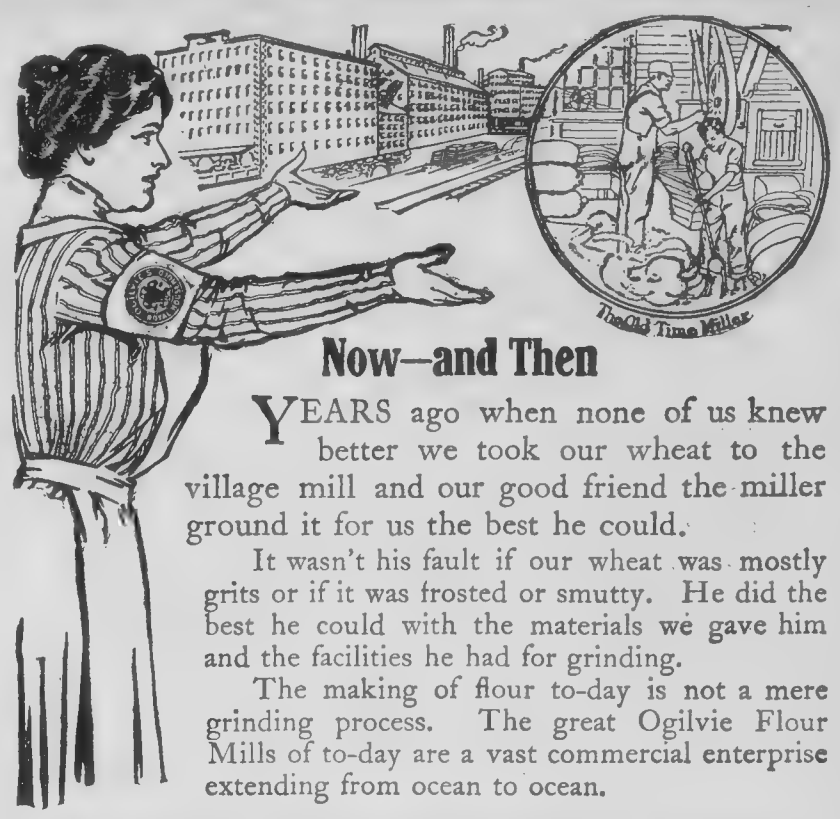
When the seventeenth of July came around again, though Miss Cary was not at the farm, she sent Polly a little silk bag with nine silver quarters in it, and Polly still thinks "birthdays are lovely."

Mollie's Butterflies.

By Ida Kenniston.

"How is my Mollie girl to-day?" asked Aunt Helen, as she came in one sunny, windy winter day.

Mollie was in the big rocking-chair,



Now—and Then

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NO. 2

made all comfortable with pillows and blankets. She was wearing the pretty pink kimono that mama had made for her as soon as Mollie was able to sit up a little while each day. Now she could sit up for three hours every day, and once she had even walked across the room, holding mama's hand, "just to see if she could."

The doctor said she was doing finely, and told her to hurry up and get well,

A Difficult Run, Beven's River.

so as to have rosy cheeks again to match the new kimono.

"O aunty, I'm so glad to see you!" said the little girl, stroking the soft fur of aunty's muff. "You seem so kind of fresh and outdoorsy."

"Well, Mollie, I'm going to stay and be indoorsy a while," said aunty. "Grandma told me to tell you that her biggest geranium is almost ready to blossom, and that she can see the color peeping out of the buds now. She is going to send them to you just as soon as they're open, you know.

"I s'pose it is so nice and warm in grandma's house the plants don't know it isn't summer," said Mollie. "But when the flowers open they'll be so s'prised to see all the snow outside."

Then Mollie and aunty began to talk about the summer, how lovely it was to see all the green trees, and the daisies and buttercups in the grass, and to hear the birds singing.

"And, O aunty, don't you remember the lots and lots of butterflies we used to see when we rode over to Cousin Eva's house? Wouldn't it be nice if we could have some butterflies in the house in winter, same as grandma's flowers?"

"I'm afraid the winter butterflies wouldn't be quite happy," said aunty. "They would rather wait until the real outdoor summer comes, I'm sure."

Aunt Helen thought very hard for a minute; then she said, "But we might make some butterflies, even if they'e not real ones—and I think I know how to make them fly just a little, too."

Aunt Helen got some pretty tissue-paper, very thin, and of different colors—red, white, yellow and light green. She cut out some gay butterflies. Then she took several pieces of very fine sewing silk, and tied one to each butterfly.

View of Sylvan Lake, 20 miles west of Red Deer, Alta.

Mollie was very much interested in the gay bits of paper, and tried to decide if the red butterflies or the yellow ones were the prettiest.

"But I don't see how you are going to make them fly, aunty."

Aunty went over to the big register. The heat was coming up very fast, for it was a cold day outside, and papa had to keep a hot fire in the furnace, so that Mollie's room might be warm and comfortable.

Aunt Helen took the paper butterflies and tied one end of each silk thread to the back of a chair. The butterflies all hung straight down. Aunty moved the chair very near to the register, and gave the butterflies a little toss into the middle of the hot air.

Puff! Up they went, higher and higher, carried by the warm, rising air. They wavered about, now dropping a little, then going higher than ever, swaying about from side to side. Red and yellow and white and green, dancing up and down, they really seemed like a flock of gay butterflies hovering over a field of flowers.

Mollie was delighted. It was certainly a pretty sight. She watched them for a while, until she fell asleep. She dreamed that she was lying in a hammock under the trees, and that a flock of butterflies were flying all about, and that they soon turned into some bright blossoms of sweet peas and red geraniums, and dropped into her lap.

The next day when Aunt Helen came, she brought some more bits of tissue-paper—this time they were pink and blue and lavender and crimson and white and purple.

She cut out little petals of the colored paper, and with a few skilful touches made them into pretty blossoms. Then she fastened the blossoms to long green stems, made of tiny wire covered with a twisted bit of green paper. Aunt Helen put a dozen of the pretty flowers into a slender glass vase, and set them on the little table.

"Why, aunty, they're just 'zactly like the sweet peas I dreamed of! I can almost smell them," said Mollie.

Sailboat made and operated by Indians.

Then aunty made more of the dainty flowers, this time with no stems. She tied a silk thread to each one, and fastened the sweet peas to a chair, as the butterflies had been fastened the day before. The chair was placed near the register, and the sweet peas waved about and fluttered up and down like dancing blossoms.

They were a pretty sight, and Mollie enjoyed watching them. After a while she begged aunty to "let the butterflies play, too," so aunty brought out the butterflies again, and soon the butterflies and sweet peas were nodding and dancing together as if they were having lovely summer fun. Mollie told Aunt Helen she always thought of the nicest things to do, and it was not half so hard to be sick when she came.

His Character.—There is a story of a Scotch gentleman who had to dismiss his gardener for dishonesty. For the sake of the man's wife and family, however, he gave him a "character," and framed it in this way: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of the garden than any man I ever employed."

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Sunday Reading.

Circumstantial Evidence.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

THE sunset is so lovely we might take a row on the ocean," said Mr. Farneaux to the young lady who was walking beside him.

"I don't quite like to go on Sunday evening," said the girl. "But we wouldn't stay long, would we?"

"O no, only till the sun goes down. And we have just come from church, so where's the harm?"

So a little row boat was engaged for an hour, and two happy persons pushed off the Jersey Island coast. They chatted merrily as the red and yellow of the clouds played on the waters, and let the boat half drift toward the sunset.

Suddenly the young man dropped one of his oars. A shade of fear passed over Louise Arnot's face.

"Can you reach it?" she asked anxiously. "Oh, yes, don't fear." and he took the other oar and guided the boat toward the missing paddle.

The breeze was blowing off the land and increasing. The boat was not easily managed with one oar, and the cheery face of young Farneaux grew a little troubled as the oar drifted faster than the boat. Anxiety does not give a steady hand, and before he knew it, the other oar had slipped from his grasp.

Miss Arnot's face grew white. "What shall we do? We are drifting out to sea. Would they see us if we were to signal to the shore? This is the only boat out. Oh, why did we start at all?"

"Accidents will hapein. I must jump for the oars. I am a good swimmer. Don't get frightened and let the boat tip and fill with water. I'll soon be back."

"But you may be drowned," said the frightened girl. "I wish I could swim and so help you."

"No, no, keep the boat steady as I jump, and I'll have them in hand soon. I must throw off this coat. so I can swim." He rose, put his hand on the side, and gave a leap into the ocean.

Her heart sank within her as he went, but there was nothing else possible to be done.

The boat, lightened of its freight, glided on further and further from the shore. She had wished she were heavier to hold it down. She wished she could reach one oar while he obtained the other as both now had floated far apart. She watched him breathlessly as he swam away. Impeded somewhat by his clothes, he yet swam hastily, and caught one oar, holding it up to Louise's delighted eyes.

He did not see that the boat was drifting fast away from him. But he must have the other oar. Both persons were helpless without it. So he redoubled his efforts. He felt the breeze stiffening. What if he could not reach the oar? What if he could not reach the boat with its fair owner? What if Louise were to drift out to sea and be drowned and her death be laid at his door? No, that should not be, he put his whole strength against the waves. He gained speed and soon held the coveted oar in his grasp.

He looked toward the skiff. Alas! it was smaller to his sight, and almost flying before the wind. He started with the oars but he felt himself weakening. He must throw them away if he would overtake the boat, and then it would be certain death to both. The moments were agonizing. Even if he reached Louise, he could not swim with her to the shore. If he reached the bank himself, he could get friends to put out and save her.

Thus reasoning, he sorrowfully dropped the oars and swam for life. The wind had now become violent, and he was losing strength, but fear and despair nerve us to our uttermost, and finally, well nigh exhausted, he reached the shore. He was grateful but almost overcome with sorrow, as well as fatigue. An excited crowd gathered round him.

"Where is the young lady?" they asked.

"Coward!" shouted the crowd, who are usually blind and unreasoning.

"Nobody'll believe such a yarn," said one.

"We heard cries of murder way back here on the shore," shouted others, for there is always a class of persons who fill life with imaginary evils, as though it were not full enough of real ones.

"Arrest him, he deserves lynching," said others, who knew and honored the young girl who was now missing.

"Man a boat, and let us go and bring her back," persisted young Farneaux, but the people laughed him to scorn. The case was plain against him. He had taken her out and come back without her. He could swim and she could not, and he had basely deserted or murdered her. Besides, no rowboat could live in the fast increasing waves. The officers hurried Farneaux off to jail, and he was charged with homicide. In vain he protested, in vain he begged for clemency till the matter could be investigated. No, they would keep him close in hand, and if anything favorable developed they would give him the benefit.

Meanwhile, what had become of the rowboat? It had drifted out into the deep ocean, with its helpless occupant. The sun went down in a blaze of light, but the beautiful red and orange colors brought no joy to the eyes that peered in vain toward the horizon.

"Mr. Farneaux would not desert me," she murmured. "Where can he be?" and she shaded her eyes with her hand hoping to see the dim outline of a human being.

The stars came out slowly one by one, and gradually she knew that she was at the mercy of the great ocean, and the God who rules over all. What might come she hardly cared to think. If a storm did not arise she might float on and on. If the wind rose higher, more water would come into the boat, for it dipped already, and then death was certain.

She began to grow hungry and faint, but she must not give up. The hours grew toward midnight. There was no use to call aloud, for there was no soul to respond. The boat lurched and was now half full of water. She could only pray and wait in agony.

One hour, two hours, three hours, four hours, five hours, which were as long as weeks, and then the sun came up as grandly and joyously as though no hearts were breaking on land or sea.

"Oh, Father in Heaven, if some ship might only pass this way," she moaned. So thirsty, but no water, so hungry but no food, weak from loss of sleep, but with nerves strung to their utmost tension in the eager watching for a sail.

The whole forenoon passed. The mid-day sun grew hot and parching, and hope was finally giving way to despair. The whole of life had been reviewed, with thoughts of the dear ones waiting for her. The afternoon dragged on, the sun set, and the second weary night

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Hudson Bay Wharf at Norway House

eyes the smoke of a coming vessel? Could it be or was it only a mirage which had deceived again and again.

Yes, it actually came nearer, but would it see her, a mere speck on the ocean? She would gather strength enough to wave her hankerchief. Ah! it really was a vessel. God help her now in her one last gleam of hope. She had no strength to call, and even if she had, probably such a call would be useless. How earnestly she prayed gaining new lease of life from this new hope.

"There's something ahead," said the man on the lookout. "Perhaps a body floating out at sea; no, it looks like a rowboat, perhaps a lifeboat of some steamer," and word was given to bring the ship alongside.

"Heaven help us. Why there is a girl in the boat alone."

"Lower a life boat, boys, and pull out for her."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the men with eager hearts, for none have warmer than those who sail the ocean.

Louise's heart bounded for joy when she saw the sturdy oarsmen come near. She would have fainted hours before, but now she wept with gratitude.

"It's a long way ye are from home," said one broad shouldered sailor, as he lifted her in his arms like a child and carried her into the lifeboat.

She was too weak to tell the story now, and wonderng how it all happened, the men carried back their precious freight to the ship.

The captain and officers showed her every kindness, offering her food when she could partake of it, and giving her every chance for rest and sleep.

"But we cannot take you home," said the kind hearted man. "We are now on our way to America. It must be weeks before we return.

"I am so thankful for all your kindness I can wait anywhere, only so I send them word of my safety."

The steamer arrived on the Atlantic coast, May 19th, just one month after the almost fatal boat ride.

On the other side of the ocean there was sorrow and suspense. Louise's home was desolate for its lost one. Public opinion was still bitter against the author of her misfortune. With innocent heart, but blanched face, Mr. Farneaux was brought from jail to the crowded court room for his trial on the charge of homicide. Every day and hour he had hoped for some word that would show him to be guiltless, but days grew into weeks, and neither the boat nor Louise Arnot were found. He supposed her dead, but hoped some vessel would report the empty boat, or have picked up at sea the missing one.

The prosecution made out a strong case. "If Mr. Farneaux's story were true," sad the attorney, "that he was unable to reach her and therefore saved his life by swimming ashore, her body would have been found on the beach long before this. She was last seen in his company. It was an easy matter to sink the oars and then swim to shore after the deed was done. Thirty days have gone by, long enough for any vessel to have picked her up and restore her to her heartbroken family, if she were alive."

And then for hours the enormity of the deed, the coaxing her to go upon the ocean that Sabbath evening, the cold-bloodedness of the whole affair were gone over by able lawyers. Mr. Farneaux's face grew white, and his body trembled at the accusation. And then he told in straightforward language the story of his losing the oars, of the increasing wind so that he could scarcely gain the shore; of the impossibility of reaching her with the heavy oars in hand and of the certainty of death for both if he attempted it.

"He talks like an innocent fellow," said one.

"Yes, I have known him for years, and he's a well brought up young man, but I've known well brought up people turn out to be fiends," said another.

"Not often, if they have Christian parents," said a third. "That young man has a good mother, and it's rare that the son of such a mother goes wrong. I believe in the man. I'd be willing to wager a good deal that his story is true."

Several witnesses testified as to good character, but one fact was potent to all, that Louise Arnot went out with him and he came back alone, excited, anxious, and seemingly greatly disturbed. He could prove nothing and circumstances were against him.

Away in America, the sick girl now coming to her usual health by care, was writing a cable message, the hour the ship arrived. "How glad they will be. Poor Mr. Farneaux will be so anxious. He swam for the boat, I know, just as long as he could."

So the words were sent: 'Louise Arnot, picked up at sea in open boat. Arrived in New York May 19. Well."

A courier came to the crowded court room and delivered the message. A hush fell upon the assembly and then a cheer broke out, and tears rolled down the cheeks of the man accused of murder. The proceedings were stayed, and the townspeople waited eagerly for the coming of Miss Arnot, that she might tell the story of why she was left alone through those terrible forty hours.

The captain had taken Miss Arnot to his home till she should fully recover and be able to make the return voyage. One day as she was reading the daily paper her eye fell upon the words, "A murder at sea," where was detailed the arrest of Mr. Farneaux and his unexpected deliverance by her cable.

"What if I had not been rescued," she said, and had died in the boat? Who could have saved my poor dear friend then?" And anew she thanked God for her miraculous deliverance, and for saving the life of her friend.

Waiting for Mail at Grand Rapids.

A few weeks later Miss Arnot was home in her beloved island, her friends gathering about her. All were eager for her side of the story. "Mr. Farneaux has told the truth," she said, "and I am more thankful for his life even than for my own. What would have been my agony if he had suffered death for me?"

Time will tell what the sequel will be. Whatever life has before them, neither will forget the awful experience of being on the sea alone, drifting helplessly, or on trial for murder with no power to prove one's innocence. And each is thankful for that wonderful deliverance.—N. Y. Observer.

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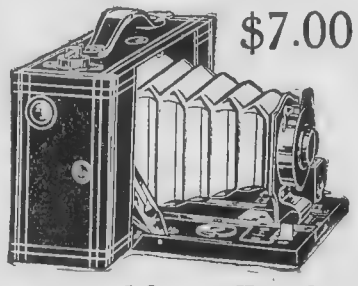

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Presence of God.

Love God. Be devoted to Him, and to Him supremely. Have no affection apart from Him. Delight to do His will. In all ways strive to grow into closer intimacy with God and into accord with His mind and spirit. There are blessed results flowing from a life thus spent in the practice of the presence of God. Such practice is the secret of peace. It is the secret of a life of happiness and joy. It is the secret of living a life of love and highest usefulness in the world. Guidance amid life's perplexities, wisdom for life's decisions, cheer for life's sorrows, and help over life's hard places come with it. Knowledge of God and resultant transformation into His likeness come with it. It is worth our while, both in view of the present and future blessedness it brings, to "practice the presence of God."—Dr. G. B. F. Hallock.

Making Others Happy.

By George Bedell Vosburgh, D.D.

We are not here to please ourselves, but others. The light of love is to regulate our conduct. We are not simply to ask what is right, but what is benevolent. In thus accommodating ourselves to others it is not necessary to do it in such a manner as to slur over the truth. To do men the highest good we must be tender even in rebuking sin. In this matter we have Christ for our example. He not only taught the truth, but taught it in such a spirit as to make the heart bloom. In maintaining one's integrity it is not necessary to act in such a manner as to make others unhappy. We need not rebuke with a club, but in kindness. A man can do battle for the truth in such a spirit as to make it abhorrent; or, again, he may do it with such kindness as to win even his foes to his side.

As all men have not the power of generating thought, so all men have not the power of generating happiness; and we owe it to them so to touch the springs of their nature as to start pulsations of joy within them which they are so powerless to create.

The world is full of people whose lives are lived under the shadow of depression. They are tired and weary in the long struggle. Into their lives there is little joy, and happiness is almost a thing unknown; many of them would drop out of life if they could. The conflict in their minds is not worth the "candle." They are cheerless and solitary, while the malign passions of life develop more and more in the gloom, making life still harder. To such persons Christians have a mission. It is not only our duty to tell them of Christ, and strive to win them to Him, to keep our orthodoxy straight, to fish the drunkard from the slums, and the harlot from the brothel, but we also have a special mission to those out of whose lives joy and sunshine have gone. It is our business as Christians to help make men happy, to touch their higher natures, causing them to feel the spell of cheer and hope.

Good men often lose sight of this sort of work. They are full of the stoical and puritanical virtues. No man questions their integrity. They hew to the line, but they are not Christ-like. They never please their neighbor for good unto edification. You would as soon think of warming the bed of an invalid with an icicle as to warm the sorrowful and depressed soul by contact with such a person. I am not speaking of winking at sin, nor of flattery, but of this, that myriads of human beings live in the shadow. The music has gone out of their lives, and the first and richest boon that Christians can give to this mighty army of depressed ones is the ministry of gladness. The happiness thus produced may at first be superficial, but it helps them a little. It puts them in a frame of mind in which they can see life and truth in their true light.

Much of sin and vice grows out of morbidness. The sunshine of cheer is favorable to virtue. Every man ought to feel it his sacred duty to help make his fellow-men happier. No man has a right to turn himself into a thornbush by the pathway of life, to scratch and pain those who pass by. There is no excuse for malice or harshness. The struggle of life at best is hard enough for us all without anyone's adding to the burden.

Years ago, in walking up the steep incline from the Bay of Naples to the heights of Sorrento, as I reached the heights I was astonished to find that the air was balm itself. In the distance, behind a high stone wall, was an orange grove, which sent out its moist, warm odors every-whither, a comfort and a delight to all. So men should stand like trees in bloom by the hot, hard highway of life, giving cheer to the tired feet and weary hearts that press toward the evening. Humanity needs smiles, cheer and gladness; and blessed are all those whose souls are so attuned to the Spirit of Christ, and who walk with Him so closely that their lives send forth the calm, sweet music that makes men better and happier.—The Standard.

The Mind that was in Christ.

The apostle says, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." It is a wholesome admonition. That mind, incarnated in men and women, is what the world needs to make it a paradise. The mind of a pure love, the mind of unselfishness, the mind of self-sacrifice, the mind of patient, diligent service for the good of others, such as the mother renders for the good of her child, such as the father gladly endures day after day that he may provide for his family. It is the mind of helping the needy, relieving the suffering, lifting up the fallen. This is the mind that the whole world must come to, nations as well as individuals.

It is the unanimous verdict of history that the nations that refuse and condemn the mind of Christ cannot always endure. That nation best prolongs its own life and builds up its own strength and prosperity that exercises a broad-minded generosity toward the other nations of the earth; and the same is true of individuals.—Religious Telescope.

How Sanctification Comes by Truth.

In order that truth may sanctify, the mind must be brought in contact with it. As soon might you expect iron to fuse without bringing it in contact with the furnace heat as to look for sanctification where the Word of God has not by some process reached the human understanding.

The mind must also be familiarized with the truth in order to gain the benefit of the sanctifying process. If the truth is simply proclaimed in the ear, and passes out of the mind as soon as it passes in, making no more impression than does the musket-ball as it glances from the ironside, it will not prove to any extent a sanctifier. There must be adhesion as well as contact. By frequent reading of the Scriptures, and, better still, by treasuring up their contents in the memory, making them the subject of meditation, turning them over and over in the mind until they become the warp and woof of the everyday thoughts, the Word of God will become familiarized to the candidate for sanctification, and will be to his soul like an atmosphere in which there is no impurity.

The mind must also comprehend the truth. Its true meaning must be discovered. Whoever neglects the opportunities which offer to hear the Word of God expounded, or to meditate upon what he has heard, will be properly classed with those who are "ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth."

The truth, in order to sanctify, must be yielded to and not resisted. Whoever sets himself, in any manner, to resist the truth, or whoever would evade the just conclusions to which it would compel him, interposes an insuperable barrier to his own sanctification. Prayer for sanctification, under such circumstances would be a solemn farce.—William Campbell Schofield, in "An Highway There."

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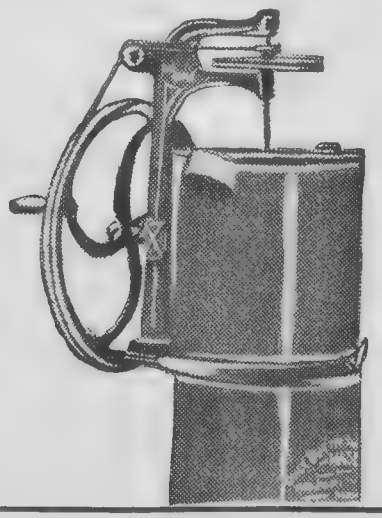

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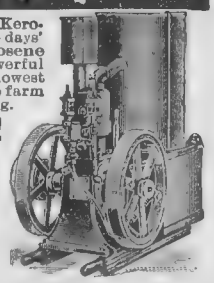

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The Home Doctor.

Consolation.

My dearest hopes were overthrown,
Each dream I'd fondly called my own,
And, truly, joy seemed at an end
Till came to me a much-loved friend.
Life's lesson then she gently taught,
Although rebelliously I fought
Against its truth, at last I know,
If all seems dark, we make it so:
The sunshine of a cheerful heart
Prismatic colors can impart,
And lighten with each magic ray
The sorrows of our blackest day;
A word of sympathy, a touch,
May not, themselves, seem very much,
But O! the infinite relief
To feel another knows our grief.
With new-born courage we essay
To sing our half-forgotten lay
Of praise, unheeding gloom, and strife,
For God's most glorious gift of Life!
—Leslie Mary Oyler.

Dangers to be Avoided.

A baby or young child may hold its breath while there is food in the mouth, simply because it cannot obtain more food or cannot have its own way. As soon as the spasm of the muscles of the throat relaxes, an inspiration occurs, air is forcibly drawn into the lungs, and if particles of food have not already been removed from the mouth and throat by one's finger they are likely to block up the larynx and cause suffocation. In other words, they are "foreign bodies." Children just passing out of babyhood who are allowed to feed themselves at table and to eat whatever they want, run great risks of suffocation by large mouthfuls of food. No careful parent who has repeatedly observed a baby's manner of cramming the mouth full and of gulping food, if left to himself, doubts that suffocation may thereby be caused. To reduce the danger to the minimum, therefore, additional food should not be given until the baby's mouth is quite empty, and the mother should not entrust the feeding to other hands than her own, unless, indeed, she intelligently supervises it.

Occasionally the records of coroners or health offices tell us of accidental deaths of babies smothered by the bodies of parents or other persons in the same bed with them. It is safe to presume that, in addition to deaths, there are instances of partial suffocation from the same cause. Certain it is that the custom of having a baby sleeping with another person or with more than one is not safe.

In one of our western cities a few years since a young mother, having occasion to go down stairs, left her baby propped up in bed by means of pillows. On her return the little fellow was dead, smothered by the pillows, which had fallen upon him as he endeavored to move about. Instances have occurred of little children, not carefully watched, being strangled in their play by pieces of rope and twine, by tippets, etc., which serve as leading-strings when they play horse. Such strings have also served the purpose of the hangman's rope when, unfortunately, children have striven to imitate the executioner and the executed, as they have sometimes learned to do after listening to the details of murders and of the final scenes in the lives of the murderers, read to them by their elders or talked of in their presence.

Little children are great imitators. With no adequate conception of the risks involved, they are ready to attempt almost any dangerous exploit, from sliding down a banister to teasing a vicious horse.

Children are in general easily pleased by digging in the sand, and if perchance caves can be dug in a sandy hillside their pleasure is complete. But if the roofs and sides of such caves are very dry and sandy they are in danger of collapse, and may bury the careless little fellows within, who are merrily digging away in their efforts to scoop out dens and various kinds of hiding places.

Many of the sports of little children, if uncontrolled, are extremely rough, and some are dangerous. This is especially true among the boys of the lower classes; though rough sports are not entirely confined to such boys, for the most casual observer must have noticed that brown stone houses furnish their quota of reckless, untrained boys and girls. Running with marbles in the mouth, under the impression that such exercise increases the running power; making the mouth a reservoir for marbles while a game is going on, or for bullets when playing with toy guns; throwing nooses about the neck in an imitation of the true Buffalo Bill style of lassoing, are all attended with danger. Some time since a little fellow was rescued from the risk of being suffocated by a rope held in the hands of a crowd of boys who, with wild tumult, were engaged in playing fire engine. The child, not being able to keep up the gait

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

Almost every woman suffers now and then from dull, persistent aches in the small of the back. And most of those who do think this is due to some disorder peculiar to women. It is not. The kidneys are at fault—or rather the owner of the kidneys. For these backaches are a certain sign of clogged, sluggish kidneys, just as are most of the headaches that afflict women. Rid yourself of the torment with Dr. Clark's Sweet Nitre Pills, which cleanse the kidneys, keep them healthy and active, and tone the whole urinary system. Fifty cents a box everywhere, or direct from The Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., of Winnipeg, Canada. 39

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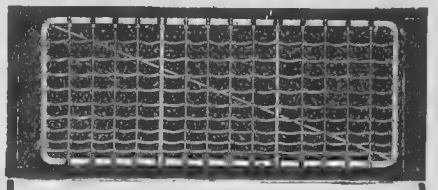

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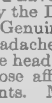

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Twenty three colors besides black. Black 15c, colors 10c, at your dealer's or postpaid with Booklet, "How to Dye," from

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at which the boys were running, fell, and as he did so a loop of rope passed over his neck. In crowded assemblies, as in schools, museums, theatres, etc., in case an alarm of fire is sounded, or if a panic arises from any other cause it is the little childen who are most likely to be in danger of suffocation from overcrowding. The "fire drills" in our public schools have done much to avert calamity in times of emergency, but there would be little chance of escape from some of our places of amusement in case fire broke out. And it is astonishing how many little children, even babies in arms, are to be seen in these, for the most part, overcrowded and badly-ventilated places. The Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have waged war against this condition of things and have accomplished much, but still little children frequently find their way into these places unattended by grown people.

Removal of Ear Wax.

Hardened wax in the external ear can often be removed readily by injections of warm water, and soap, soda, or ammonia. Many cases resist this, and require the softening effects of glycerine or sweet oil for a day or two before syringing. Do not bother with these long processes, but use a half-strength solution of hydrogen dioxid in the ear for about five or ten minutes. This will disintegrate the hardest plugs, and they can be removed with very little syringing. I have yet to see the case in which this process has caused irritation or inflammation. Do not use too much force with the syringe. Wipe the ear perfectly dry with absorbent cotton and apply petrolatum. Wear a small plug of cotton in the ear for one day after removal.—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

The Treatment of Chronic Constipation of Infants by Butter.

Doer Fler (Muenchener medicinische Wochenschrift) believes that the cause of the constipation, so frequently observed in artificially nurtured infants, is due to the excessive dilution of the milk with barley water, whey, and similar liquids. He has found that the addition of fresh and unadulterated butter is the best means of preventing the constipation. It increases considerably the nutrient quality of the food without causing irritation; it gently stimulates the sluggish bowels, and by facilitating the propulsion of the chyme, promotes the removal per vias naturales of any excess of food material that may be present. The amount to be given needs careful regulating, and should be, in the beginning at least, under the control of the physician. To obtain the desired results, it is necessary that the butter be absolutely fresh and without admixture of any sort, because its beneficial effects are lost if chemical changes are allowed to take place through melting or heating.

During the first month of its existence, when the constipation is generally slight, the infant may be treated by enemata until it has become apparent that the intestinal tract has accustomed itself to artificial feeding. During the second and third months one-half to one teaspoonful of butter should be given morning and evening until a normal evacuation occurs, after which the same dose may be given every second day. During the succeeding two months the amount is increased to two or three teaspoonfuls, and is given at the same intervals as during the preceding period. From the fifth month up to one year from one to three teaspoonfuls are given every two or three days for some time.

The experience of Wirschillo, an account of which is given in Vratch, a Russian medical periodical is of considerable interest in this connection. The experiments undertaken by this author to determine the influence of sweet butter upon the secretion of gastric juice in children have shown that, while it diminishes somewhat the amount of hydrochloric acid and pepsin in the stomach, it promotes the peptonization of albumins. He proposes the substitution of larger doses of butter, which in no wise affects digestion unfavourably, for cod liver oil in the treatment of children.—The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Heat Rash.

This annoying condition, which often causes the little one to suffer intensely, is due to heat and to indigestion, producing a spasm of the little blood vessels in the skin. Bathing the skin frequently with soda water often relieves the irritation, also bathing with hot water or cold water.—Dr. Rossiter, in Good Health.

"Growing Pains" As a Symptom of Rheumatism.

Dr. E. M. Brockbank calls attention to this important and well-known, though often neglected, indication of an attack of rheumatism in children. The term "growing pain" is usually applied, especially outside the profession, to certain vague aches and pains which are supposed to assail the rapidly growing anemic boy or girl before or about the age of puberty. But there is no doubt that these growing pains are often, if not always, of rheumatic origin, and the physician inquiring into the cause of a diseased heart, especially of mitral stenosis, should not give up the quest for rheumatism without making special mention of them in his investigations, though he has asked already about previous attacks of rheumatism, chorea, or even "pains in the joints." The younger the subject of rheumatism, the less are the joints affected and the more likely is endocarditis to attack the valves of the heart; and therefore any mention of pains in the limbs of a child, however slight and unimportant they may appear to the parents, should at once excite the suspicion of the medical man and direct his attention to the heart. The recognition of endocarditis at such an early stage of life, followed by prophylactic treatment against the crippling of the valves, would diminish the severity if not ward off altogether the development of the insidious inflammation which leads to the condition of the heart found in later life.—British Medical Journal.

Preventing Infantile Diarrhea.

It is very rarely that a child nourished wholly by the breast makes any trouble for the doctor even during the hot months. Diarrhea almost always occurs in artificially fed babies, if at all. Prevention is better than cure, and in addition to securing milk which is pure, and which is made from proper food, that is, from a sweet pasture and clean grain, and not from corn fodder, it is exceedingly important to feed the infant regularly at stated intervals. These intervals may range from two to four hours, according to the age of the baby.

Diarrhea often occurs as the result of foul nipples and imperfectly cleaned bottles. It is almost impossible to keep a rubber nipple clean, to say nothing of the rubber hose-pipe, such as is sometimes used for convenience. After the tube or nipple has been in use for a little time, its inner surface and the very depths of the rubber contain microorganisms which even boiling will not destroy, as is proved by the ease with which cultures of them are grown. In some cities the use of the hose nursing bottle has been forbidden by ordinances of the board of health. Black rubber nipples seem to be less liable to infection than white ones.

It is very refreshing to the baby, during the hot period, to have a cool bath daily and to be allowed the freedom of the open air as much as possible. Bowel disturbances often accompany and result from bad air.

In hot weather there is another cause of digestive disturbance. Babies are over-dressed in the daytime, and insufficiently covered at night. The little fellows swelter through the day in a half-dozen thicknesses of clothing, and at night these are all removed and a little night-dress put on. The night

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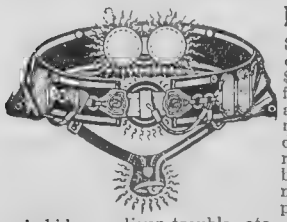

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Same as sold by doctors at $15 to $60, direct from factory, at $2 and up. Why pay more? Free ten days' trial; cures rheumatism, lame back, varicocele, nervous debility, paralysis, stomach, kidney or liver trouble, etc. LEOTY ELECTRICAL CO., Dayton, O., U.S.A.

breeze penetrates the sleeping room; baby lies in it uncovered and no wonder an attack of cholera infantum comes on next day.—Dr. Davis in The Healthy Home.

The Bedroom.

In Germany it is the almost universal fashion to sleep between feather beds. These are as light and clean as feather beds can be, but the practice is exceedingly unwholesome, for the feathers are not only very heating, causing one almost to swelter under them, but they also absorb all sorts of effete matters from the body, retaining them, and thus becomes to the last degree insanitary.

While this fashion is not common in this country, yet we are in the habit of greatly overloading our beds with covers. The so-called "comforters" are not fit to be used, on account of the mass of cotton thickly quilted together. A certain home journal has recommended that newspapers be quilted into these comforters, thus saving expense in cotton. This is worse yet, because the newspaper makes the covering still more impervious to the air. One might as well sleep under a rubber blanket. While asleep, a person is constantly throwing off effete matter, hence it is very important that the bed-clothes be such that these poisons may be allowed to evaporate.

Too little attention is paid to the proper airing and ventilation of bedrooms, especially in winter. Not only should there be a good circulation of air during sleeping hours, but the bed should be entirely thrown open and exposed to the fresh air and sunlight every morning. The pillows, sheets, and every article of covering should be removed from the bed and hung out of doors on a line or spread over chairs, so that they may be thoroughly dried and warmed.

A great many cases of insomnia might be cured by this simple process.—Good Health.

Ventilation.

The ventilation of school and sleeping rooms is not so often defective now as in the period which intervened between the days of fireplaces and of sanitary science, but there is still abundant chance for improvement in the ways of avoiding draughts and chills, as well as in preventing the stagnation of the air. Foul air and cold draughts are alike fatal, but the latter are the speedier in their action. A plan practiced in a most successful school was not to allow a draught of air to blow upon sitting pupils, but to change schoolrooms every hour during the months when fires were not necessary. There were two large school-rooms, one of which was used every alternate hour of the school day, and while one was occupied the other was being exposed to as thorough a draught of air as could be coaxed through it. In winter this change was not required, as a large wood fire in an open fireplace at each end of the school-room made the air constantly fresh.

The lady who kept the school died long ago and left no successor, but many were the mothers who owed both bodily and mental strength to her judicious training. It was noted of her school that in its four decades of existence no death had ever occurred in it, and no case of serious illness. Her table, though plain, was always abundantly supplied with palatable and nourishing food. In her time tight lacing was the rule, but she would retain no pupil who would wear stays. Low, thin slippers were all that fashion permitted, but Miss Pierce, superior to its dictation, insisted that all her girls should be shod in stout high-ankled calf-skin shoes over warm stockings. Out-of-door games received every encouragement, and in bad weather an immense open garret was used for games of "shuttlecock and battledore" and "graces." At the first sign of a cold, or even of languor, the drooping one was however unwillingly, sent to bed, and kept there on a spare but nourishing diet until she was in the best of health and spirits.

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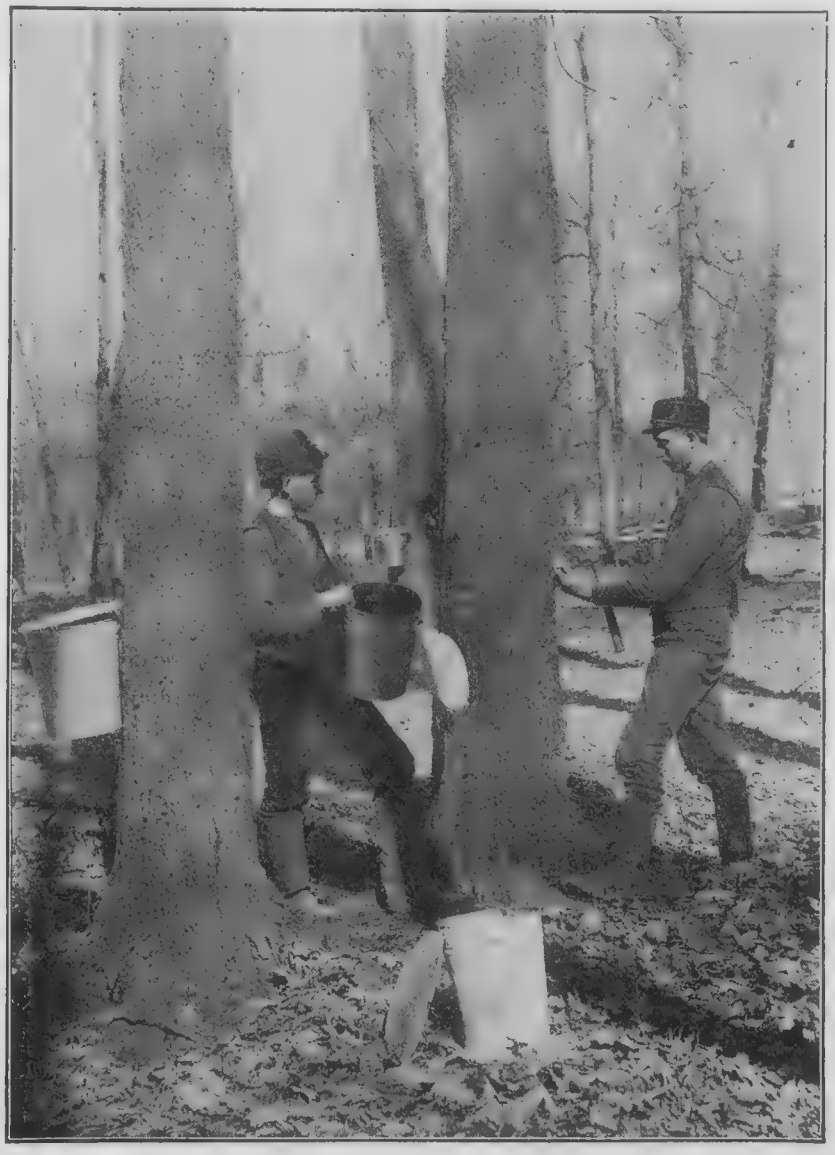

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About the Farm.

Song of the Milk House.

Under the hillside's verdured edge,
The moss grown milk house stands,
Cool and sweet as the crystal pledge,
In the milkmaid's snowy hands,
As she dips it up, with her bright tin cup,
From the spring in the stone-paved floor,
And with Hebe's grace in her laughing face
Refills it o'er and o'er.

I drink and drink, unsatisfied,
My eyes above the brim,
The while I watch her graceful poise
And figure neat and trim,
A homespun goddess beating out,
With rhythmic swing and clash,
The butter's song from the wooden churn
In bubble, swirl and splash.

Splash! splash! splash!
The creamy cataracts dash!
Spatters of cream have kissed
The dimpled arm and wrist,
And I in fancy's dream
Am envying the cream!

With thrifty housewife's needful care
Within the churn she looks,
And I, intent on reading there
A lore unwrit in books,
Bend low to meet, in contact sweet,
Her head above the churn:
Her eyes and mine with meaning shine
And faces flush and burn.

I gaze and gaze, unsatisfied,
At her figure neat and trim;
The while her fingers clean and sweet
The golden globules skim.
We grasp the dasher hand o'er hand,
And beat and swing and clash
A churning song to love's refrain
In bubble, swirl and splash!

Splash! splash! splash!
The creamy cataracts dash!
Splash! splash! splash!
Her hand beneath my own
Has something warmer grown.
Her cheek is like the rose,
The dasher slower goes.

Thump! thump! thump!
The butter's golden lump.
A yellow island kist
By milky seas of mist,
Proclaims the churning done,
And hands that clasp as one
Unclasp and fall apart
With overconscious start.

O golden age, and golden days!
And golden butter churned
By the rosy lass, whose tender ways
Have taught me all I learned
Of love that lies in woman's eyes,
I pledge in memory's wine,
For still beside the autumn's tide
Her hand is clasping mine.

I gaze and gaze, unsatisfied,
The horizon's growing dim,
But still her fingers sweet and clean
My golden moments skim.
We grasp the dasher as of old
In rhythmic swing and clash
And beat the butter's olden song
In bubble, swirl and splash!

Splash! splash! splash!
The creamy cataracts dash
On autumn's radiant day
Just as they did in May;
Thump! thump! thump!
The butter's golden lump
A yellow island kist
By milky seas of mist,
Proclaims the churning done,
And hands that clasp as one
Shall never fall apart
While life sustains the heart.

Good Farming Competitions.

The Good Farming Competitions which have been held in different parts of the province each summer for some years past are being continued this year under the direction of the Manitoba Agricultural College and the Provincial Dept. of Agriculture.

The conditions of entering are the same as in former years, but the standard of marking is considerably altered. In the score for this year, the marking for farm buildings is considered as of secondary importance to that for good tillage.

The man whose farming operations are of a sufficiently high character will receive due credit even though his buildings may be less costly and less imposing than those of his fellow competitor.

This change will induce many who have hiterto had little inducement to enter the contest.

The Spruce Budworm.

An Account of the Work Being Carried On.

On applying to Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, as to the work that the Federal Department of Agriculture was doing in regard to the Spruce Budworm (Tortrix fumiferana), he made the following statement to the Canadian Forestry Association:

"The attention of the Department was first called to serious attacks of this insect in the upper Gatineau region of Quebec by the Hon. W. C. Edwards. Mr. Arthur Gibson, Chief Assistant Entomologist of the Division of Entomology, was immediately sent to investigate the outbreak in July, 1909, and he has already communicated an account of his investigation to the Canadian Forestry Journal (Dec. 1909).

"In October, 1909, a few weeks after taking charge of the work of the Division of Entomology, I visited British Columbia and investigated the attacks of the insect on Vancouver Island. The serious character of the attack of the Spruce Budworm on the balsam and spruce in Eastern Canada and the Douglas fir in British Columbia, rendered a careful study of the insect, its depredations and controlling agencies imperative, and accordingly such a study was commenced. During the present summer, (1910) the line of investigation that we have been following has been to discover the species of parasites attacking the pest. In the case of an outbreak of this nature, when the insect has gained great headway before its discovery, and where it is impracticable to adopt any means of control, the most important and only line of investigation possible is a study of the species of parasites, which are the natural means of control, attacking the caterpillars, with a view to discovering: first, what species there are, and secondly, whether they are increasing in number. This information is of very great importance and value, not only from a scientific but also from a practical point of view, as the following instance of a similar study will show. In England a serious outbreak of the Larch Sawfly was

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reported in 1906. (This is the same insect which destroyed all the larch or tamarack throughout Eastern Canada some years ago and again appeared about five years ago.) In the following year I began to study the life-history of the insect and its parasites. Except in newly planted areas it was not possible to adopt any means of control. It was found in 1908 that a certain species of ichneumon fly, an important parasite, had killed about six per cent. of the insects; in the following year the percentage killed had increased to about twelve per cent. I then left England and came to Canada, but to continue the investigation, many thousands of the cocoons were imported from England, and this year I found that the percentage of insects in the cocoons killed by the parasites was over 60 per cent. This discovery, which was also confirmed in England, is of the greatest interest and importance as it indicates that in those localities, where the infestation was most serious the parasites have almost gained complete control of the sawfly, and control will mean eradication. The practical value of this continued study lies in the fact that the owners of timber feared its destruction by the continued defoliation by the caterpillars, many acres having been so killed, and were cutting down timber before it had reached its full growth and value to save it. This will now be unnecessary, as we know the pest will be controlled by its parasites. In a similar manner we have already begun a study of the parasites of the Spruce Budworm, and we hope, next year, to study the percentage of the caterpillars attacked by the species of parasites that we have bred from them during the present season. It is expected that such an investigation will indicate to us the extent to which natural means of control are acting upon the pest, and until we have such information it is impossible to prophesy what the results of the outbreak will be and whether considerable loss will be caused or not before the pest is controlled by these natural agencies.

"I have conferred with Mr. G. C. Piche, the Chief Forestry Engineer of the Province of Quebec, and with the Hon. W. C. Edwards and others who have interests in the forests at present attacked. It has been decided that the area over which the outbreak extends at the present time shall be delimited and Mr. Piche has arranged for such a survey which I believe is now in the field. When this survey is complete Mr. Piche and I intend to visit the worst infested regions, and it is proposed to elucidate certain points with regard to the life-history and habits of the insect, and the visit will enable us to determine, so far as possible, to what extent the trees have been injured by the previous depredations. It will be possible, also, to discover whether the trees, weakened in vitality by the defoliation by the caterpillars, are being attacked, as is often the case, by species of bark-beetles which complete the destruction of the living tree.

"The Association may be assured that we are giving this serious matter our most careful attention, and we hope that next year, when the parasitic work is continued, those concerned will assist us in obtaining supplies of material to enable us to make our investigation as complete as possible."

Farm Values and Wages in Canada.

Ottawa, February 6. The Census Monthly for January says that values and wages in Canada make a good record for 1910. The total value of live stock on the farms is $593,768,000, which is $34,979,000 more than in 1909. The price per head of horses is $132.50 as against $130.72 in 1909, of milch cows $42.60 against $36.36, of other cattle $30.90 against $28.81 and of sheep $6 against $5.89. Swine alone show a drop in average price, being $11.30 per head against $11.80. The total value of horses is $293,398,000 for last year against $278,789,000 for 1909, of milch cows $121,613,000 against $103,601,000, of other cattle $131,781,000 against $126,326,000, and of sheep $15,819,000 against $15,735,000. The value of swine, however, fell from $34,368,000 in 1909 to $31,157,000 in 1910.

The highest average price of horses was in Saskatchewan, of milch cows, other horned cattle and sheep in Ontario, and of swine in Quebec. Horses three years old and over reached the highest price in British Columbia, where the average was $225. Swine per 100 lb. live weight ranged from $6.50 in Manitoba to $9.52 in Quebec. The price of unwashed wool was 18 cents in 1910 and 17 cents previous year. It was highest in British Columbia, where the cost of clearing is heavy and the land is largely occupied for fruit growing, the average being $74 per acre, or 56 cents per acre more than in the previous year. Ontario comes next with $48 per acre, which is $2.22 less than in 1909.

Farm help for the summer season shows an average of $35.15 per month for males and $20.70 for females, counting board, as compared with $33.69 and $19.08 respectively in the previous year. Males have an average of $347.10 and females $209.69 per year for males and $6 for females in Prince Edward Island to $20 and $17 respectively per month in British Columbia.

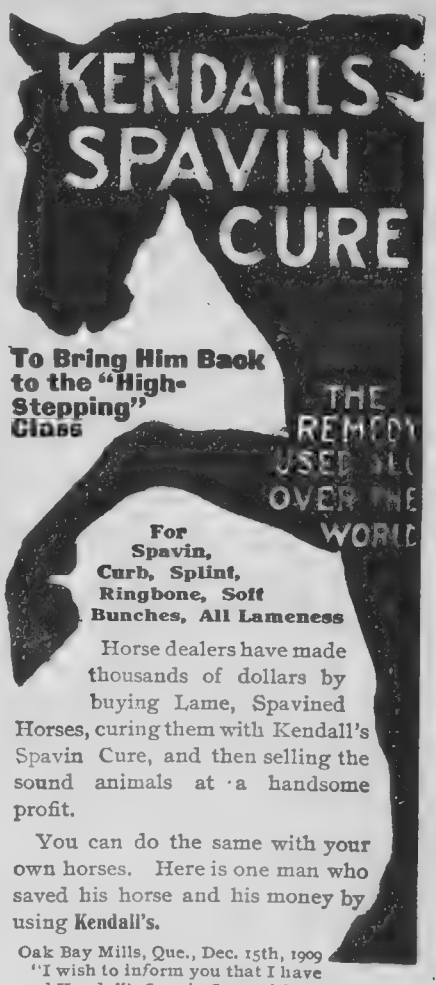
The rates of wages and board are quoted for the farm, where males are employed on the land and females in the house. They are averages computed from a large number of returns by farmers to the Census Office.

Archibald Blue, Chief Officer.

Manitoba Sport

The Raising of Ducks.

When people talk about going into the poultry business the question invariably comes to mind—why do they always say chickens?—as if there were no profit or pleasure in raising other fowls. There is no doubt about the pro-



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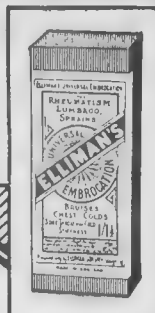

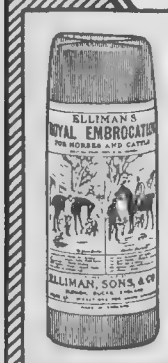

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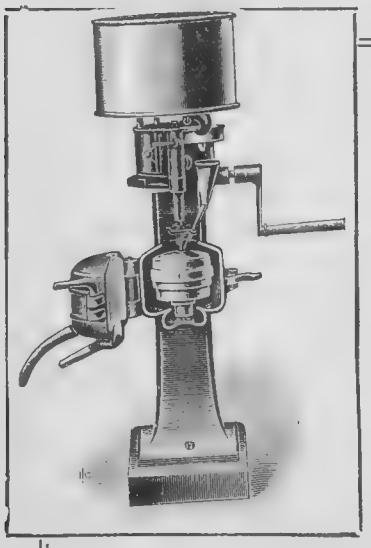

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fit of raising ostriches, provided one has the means to purchase the first pair and a suitable place to keep them. The same is true of peafowls, but their possession also demands spacious grounds and a semi-tropical climate.

Every one at all acquainted with the habits of turkeys can not wonder at the high price they bring in market when at last they are of marketable age and size, for the life of a turkey seems precarious from the day it is hatched and a delicate motherless baby scarcely needs as much coddling to keep it growing and healthy.

Chickens are indissolubly associated with fuss and feathers—their noisy cackle being never ceasing during the hours of daylight and a nervous insomniac can almost tell the hours of night by the prolonged crowing of his neighbor's rooster.

Guinea fowls have an undeserved reputation for noise and wildness but as the American public is not yet educated to the desirability of their flesh as an edible delicacy there is not a strong demand for them. Geese, too, have rather an unsavory reputation in the minds of most women but when ducks are mentioned the majority are silent from indifference or ignorance. Yet of all domestic fowl ducks are easiest to raise and if properly fed, by far the most profitable.

In the first place there is a breed of ducks that seldom require water except for drinking; and the water for an occasional plunge can be easily supplied by tubs or tanks where there is no stream or pond available. Among the many admirable reasons why duck raising is a commendable occupation for women are the following: After the first three weeks ducks require less care than chickens. They are much quieter to have about the place and (the best of all), thoroughbred ducks of certain breeds are full grown at ten weeks. This latter fact should of itself be sufficient to induce women living near a good market to seriously investigate the subject. Think of a ten-weeks' old chicken—scarcely large enough to differ by comparison with a squab, and then look at a ten weeks' old thoroughbred Pekin duck and you have food for meditation as well as the table. Another appealing feature in duck raising is the saving of money in their care. Where high fences must be used to keep one's chickens at home or separate different breeds, a two-foot lath or wire fence will keep ducks securely in the quarters assigned them. When made in sections a lath fence has much to commend it for a portable enclosure is thus secured and the "run' for the ducks can be easily shifted.

The writer had always held the opinion that ducks, like geese, were "sure enough stupid" until a season on a duck ranch in the West gave a different opinion, for six of the "fluffy things" allotted to her especial care as soon as they were hatched became so tame they were almost a nuisance, for recognizing her voice afar off they would tag around after her like a faithful dog. And each responded to its individual name when a dainty titbit was offered, the others nipping at skirts and apron-strings to attract attention.

A tank 5 x 8 feet and one and one-half feet deep was used for the bathtub of twenty-five ducks. This tank had inclined platforms on each side leading to it and was filled once a week when the ducks were allowed to frolic in it for an hour or so. The rest of the time they were satisfied with an abundance of water for drinking but none to "slop around in," as the owner expressed it.

When properly fed and not allowed to forage where there is rank or strong vegetation the eggs of ducks are quite as palatable as those of chickens. Indeed on many duck ranches through the West the housewife uses duck eggs altogether for cookery unless they bring a very high price for breeding purposes.

Ducks are most prolific layers and there is always a good demand for their eggs by professional cooks and confectioners.

A fact that should be always borne in mind, though too often forgotten, is that an egg two days old is worth twice as much as when two weeks old.

Another source of income from ducks is the feathers, which are quite as fine as those from geese, especially when plucked from the breast only. Ducks are much easier to pluck than geese.

As ducks do not sleep on perches the expense of housing them is not so great as for chickens. To maintain them in health they should have a house dry above and below with sixteen feet of floor space for every half-dozen ducks.

As good a house, for all practical purposes, as can be built has been made of cheap lumber covered with roofing paper, top and sides. Instead of glass in the windows, heavy muslin was used. In this house ducks have been kept through cold winters, and have laid right along.

In France, where so many ducks are fattened every year, systems for fattening are extensively carried on and constitute a business apart. The birds are usually purchased from the breeders when about eight weeks old, put into very small pens and fattened for a period varying from three to six weeks. By this process the flesh is made exceptionally tender and white and much more abundant than possible for an unfattened fowl.

In large cities there is always a good demand for ducks and even in smaller towns a good trade can be secured if it is known that young ducks can be had regularly. With the aid of an incubator ducks can be raised the greater part of the year and with the same careful attention to warmth and food that other poultry is given the returns are much more speedy, for, as stated, Pekin ducks are full grown when ten weeks old.

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There are two kinds of utility fowls. Those kept by egg-farmers, who look to the production of eggs as the principal

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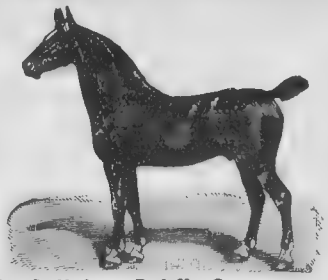

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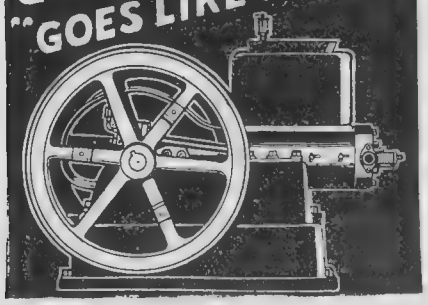

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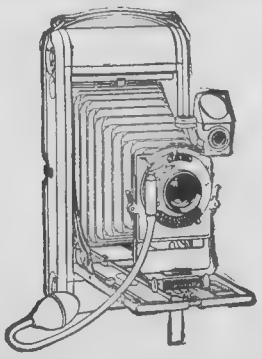

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source of their revenue and those kept for both eggs and meat. The latter are commonly called general-purpose fowls.

On a large majority of the egg-farms of this country White Leghorns are kept for layers, because it is generally admitted that they lay the most of any breed that produces eggs of the standard size—twenty-four ounces to the dozen. The eggs of White Leghorns are pure white and sell at the highest prices to the exclusive trade in nearly all the large cities. Boston is perhaps the only exception, as the people of Boston prefer an egg with a dark shell, such as are produced by Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. It would be hard to say why this prejudice as to the color of the shell exists. No one ever became so expert that he could tell after an egg was cooked what the color of the shell was.

Light Brahmas produce very large eggs with a pinkish shell, and some strains are very good layers. These birds are beautifully colored and very stately in carriage. The Langshan produces large eggs and is a good winter layer, but being a black fowl the average American objects to it. Dark Brahmas were once quite popular but they have gone out of favor. Cochins of any variety have become simply fanciers' fowls and are among the poorest layers we have, at the same time being the most persistent sitters.

To the American class we must look for the most popular of all the utility breeds, and this is the Barred Plymouth Rock, although it is losing in relative popularity of late. Its closest rivals now are the White Wyandottes and White Plymouth Rocks. These two varieties have been struggling for supremacy for several years with the odds in favor of the White Wyandottes, if we are to judge by the number that appear at the shows.

Of the Plymouth Rocks we now have the Barred, White, Buff and Silver, the latter the newest addition to the family. Of Wyandottes we have the Silver, White, Buff, Black, Partridge, Silver Pencilled Black and Columbian varieties. From among these one will be able to select a color to suit one's fancy, for in color and marking the several varieties cover the whole range of colors and markings found in almost every breed kept in this country.

The advantage of these general-purpose breeds, and of the American class in particular, is that they are medium in size, very plump in body, domestic in their habits, being easily confined behind five-foot fences, and good all-the-year layers. The hens are reliable sitters but not persistent, being easily broken of sitting, if taken when they first become broody. The chicks get their feathers early and are ready to send to the table from the time they weigh a pound, always being plump and fat, if given good care.

The beginner who selects any variety of the American class need not fear that there will be no demand for his birds or for their eggs, as they have friends everywhere and good stock always commands a high price. Even when sold in the market for food purposes fowls of this class stand almost alone, so sightly are they when properly dressed.

In Plymouth Rocks the Barred variety is perhaps the hardest to breed to high quality, but perfect specimens never fail to find buyers at good prices. Perhaps the highest record for a sale ever made by any birds of this class was made at Indianapolis last winter when seven White Plymouth Rocks were sold for $1,750. One of these was sold at an even thousand dollars.

In Wyandottes the highest prices are commanded by the White variety, although Silvers sell well when of good quality. A good many White Wyandottes change hands at prices between $50 and $100 and sales above $10 each are every-day affairs, and even at $5 each the rearing of fowls is a very profitable business.

Among the newer breeds the Orpingtons are meeting with great favor. This is an English breed only introduced a few years ago and many sales at three figures are made every year. The Orpington eggs, fowls were sold for a little Black, Buff and White varieties are held in highest esteem in this country. They are large, quiet and productive and among the best of table fowls. It is a matter of record that the chickens hatched from one sitting of Black Orpington eggs, fowls were sold for a little over $200, a pretty good investment.

The utility breeds are exactly suited to the requirements of the poultry keeper who has room for only a small or moderately sized flock. They furnish eggs almost constantly through the year and make plump and toothsome broilers, roasters, or poultry for any occasion. Males of these breeds weigh from eight and one-half pounds in the case of Wyandottes to ten pounds in Orpingtons, and all of them have flesh that is fine grained, sweet and palatable when properly prepared for table use.

Do not neglect your hens because they are not of royal blood. I have half a dozen common mongrel hens that lay as well as any pure-bred fowls I ever owned. I selected them as being of the laying type, and have fed them for egg production. I bought these hens for 50 selves, and all the feed they have eaten, cents each and they have paid for them-in less than four months. Take good care of the hens you have and they will make profit enough to pay for better ones. Between breed and feed I would take my chances with feed, at least until I had demonstrated the case.

Summer Fair Dates.

Agricultural society fairs will be held at the points given herewith on the dates mentioned. These dates were arranged at the Agricultural Societies' Convention held in February at the Agricultural College, and the shows are so grouped as to enable the judges to be present at the greatest number of points in a minimum amount of time, and at the smallest expense possible.

Judges are being supplied by the Extension Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College, assisted by the Provincial Department of Agriculture. In some cases the date given indicates only the last day of a two-days' fair.

Souris	July	12 & 13
Morris	"	4
Emerson	"	6
Morden	"	4 & 5
St. Pierre	"	12
Gladstone	"	18 & 19
Minnedosa	"	20 & 21
Wawanesa	"	4
Hartney	"	5
Melita	"	7
Miami	"	4
Carman	"	5 & 6
Carberry	"	7 & 8
Cypress River	"	7
Glenboro	"	1
Crystal City	"	19
Cartwright	"	20
Deloraine	Aug.	1
Boissevain	"	2
Pilot Mound	"	3
Manitou	"	4
Elkhorn	"	1 & 2
Virden	"	3 & 4
Oak Lake	"	1
Dauphin	"	8 & 9
Roblin	"	10
Gilbert Plains	"	11
Miniota	"	1
Harding	"	2
Rapid City	"	3
Hamiota	"	4
Sanford	"	1
Swan Lake	"	4
Treherne	"	2
Russell	"	8
Shoal Lake	"	9
Birtle	"	10
Strathclair	"	11
MacGregor	"	9
Reston	"	8 & 9
Binscarth	"	2
Oak River	"	8 or 10
St. Vital	"	22 & 24
Ste. Rose du Lac	Sept.	20
Brokenhead	"	29 & 30
Giroux	"	27 & 28
Headingly	"	12 or 13
Kildonan	"	13 & 14
Kelwood	Oct.	3
Springfield	"	5
St. Jean	"	3
Stonewall	"	3 & 4
Woodlands No. 1	"	6
Rossburn	"	5

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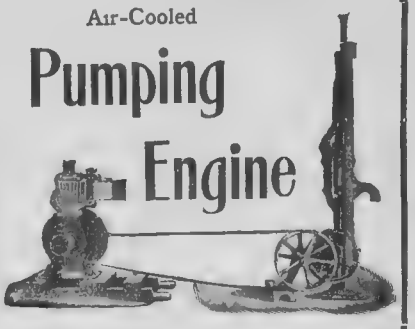

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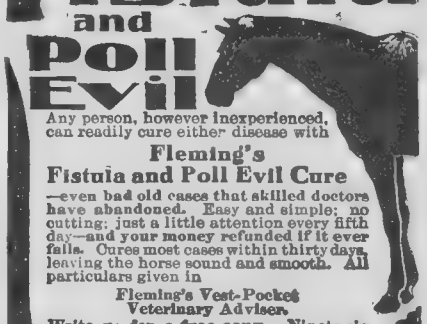

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—even bad old cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple; no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in

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Toronto.—I gladly give you my testimonial in favor of your wonderful medicines. Last October I wrote to you for advice as I was completely run down, had bearing down sensation in the lower part of bowels, backache, and pain in the side. I also suffered terribly from gas.

After receiving your directions, I followed them closely and am now entirely free from pain in back and bowels, and am stronger in every way.

I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my baby was born, and I recommend it highly to all pregnant women.—MRS. E. WANDBY, 92 Logan Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Another Woman Cured

Maple Creek, Sask.—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I am now in perfect health. I was troubled with pains every month. I know other women who suffer as I did and I will gladly recommend your medicine to them. You may publish this if you think it will help others.—MRS. F. E. COOK, Maple Creek, Sask.

If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form of female ills, don't hesitate to try Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

Cut Down Your Dress Bills

THIS IS THE WAY—Take your old Dresses and Dye them yourself right at home.

Then with up-to-date patterns make them into new dresses that will be the envy of your lady friends. But to avoid all chance of mistakes use the Dye that colors cloth of ANY KIND Perfectly with the SAME Dye, which is

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In Lighter Vein.

A "Billet-Doux."

She was a winsome country lass,
So William on a brief vacation,
The time more pleasantly to pass,
Essayed flirtation.
And while they strolled in twilight dim,
As near the time for parting drew,
Asked if she would have from him
A "billet-doux."
Now, this simple maid of French knew naught,
But doubting not 'twas something nice,
Shyly she lifted her pretty head,
Her rosy lips together drew, and coyly said.
"Yes, Billy—do,"
And William—did.

The Wrong One.

A young man had been calling now and then on a young lady, when one night, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead, and asked him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were.

He turned very red, and was about to stammer some incoherent reply, when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs:

"Mamma, mamma, that is not the one."

Anticipating Good Sport.

It Was His Only Tie.

One morning, as Mark Twain returned from a neighborhood morning call, sans necktie, his wife met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to the Stowes's again without a necktie! It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!"

Her husband said nothing, but went up to his room.

A few minutes later his neighbor—Mrs. S.—was summoned to the door by a messenger, who presented her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by the following note: "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have?—Mark Twain."

Clearly Understood.

They seldom gave dinner parties, but what they gave were small. But they liked things done decently and in order, and generally had the best. On the afternoon of one of the little parties the host summoned the boy in buttons and said to him: "Now, John, you must be very careful how you hand round the wine."

"Yes, sir."

"These bottles with the black seals are the best, and those with the red seals the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand around with the hock after soup. You understand—hock and inferior sherry after soup?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," responded the boy in buttons.

The evening came, and with it the guests. Everything went on swimmingly till the boy went round the table asking each of the guests, "Hock or inferior sherry?"—Tit-Bits.

Well Done.

"Have you bought your turkey yet, Mrs. Beaning?" asked the pale boarder, three days before Thanksgiving day.

"Bought my turkey yet?" she exclaimed. "You don't suppose that I'm going to the expense of feeding a turkey from now till the twenty-eighth, I hope?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," the pale boarder hastened to say. "I was merely thinking how much more tender it would be than last year's turkey was, if you would buy it now and keep it in the oven until the day of the feast."—Harper's Bazaar.

A Girl's Essay on Boys.

At a recent examination for girls this composition was handed in by a girl of twelve: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their toung till they are spoken to, and they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown up girl is a widow and keeps house."

A Social Economist.

"Dis prosperity is all fictitious!" said Meandering Mike.

"What makes you t'ink it is?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Because dey keep on offerin' us roast turkey an' cider de same as dey did last November. If we was pergressin as we ort de hand-outs would include terrapin an' champagne by dis time."—Washington Star.

Resigned to His Fate.

In the early Indiana days, when both judges and attorneys literally "rode the circuit," a newly elected judge, noted for his lack of personal beauty, was plodding along on horseback between two county seats one fine summer day. Passing through a piece of woods he was suddenly confronted by a hunter, who unslung his squirrel rifle from his shoulder and ordered the horseman to dismount. Somewhat startled by this peremptory command and the fact that the hunter was, if possible, even more de-

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"Fruit-a-tives" Brings Natural Results in A Natural Way.

"I am a seventy-nine-year-old man and a great believer in, and user of, "Fruit-a-tives".

"Stricture of The Bowels was the complaint I suffered from and I found that "Fruit-a-tives" did me more good than any other remedy. My doctor advised me to stick to "Fruit-a-tives" and I have done so with best result.

"I have been in business here for a good many years and have been a resident of Otterville for over fifty years."

WM. PARSONS.

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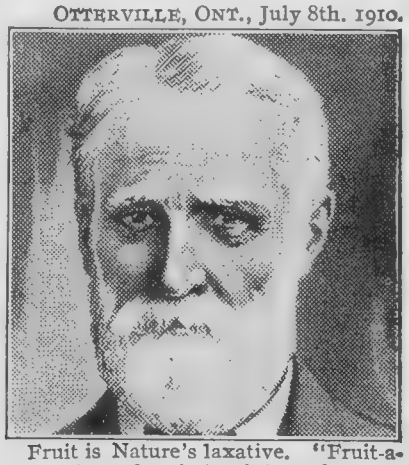

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"Fruit-a-tives" does not gripe or irritate the intestines. It regulates the bowels and cures Constipation because "Fruit-a-tives" acts directly on the liver.

Just try "Fruit-a-tives when you need a mild, gentle yet effective laxative and liver regulator.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50—trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Although D. D. D. Prescription has been recognised for years as the one remedy for Eczema, Psoriasis, and all other forms of skin diseases, it is now known that there is no other wash, even those used by the beauty specialists, that can compare with this mild liquid for cleansing the skin of pimples, blackheads, rash, and all similiar skin affections.

For this reason alone, a bottle of D. D. D. should be kept on hand in every household. A free trial bottle will show you the merits of this great remedy as a complexion wash.

D. D. D. seems to remove the cause, what ever the trouble may be, cleansing the skin, and leaving it as soft, as smooth and clear as that of a healthy child.

Write the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. M., 49 Colborne St., Toronto, and prove its wonderful effectiveness.

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Every Woman

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The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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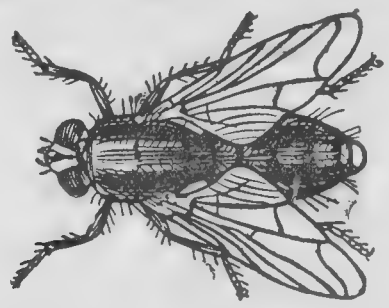

The female house fly lays from 120 to 150 eggs at a time, and these mature in two weeks. Under favorable conditions the descendants of a single pair will number millions in three months. Therefore all housekeepers should commence using

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FLY PADS

early in the season, and thus cut off a large proportion of the summer crop.

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SHOE POLISH

Won't stain the clothing.

It gives a hard, brilliant and lasting polish.

Shines easily, just one or two rubs.

Absolutely free from acid, turpentine or other injurious ingredients.

It is good for your shoes.

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ficient in facial symmetry than himself, the jurist began to remonstrate. He was quickly cut short, however, by the remark:

"It's no use talking. I long ago swore that if I ever met a homelier man than I am I'd shoot him on sight."

The judge was quick-witted, and, sizing up the situation, he promptly got off his horse. Folding his arms, he faced his assailant and said:

"If I am any homelier than you are, for heaven's sake shoot, and be quick about it!"

Then came a hearty mutual laugh, and a black bottle, produced from the judge's saddlebags, was duly investigated. After this came self introductions, and the rising jurist gained an enthusiastic supporter for his future campaigns.—Selected.

Too Tedious.

It was easy to tell he was a farmer's boy and that he felt out of his element in the watchmaker's shop. "I want you," he explained haltingly, "to send a man to my father's place, about five miles out, to mend a watch."

"Want me to send five miles to mend a watch!" said the startled tradesman. "Can't the watch be sent here?"

"Well, no," said the youth, "it can't very well. You see, father 'ave been took bad, and he's takin' his med'cine by it."

"Oh, then, if it's going, why do you want me to send to mend it?"

"Well, you see, it is goin' and it isn't, in a manner of speaking. Father makes it run, but he says he's gettin' tired of pokin' the wheel with a pin, an' he wants someone to put it straight."

Splinters.

No wonder with stealthy step he goes
At midnight when all is still.
Thanksgiving's here, and well he knows
The henhouse under the hill.
—Judge.

Farmer—"Well, old Fussinfeathers, what do you think is going to happen to you now?" Turkey—"Don't ax. me."—Leslie's Weekly.

First Thanksgiving Turkey.—"How shall you be dressed for Thursday?" Second Thanksgiving Turkey—"Oh, cutaway, I suppose."—Harper's Bazaar.

Rejected Suitor.—"This is a blue Thanksgiving for me!" Cheerful Friend—Never mind, old man! You may feel thankful for it this time next year."—Puck.

Lundey—"Are you going to have Thanksgiving turkey at your boarding-house, or plain beef stew?" Lacey—"That depends on how early I reach the table."—Brooklyn Life.

Swipsey—"Say, are youse in on de Thanksgivin' dinner at de Mission?" Mugsey—"Yep! I only hopes I don't eat so much turkey dat it'll take away me appetite fer me Christmas dinner!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Fo' mahself, I like turkey bettr'n chicking," said the first deacon. "So do I," said the second deacon, rather absent-mindedly; "but we mus' be satisfied wif whatever we find in de coop."—Arkansaw Thos. Cat.

"Yes, I always take my Thanksgiving dinner at some restaurant." "Why is that?" "I wouldn't feel that it was Thanksgiving if I didn't have turkey, and we couldn't get anything bigger than a bantam rooster into our flat."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Waffles—"Honey, we hez a lot ter be thankful fer dis Thanksgiving." Mr. Waffles—"Yais, indeedy! 'Squire Hennery's dog dies larst week, an' den de 'squire broke de lock ob his gun yisterday. It does seem like a special providence."—Judge.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

BECAME SO WEAK AT TIMES COULD NOT WORK.

Mrs. George Hiles, Grimsby, Ont., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I suffered greatly with my nerves and became so nervous and weak at times I could not work. A friend of mine advised me to try a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. They are the best medicine I have ever taken for the heart and nerves. I recommend them to any one suffering from heart or nerve trouble.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills make the weak heart strong and the shaky nerves firm by imparting a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ and tissue of the body and curing palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, anaemia, twitching of the muscles, general debility, lack of vitality, etc.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

FARMS WANTED We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Correspondence.

Three of a Kind.

Melfort, Sask.

Sir,—We have taken your paper for a number of years, and being interested in the correspondence column, we thought we would fall in line and write.

We are proud to say we are farmers' daughters, and think some of the young ladies are very hard on the poor, lonely bachelors. We were very much amused by some of the letters, especially those of "Archibald" and "The Doctor." As to the chore question, when a woman gets tired staying in the house it is fun to get out and do chores, but think that they shouldn't have to do them as a rule. We prefer country life to city life, but think both have their advantages and disadvantages.

Bud—Tall, slender, fair, with blue hair and brown eyes. In weight I still fall below 200, and I am on the sunny side of thirty. I am fond of dancing, riding, horseback, and all outdoor sports, and not afraid of housework.

Lily of the Valley—Five foot one, hazel eyes, fair hair, slender, and wear number three shoe. I am fond of dancing, riding, and prefer dark complexioned people. Over sweet sixteen and never been kissed.

Pudgy—I have fair hair, dancing blue eyes, rosy complexion, short and chubby, weigh 119 lbs. I am in my early teens, and not on the shelf yet. I am very fond of dancing and skating and all other sports where there is lots of fun; fond of work when I can't get anybody else to do it, and am painfully bashful.

We don't mind smoking and chewing, but think the men shouldn't drink anything stronger than tea or coffee. If any of the young bachelors 25 or under would like to correspond for fun, well, we're game, and they'll find our addresses with the Editor.

Wishing the column every success,
Bud, Lily of the Valley, and Pudgy.

Brunette Wants Correspondents.

Eyebrow, Sask.

Sir,—I feel so lonesome during the long cold winters, when it is too cold to go out, so I thought I would write and get some correspondents. I like to get letters, and if anybody cares to write, my address is with the Editor.

I am seventeen years old, have dark brown hair and grey-blue eyes, am 5 ft. 3½ ins. tall, and weigh 126 lbs. I will sign myself "Brunette."

Pleads for Archibald.

High River, Alta.

Sir,—If you have a blank space in your correspondence column, will you please insert these few words for me?

I have read a few numbers of your paper and like it very much, especially the correspondence column.

I notice that most of the ladies who contribute to your column sympathize

Send for this free book

$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

Tell Us How You Did It

You may win a prize by doing so

SUPPOSE your friend Bob Wilson, on the next concession, "pulled up" at your front gate on the way back from market and asked about that silo or barn foundation you built, you would be glad to tell him, wouldn't you? And it wouldn't take you long, either, would it? And, as a matter of fact, you'd find as much pleasure telling him as he would in listening—isn't that right?

First you would take him over to view the silo or barn foundation. Then you would start to describe it—its dimensions—the kind of aggregate used—the proportions of cement used—number of men employed—number of hours' working time required—method of mixing—kind of forms used—method of reinforcing, if any—and finally, what the job cost. So that by the time you finished, neighbor Wilson would have a pretty accurate idea of how to go about building the particular piece of work which you described.

Now couldn't you do the same for us, with this difference—that you stand a good chance of getting well paid for your time?

In Prize "D" of our contest, open to the farmers of Canada, we offer $100.00 to the farmer in each Province who will furnish us with the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of concrete work shown by photograph sent in was done. The size of the work described makes no difference. The only important thing to remember is that the work must be done in 1911 and "CANADA" Cement used.

In writing your description, don't be too particular about grammar or spelling or punctuation. Leave that to literary folk. Tell it to us as you would tell it to your neighbor. What we want are the facts, plainly and clearly told.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? And it is simple. And surely it is well worth your while when you think of the reward in view.

Now sit right down, take your pen or pencil—fill out the attached coupon—or a post-card if it's handier—and write for the circular which fully describes the conditions of this, the first contest of the kind ever held in Canada.

Every dealer who handles "CANADA" Cement will also be given a supply of these circulars—and you can get one from the dealer in your town, if that seems more convenient than writing for it.

Contest will close on November 15th, 1911—all photos and descriptions must be sent in by that date, to be eligible for one of these prizes. Awards will be made as soon as possible thereafter. The decisions will be made by a disinterested committee, the following gentlemen having consented to act for us, as the jury of award: Prof. Peter Gillespie, Lecturer in Theory of Construction, University of Toronto; Prof. W. H. Day, Professor of Physics, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; and Ivan S. Macdonald, Editor of "Construction."

Having decided to compete for one of the prizes, your first step should be to get all the information you can on the subject of Concrete Construction on the Farm. Fortunately, most of the pointers that anyone can possibly need, are contained in our wonderfully complete book, entitled "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." A large number of Canadian farmers have already sent for and obtained copies of this free book. Have you got your copy yet? If not, you'd better send for one to-day. Whether you are a contestant for one of our prizes or not, you really ought to have this book in your library. For it contains a vast amount of information and hints that are invaluable to the farmer.

Please send full particulars and book.

Name.....
.....
Address.....
.....

Canada Cement Company, Limited, Montreal

Was Troubled With Liver Complaint For Three Years.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will regulate the flow of bile to act properly upon the bowels, and will tone, renovate and purify the liver, removing every result of liver trouble from the temporary but disagreeable headache to the severest forms of liver complaint.

Mr. S. Nelson, North Sydney, N.S., writes:—"I have used your Laxa-Liver Pills. I was troubled with liver complaint for three years, and could get no relief. I was persuaded by a friend to try your remedy, and after taking one vial I got relief. After I had taken three more I was cured completely, and I have not been troubled since, thanks to your valuable medicine."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Common Sense Exterminator

A 25c Package Will Kill 50 Rats

Rats and mice leave every food for it. One nibble will kill them. No odor—it dries up the carcass. For 19 years our offer has stood "Money back if not satisfactory". Common Sense Roach and bed-bug exterminator also does perfect work.

Sold by All Dealers.

If not at yours, write us a postal and we will see that you are supplied. 17

COMMON SENSE MFG. CO.
381 Queen St. W., - Toronto.

HERE'S A MASTERPIECE IN BOOTS

FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SHEPHERDS, etc.

THE **FIFE**

Is all a good boot ought to be

Nothing but the best and most pliable Waterproof Leathers are used in the making.

REAL BOOT QUALITY is never better emphasized than in the "FIFE"—The boot that is built to meet every demand of the farmer and country wearer

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the "Fife" merit.

MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Beva, Chrome, Crup or Horseskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

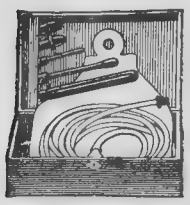
PER PAIR **$4.75**, CARRIAGE PAID

Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland.

SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE.

A. T. Hogg, No. 103 **Strathmiglo, Fife, Scotland**

The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post" trade.



If it's made of

RUBBER

We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.

Box 1008, **Montreal.**

TATTOOING

Highest class workmanship by

ALFRED SOUTH, Tattoo Artist,

31 Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, London, S.W. (opposite the Admiralty). Electric Instruments (own patents) and All Colors used. Unique Designs from 60c. Antiseptic Treatment. Crude tattoo marks obliterated with Artistic Designs. Tattoo Outfits sold. Price List free. Telegraphic Address—"Tattooing, London."

with the poor lonely bachelors. Now, friends, I think that some of the bachelors do need a little cheering up, while others need to be very much stirred up with a broomstick. I guess it will be the broomstick for me, as I am not lonesome, and manage to be happy wherever I can.

Though I have not seen Archibald's letter, I see that he has certainly won the displeasure of the fair sex. Now, girls, I do not think that his bite is as bad as his bark. Anyhow, I do not believe that he intended to offend you. Come now, forgive him this time, for if you do not he will soon be a "hen-pecked man."

Probably I had better give you a slight idea of myself. I am twenty-three years old, and am 5 ft. 7 ins. tall, and weigh between 150 and 170 lbs. I have a fair education, and as for looks, would pass in a crowd if I was pushed through fast enough. I have bached four years, and though I have no particular liking for this manner of living, I do not mind it much. But still it lacks a good deal of being home.

ence page, and thought I would write and ask if I might join the ranks.

I am greatly interested in the West, and have always wanted to known some western men. I would, therefore, consider myself a lucky girl if you would help me to get in touch with some westerners who would be willing to exchange western news for eastern news.

I do not know whether it is necessary to give a description of myself, but in case it is, I am 22 years old, 5 ft. 3 ins. tall, brunette. I am very fond of outdoor sports, also have a cultivated voice, and can play the piano.

Hope you will be able to find a corner on your correspondence page to print this letter, and greatly oblige

An Eastern Girl.

Good Housekeeper Wanted.

Sask.

Sir,—The other day a friend lent me the Nov. number of your magazine, and I became quite interested in reading the many letters sent you, so I thought that here might be a good medium through which to secure a housekeeper.

Our situation is this—My brother and I are two middle-aged bachelors; we desire a housekeeper, good cook essential, and we consider that if a woman attends to house duties she has quite enough to do.

Was very much interested in Lonesome Maiden's letter from Portage la Prairie. Thanking you in anticipation,

"Britisher."

Experiences of the Wilds.

Say, this reminds me of a postcard which I saw not long ago. It was a picture of a tramp who had stolen a picnic basket. He was just cramming himself with pie and cake, and underneath was written, "Home never was like this."

I will be very pleased to receive letters from any reader of your paper. I have especially noticed the letters of Brown-eyed Molly, Cinderella, Rainbow, and Lonesome Maiden. Now, if they will write to me, it will be a pleasure indeed.

Dear Editor, I have hopes that you will find space for this letter. So, wishing you and all the readers the best of luck, I will sign,

Happy-go-lucky.

Who Wants Eastern News?

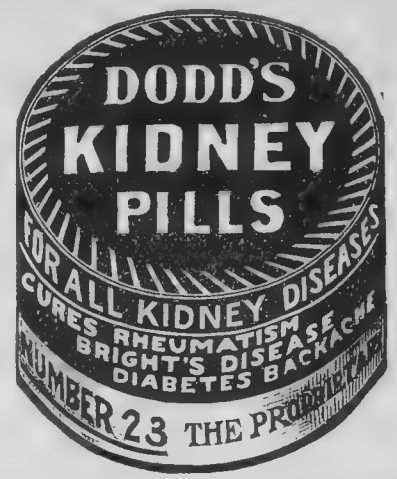
Newark, N.J.

Sir,—Although I am not a regular subscriber, I have often read your paper with interest, especially your correspond-

More Opposition to the Doctor.

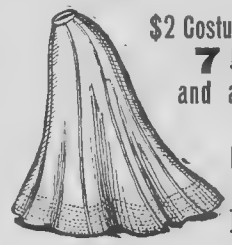
Sir,—Being a subscriber and interested reader of your valuable paper, hope you have a little room to spare me, as I want to give my views about the farmer which don't quite agree with The Doctor in October number.

I don't think the distance is so great between the farm and retirement as he imagines, and, even if it is, I think the farmer of to-day gets nearly as much out of life as the average person does. I widely disagree with him that the farm is no place for an ambitious young man.



SEE THIS COSTUME SKIRT

It is worth $2. We are offering it and a pair Ladies' Shoes for 75c. 20,000 yds. of famous Yorkshire Serges direct from loom to wearer.



$2 Costume Skirt for 75c. and a Pair of Ladies' Fashionable Shoes FREE.

State correct length, waist, and hip measurements. Lace or Button. State correct size. As now worn.

THE SATISFIER Costume Skirt is made specially to your own measurements from our famous hard wearing Yorkshire Serges, seven gores, raised seams, cut full, fit, style and finish being perfect. In Black, Navy, Grey, Brown or Myrtle. Every purchaser will be presented with a pair of Ladies' Shoes absolutely Free. Costume Skirt and Shoes carefully packed in one parcel and sent per return mail; carriage paid 25c. extra. Total amount $1. Remittances to be made in Money Order or Dollar Bill only.

Dep. 256, YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURING CO., SHIPLEY, BRADFORD, ENGLAND

Kindly note our interest in you does not cease unless you are perfectly satisfied. These goods are admitted by far the best value in the world.

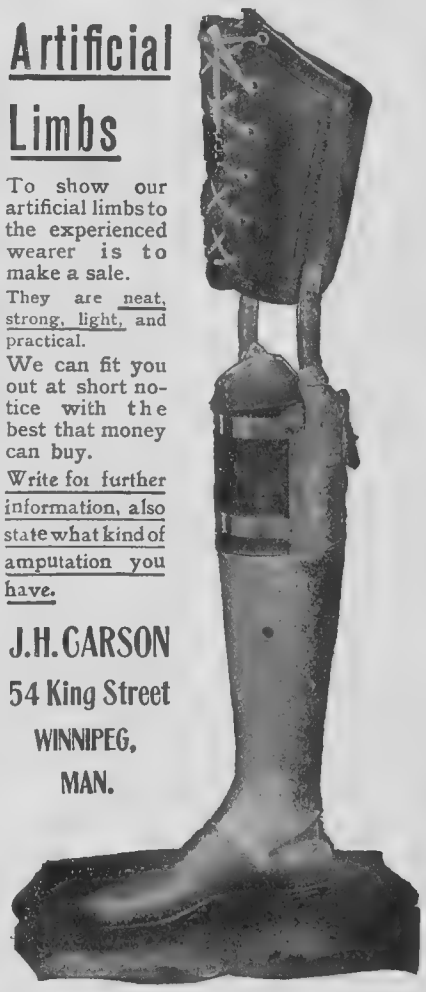
Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.



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APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Our large illustrated catalogue will be ready for mailing on May 31st. The catalogue will contain over 500 half tone engravings and two handsome photographs, one in Sepia Tone, and the other in Black and White. This catalogue is the most up to date in Photographic supplies, and the goods are listed at prices that cannot be beaten.

Send 10 cents in stamps, for mailing and we will mail you the catalogue, and one exposure meter free.

Amateur developing and finishing at reasonable prices. Films developed for 10 cents per roll, any size roll.

We stock the **ANSCO,** and the **ENSIGN** films to fit any camera.

THE LARGEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLY TRADE.

Manitoba Photo Supply Co.
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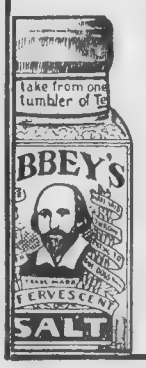


Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

A good stomach and a merry soul are inseparable—lacking which, try Abbey's Salt.

25c and 60c bottle.

Sold everywhere.

80

There are more lines of ambition than one, and, besides, ambition does not always mean dollars and cents.

Of course, I don't want to go as far as calling anyone foolish names, but our views differ considerably.

I notice most girls seem very sympathetic with the western bachelors, and wonder if any would care to write to me. Am 100 miles from the R. R., working in a store, and time hangs heavy sometimes. Am 26 years old, 69 ins. tall, weigh 179 lbs., grey eyes and brown hair. I would be pleased to answer any and all letters. Will close, signing myself Sourdough.

Two New Brunswick Lassies.

Hopewell Hill, N.B.

Sir,—May two New Brunswick lassies enter your charming circle and have their little say? Too little is heard from the busy east.

We have sincere sympathy with the lonely bachelors on the western prairies, and hope that at least some of them have been made happier since gaining correspondents through the W.H.M. We hope that Agatha will find the "dear little boy" that she is wanting so badly. Are sure that it would not be hard to learn to love her; she writes such a sweet, cooing letter. However, our sympathies are with the little boy. Badger's offer is quite tempting; a glorious future awaits some dove-eyed western maiden. Let us hope that his looking-glass will not be seriously affected by the union.

Siamese Twin No. 1 is a fascinating school ma'am of 20. Has brown hair and hypnotising hazel green eyes; not less than five and not over six feet tall; weight about 125 lbs. Neither smokes nor chews. Is an exquisite cook; can cook anything that you may mention, and can play the organ in moderation.

Siamese Twin No. 2 is a captivating miss of 17 summers, with flashing brown eyes, a wealth of golden brown tresses, a peach bloom complexion, rose-bud lips, and weight 110 lbs. As to accomplishments, they are too numerous to mention. Perhaps her cooking ranks first; in fancy dishes such as boiled water she has no superiors and few equals. When it comes to singing, those who once hear her never forget her, and her playing on the piano is equally brilliant.

Hoping this epistle will be read with great appreciation by the western bachelors, we will sign ourselves

Siamese Twin No. 1.
Siamese Twin No. 2.

An Opponent to Disgruntled.

Humboldt, Sask.

Sir,—I was somewhat amused at a letter in your November number signed Disgruntled, which I think was a failure; yea, it was positively a waste of paper to write such a letter. I suppose the Editor entered it in the correspondence columns only as a novelty. If Disgruntled will only read the page in November's number, on which his letter is, and the next one, he will find a majority of the writers at least hint that they desire correspondents from which possibly to select one as a life partner; and if he will open his eyes when at parties and young people's societies, he will find the same to hold good there, at least in a majority of cases. At least I will not say any more, as I do not desire to cut the Editor's space too short, so that some other one may have a chance. German Sausage.

A Big-hearted Orangeman.

Manitoba.

Sir,—I have been a constant reader of the correspondence column of the W.H.M. for some time, so I thought I would let yon know I enjoyed it fine. Some of the letters were real interesting, while others were not (just what everybody will be saying about this one). Well, as everybody gives a description of themselves, so I guess I will have to do the same. I am a little more than six feet high, weigh 173 lbs., have a nice, heavy head of dark brown hair, eyes—oh, my, they are nice and grey. My general appearance would scare the boldest (dog), but I think I would pass in a crowd if I was in a cab and the door shut. I wear No. 10 boot and a No. 10½ glove. Well, that will do for my description.

I am a Protestant, and I might say I am a follower of King William III., the hero of the Boyne, and would like to hear from any jolly young ladies between the ages of 17 and 21. I will try to answer to the best of my ability. I am one out of 25 bachelors around here, and only eight girls (hard lines) in the settlement. It is a very quite backward place, not much stir to help pass the lonely hours in the evening, so if any of the gentler sex care to write for pastime, the Editor will forward letters to my address. I guess I will ring off. Wishing the correspondence column every success, I will sign myself

A Bashful Kid.

An Admirer of Western Canada.

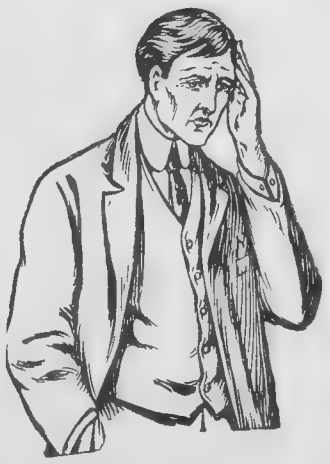
Dears Sirs,—This is my first letter to the W.H.M.. I am a stenographer, twenty years old, have grey eyes and curly hair, and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I have lived in Toronto all my life, so am very interested in Western Canada for if ever I make up my mind to travel at all I will go West. I find your magazine very interesting and read it from cover to cover. The correspondence page is very interesting, some of the correspondents differ so much in their opinions. I certainly do not agree with those who condemn card playing, dancor theatre going. I think that if more young people were allowed to play cards at home and dance there would be less danger than when they have to go to some place to do so. Of course, there are temptations whereever you go, and if a person is not possessed of a

It is far better to be

An Old Man Who Feels Young

than

A Young Man Who Feels Old



HERE IS AN OLD YOUNG MAN

Here are the books that give the secret of perpetual youth. Let me send them to you, free.

HERE IS A YOUNG OLD MAN

Years count for nothing when you have the vitality. You can feel young all your life when there is ample nerve force to back your courage. Let me make you a "HEALTH BELT MAN." Let me supply you with that vim, vigor and manly strength which conquers all obstacles. A man at 60 should be in the prime of life; early decline unfits you for the world's work. I have talked with more than 100,000 debilitated men; the lack of vital vigor is responsible for most failures; you can't command the attention and admiration of women or even men if you lack personal vitality. My HEALTH BELT fills you full of vital force; it strengthens weakened parts; it gives you courage to meet squarely any eyes which may look into yours. You become as attractive in your personal influence as the strongest, most full-blooded man you know. Thousands upon thousands have been cured by my HEALTH BELT. Worn nights for two or three months, it sends the continuous tonic current of electricity into your system all the time you are sleeping. No privations, no medicines, no restrictions, excepting that all dissipations must cease. Cures weak back in one night; benefits from first hour. It has special attachments which carry the current to the weakened parts. Used by both sexes for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. James Robb, Glenboro, Man. writes: "Your Health Belt restored me to manly vigor. Use my name as you see fit." If in or near this city, call and try the Belt in my office, otherwise send for the free book, which explains all and tells you how, for a few dollars, my Health Belt will give you back your manhood. No charge for advice at office or by mail. Use the coupon if more convenient.

FREE UNTIL CURED

You can have the Belt on trial until cured, before paying for it, or if you prefer to pay cash you get a discount.

DR. W. A. SANDEN CO.,
140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Please send me in plain, sealed envelope, free of all charge, your Health Booklets.

Name.....

Address.....

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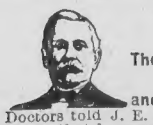
TRY IT IF YOU HAVE A BAD LEG

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

Live Man or Woman Wanted to work at home paying $2.00 to $3.00 per day with opportunity to advance. Spare time can be used. Work not difficult and requires no experience. Winston Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto.



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strong will of their own it might be just as well for them to keep away from the above. I would be very pleased to correspond with some of your Western subscribers and promise to answer any letters I may receive promptly. I trust I have not made my letter too lengthy. Wishing the W.H.M. every success. I remain, Yours in the mist. "Toronto."

To Archibald.

Sir,—In perusing the March number of the W.H.M. re the correspondence column, my eyes fell upon the letter of "Admirer of Archibald" and his strong denunciation of the opposite sex. I could hardly let his statements go unchallenged, as I think they are quite wide of the mark and unwarranted, and I for one take exception to them. I should think I am voicing the sentiments of the majority of your male correspondents when I say that, the progress, the happiness, the health and the destiny of the world depends upon wise marriages. A wise man has said that "Every wise woman buildeth her house," and the man who is wise marries her and lives in it, and his life is a triumphant song of peace, joy and contentment. If "Admirer's" life of single blessedness is synonymous with these last three essentials mentioned above, then let him continue in it; but such is not the case, and the sooner "Admirer" falls into line with right thinking men the better the world will be for his having lived in it. I would like to remind "Admirer" that man's first duty to a woman is to see that she shall not be obliged to earn her own livelihood. But such would not be the ambition of "Admirer," if I have read his letter aright concerning his remarks of the pioneer days of Ontario. Those days are past for this generation. Surely "Admirer" would not have us stay in the same old rut in these days of enlightenment and advanced civilization? I believe that women of to-day would respond quickly enough if it were needed to do the pioneering of days gone by. In every walk of life and vocation of to-day women are taking the places of trust and responsibility, because shrewd business men recognize their trustworthiness, hence their living on a higher plane in many respects than we men. I would remind "Admirer" that woman ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness. Upon her health, her intelligence, her piety, her patience, constancy and temper, depend the comfort and success of mankind. Now, "Admirer," I trust that you will meditate a little on this all absorbing topic and that you will find food for thought in your lonely bachelor hours, and who knows what might happen? Instead of being an "Admirer" of Archibald might not you become an admirer of the opposite sex? For "of earthly goods the best is a good wife." I know nothing of married life personally, but from observations made from time to time I have come to the conclusion that we men by remaining single are missing the greatest thing in life. Thanking you in advance, editor, for space allotted, I am yours etc., " A Rocanville Observer."

Wise and Otherwise.

Sir,—We have been two silent (very unusual) but very much interested readers of your W.H.M. for two years, and think, as who would not, that it is the best magazine published?

As for a description, well—our brother nicknames us slim and stout. No. 1 is 17 years young, 5 ft. 6 in., short, fair straight hair, except when screwed up in rags or curlers, grey eyes, weight, 120 lbs. No. 2 is 18 years old, height, 5 ft. 4 in., and nearly the same across, brown hair (never indulge in kinks and curls), eyes, indescribable shade, as for complexion—oh you peaches and cream! We have always lived in a village. No 1 hates farming, No. 2 loves it. We have no use for liquor, smoking or chewing, do not dance or play cards, but are very fond of music, reading, skating, and like a good clean game of hockey. Both play the piano, No. 2 learning to manipulate the mouth-organ is also the organist in the church We can warble like a buzz-saw, again quoting our big brother, but luckily they never mean all they say. We had good luck last fall to hear Melba, the world's greatest lady singer. We would like a few correspondents for pastime only. No. 1 or "Wise" would like to hear from "Mountain Tough" of February number. No. 2 or "Otherwise" would like to hear from "Honey Boy" also of February issue, if they will write first. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, we remain,

"Wise and Otherwise."

A Chance for the Ladies.

Sir,—We have been interested readers of your valuable paper for the past few years, especially the correspondence column. We would like to get into touch with some of your lady readers, as we are getting discontented with our lot as bachelors, this being our third year batching, and find it rather difficult to be housekeepers and hired men. I guess your readers would like to know more about us. We came from the sunny south of Ireland, and have been in this country five years. We have two dandy homes, and apply for our patents this fall, and are willing to share our lot for better or for worse with some nice sensible girl. One of us stands over six feet high, weigh 187 lbs., can't boast of a handsome "mug" age 27 (that's right), smoke, don't chew, fond of music and sport and a strict T.T. The other stands 5 ft. 7 in., weighs 160 lbs., pretty good looking, fair complexion; no bad habits, and fond of all sport, especially football. We are quite satisfied with the country, though not being engaged in agricultural pursuits in "Ould Ireland," being "Pen Wallopers." We have sixteen head of stock, and will have forty acres in crop this summer, so will have everything comfortable if "any one" turns up. We don't believe having a wife as "Chore Bhoy," as lots of our neighbors do. We are in earnest; "no blarney." Would like to hear soon if this escapes the waste paper basket. Yours, Pat and Mike.

An Interested and Persistent Reader.

Dear Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your well known paper for several years now, and have always wished to join your correspondence club. With this end in view, I wrote you last November and again in January, but am sorry to say that so far I have not been fortunate enough to have my letters appear in your columns. If you could possibly find room for this one I should feel more than grateful to you. I guess I had better describe myself as it seems to be the rule. I am twenty-two years old, about five foot ten, dark hair and eyes, and am considered fairly well built. In your October issue, appeared a letter from "Smiling Sun" of Calgary, which rather appealed to me. I should very much like to hear from her, or from any other girl, who would like to take pity on a city bachelor, who gets mighty lonesome. I can't propose to be a model young man, as I like a pipe after meals, and I have been heard to drop a cuss-word, when using a hammer carelessly or upon picking up something a trifle over-heated. I believe those are my greatest faults, but of course, we can't see ourselves as others see us. So, now, girls ("Sunbeam" in particular), do you think you would like to do me a good turn, by writing to me, or am I too much of a black sheep to suit your maidenly fancies? Now, Mr. Editor, I guess I will not take up any more of your valuable space, that is if you will decide to insert this at all. Wishing you and paper every success, I will sign myself. "Lonesome Calgarian."

The Year of Jubilee for Frogs.—Leap year.

Many inherit weak lungs, and as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

Contracted a Heavy Cold.

It Became a Lung Splitting Cough.

Mr. J. H. Richards, 1852 Second Ave. East, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "Allow me to write a few lines in praise of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Last fall I contracted a heavy cold which left me with a hacking cough and every time I would get a little more cold this hacking cough would become a lung splitting one. It kept on getting worse and I kept on spending money buying different cough remedies until a friend asked me if I had ever tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I told him I was willing to try anything I thought would cure, and on the same day bought two bottles. Before half the first one was used my cough began to get much easier, and by the time I had used a bottle and a half my cough was gone. I am keeping the other half bottle in case it should come again, but I am sure I have a positive cure. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to all who suffer from a cough or throat irritation of any kind."

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it

Don't be imposed upon by taking anything but "Dr. Wood's."

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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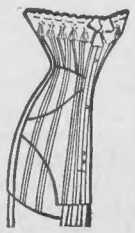

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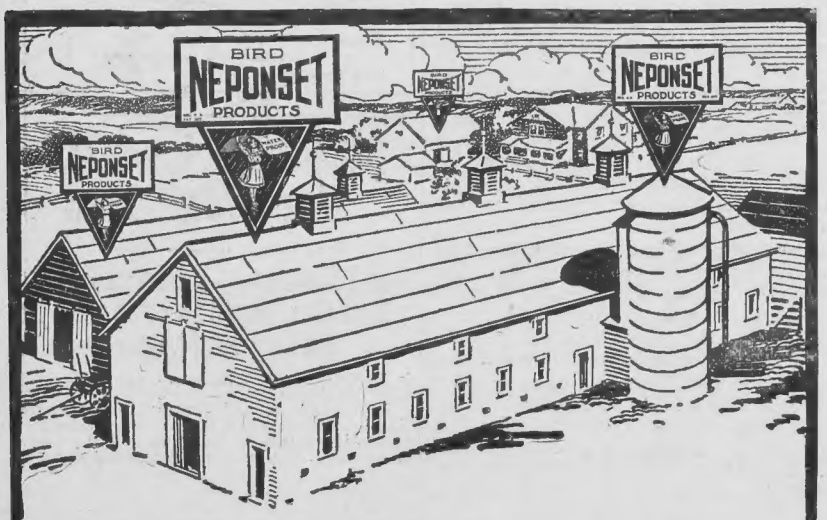

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An Englishman's Visit to the Old Land.

By PERCY CHEW, WINNIPEG.

It is not a new thing to read the "impressions" of Canadians in England, or the "experiences" of Englishmen in Canada, in journals published on both sides of the water. In fact, English editors have gone back on "Englishmen's experiences in Canada" now, and will no more of 'em.

I was over there on a visit this winter, and was one day talking to the editor of a large weekly, published in Manchester. He said, "You'd be surprised at the number of silly fools that look in here every week and ask us if we'd like to hear about their 'experiences' in the Wild West. They seem puzzled when told that we know them off by heart."

But, however common it may be for Englishmen to write about Canada, and Canadians to write about England, it is not quite so common to read the criticisms of Englishmen about England, after an absence of years. They say comparisons are odious, but it is by comparisons that all estimates are made; and a comparison of a few conditions on both sides the water, by an Englishman who is not aggressively patriotic may, perhaps, be of interest to Canadians.

There is no doubt that the boast of the superior productivity of Canadian and American workingmen over English workers, is no idle one. In every industry the American does more. In bricklaying he lays four bricks to the Englishman's one. In agriculture he probably accomplishes three times as much as the Englishman. In fact, to perceive the movements of an average English farm laborer, one needs a line of stakes. The English farm hand has, however, one good quality not so common here. He is a good plower, and leaves no green sod poking its nose up between the furrows. Moreover, he plows straight.

It should be remembered, though, that the English worker labors slowly, not because he is unable to increase his gait, but merely because he is unwilling. He argues that he is paid for the expenditure of his energy day by day; not for performing a given quantity of work. There is only a certain amount of work to be done, he thinks; and in England there are always a great many more workers than are required. Why should he, then, hurry to complete the task that when done must leave him without a job. It must be agreed that his reasoning seems sound.

On the other hand, it is possible that by refusing to compete on equal terms with the workers of other lands, he is driving trade away from England, and thus accelerating her commercial decline. He is between two fires. Whichever course of action he adopts is likely still further to reduce the already inadequate number of available jobs. As things are, he seems to have decided not to increase his pace. And he fights the American tendency to "hustle" with a bitter resentment and a full consciousness of what he is doing. The spirit of rivalry in production, the restless eagerness to excel so general among Canadians is utterly lacking in him. He will not boast of how many acres he can stook in a day. Rather he persecutes with a galling and petty tyranny any of his mates who are ambitious, and who try to do more than the amount fixed by the union.

Almost every English newspaper one picks up contains illustrations of the hideous poverty that now prevails in England. Sad stories of suicide through unemployment, of shocking over-crowding, and chronic underfeeding, are common. Yet surprisingly little of this misery is manifest to the casual visitor. On a cursory inspection the happiness and prosperity of the people seems quite good. There is little to distinguish a Manchester or a Liverpool crowd from a Winnipeg crowd. The percentage of "down-and-outs" seems about the same.

This, however, is a deceptive appearance. The evils that so many competent authorities assure us exist, are concealed but thinly. Step just a little way from the broad, well-lighted thoroughfares, leave the well dressed crowd for but a moment, and you shall see enough to make you feel the half has never been told. Externally, England is fair and smiling. Her people seem prosperous; but they are not.

A most remarkable phase of English life is the rapid decay of the independent middle-class, the small tradesmen and the petty producers. Twenty-five or thirty years ago almost every second man you met was a small business man; a tailor, grocer, with an "off" license for the sale of liquor, or a hardware man, etc. But this is now changed; the day of the little business man is done. In a few lines the small trader persists, owing, perhaps, to the individual character of his work. He is, however, a mere belated survival of an almost extinct species. Today is the day of big business, of gigantic corporate effort. Everything is falling into the hands of large companies, against whom the small man is powerless to compete.

Now, there is one very interesting result of all this. The sons of the members of the former middle class find themselves in a most extraordinary position. They cannot follow in their father's footsteps, and gain their livelihood as small business men, for that outlet is closed. There remains the labor market; and this is where the shoe pinches. For these young men, by virtue of a peculiarly idiotic training and education, consider themselves socially superior to all ordinary "common" workers, without themselves being in the least qualified to do anything that requires special training or skill. Moreover, they do not like to work with their coats off, as by so doing they would lose "caste." Consequently, they are forced into the most ill-paid of occupations. They become clerks or shop assistants. How are the mighty fallen! You can still hear them talk of the lower "clawses."

I felt much sympathy for these young men in their truly unfortunate condition, and had interesting conversations with some of them. A great number of them live with their parents, and thus enjoy a social position in no sense the result of their own efforts. To this they cling with a pathetic tenacity. They will not lose it, not even to get married, for if they do they fall, like Lucifer, never to rise again.

Most of them were much interested in Canada. Everyone got ahead there, they had heard. Was this true?

"Well!" I said, "it is not easy to pick up a fortune, even in Canada. But conditions there are more favorable to the worker than in England. Here, there are more men than jobs. There, the opposite is often the case, and employers cannot get help. This sends wages up, temporarily, a fact of which the prudent man takes advantage. Moreover, a poor man may still acquire property in Canada, a thing almost impossible here. Yes, a poor man is better off there.

"Still, you know," objected one fellow, "it doesn't seem to me that all this booming and advertising of Canada is done from purely disinterested motives. I imagine the difficulty Canadian manufacturers and farmers experience in getting help causes them to yearn for a bigger supply of labor. Scarce labor is dear labor. Canadian employers, no doubt, like paying big wages just as little as English employers. Hence their eager solicitations to intending emigrants."

"My dear chap," I said, "it is still true that all men seek to satisfy their desires with the least possible exertion, and Canadian employers are no exception to the rule. The smaller wages they pay the quicker they get rich. Certainly you are right in saying that they wish to increase the supply of labor in order to put down the price. But it often happens that both parties to a transaction benefit thereby, and this seems to me to be a case in point. If it is well for the employer to have you in Canada, it is also well, comparatively well, for you to be there. Many Englishmen go to Canada. Few return. That should say all that is necessary."

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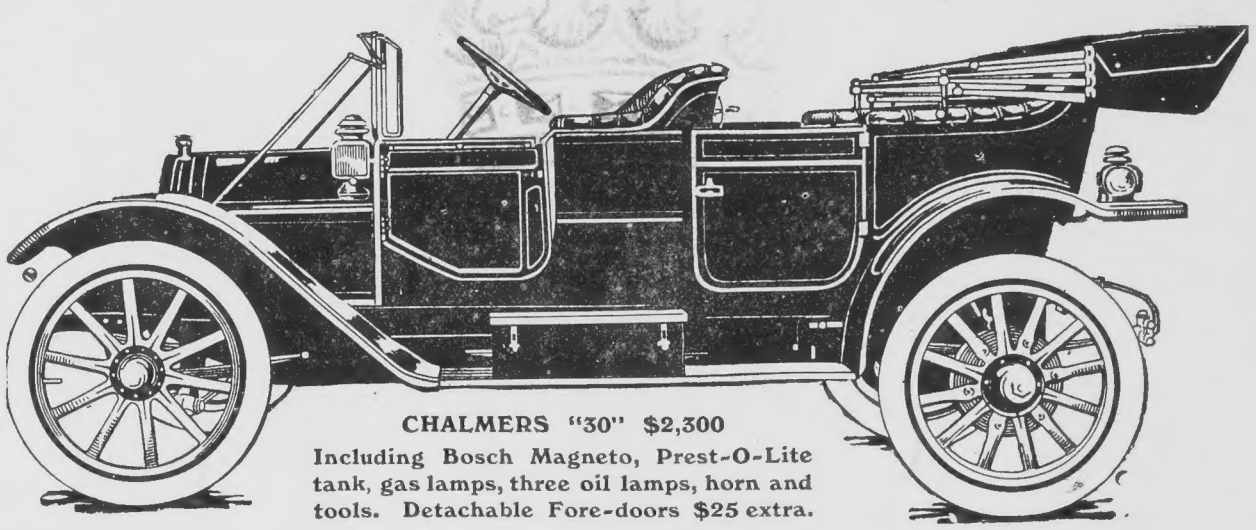

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